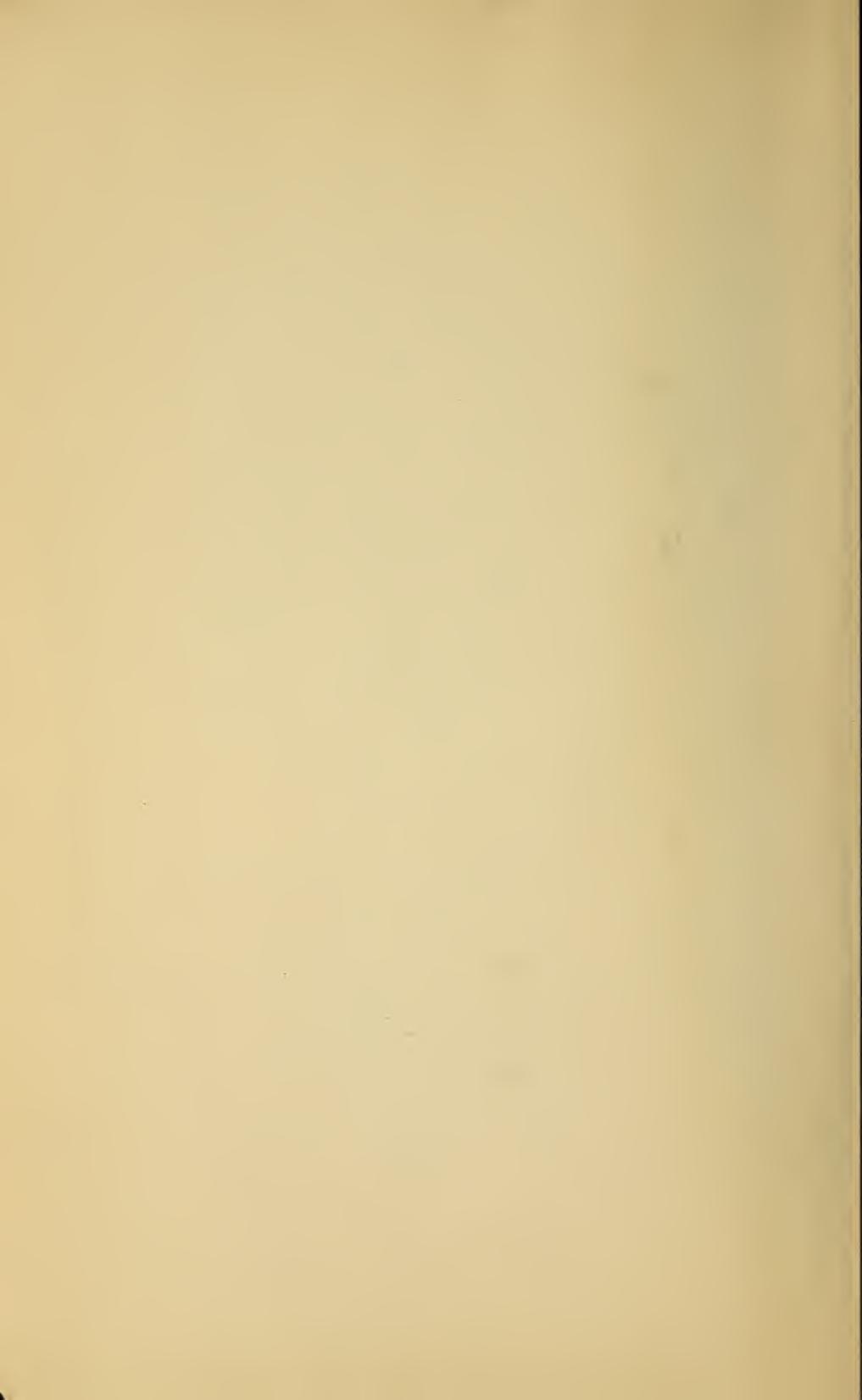




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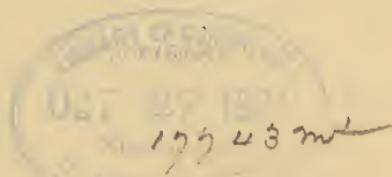
OF

A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER

BY

KATHARINE E. TYLER

"Three months sunshine bound in sheaves"



NEW YORK

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In the writings of the olden time, from the classic soil of the South, are sagas of mighty fairies who, in the skins of swans, flew toward the North, to the Hyperborean land, to the east of the north wind; up there, in the deep, still lakes, they bathed themselves and acquired a renewed form. We are in the forest, by these deep lakes; we see swans in flocks fly over us, and swim upon the rapid Elv, and on the still waters.

“Rest thee between our extended wings,” sing the wild swans. “Let us bear thee up to the great lakes, the perpetually roaring Elvs, that rush on with arrowy swiftness; where the oak forest has long ceased, and the birch-tree becomes stunted. Rest thee between our extended wings; we fly up to Sulitelma; we fly from the vernal valley, up over the snowdrifts, to the mountain’s top, whence thou canst see the North Sea, on yonder side of Norway.”—HANS ANDERSEN.

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A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER.

I.

PRELIMINARY.

NORWAY was not in our programme, but we met people who had been there: a lovely old lady, with her son and his wife and their baby boy; who had travelled through the country and along the coast, from Christiania to the North Cape, and returned full of enthusiasm over the wild and beautiful scenery, the quaint, primitive ways of living, the bracing air, and general delights of travel by land and sea. They had accomplished the journey in great comfort, not to say luxury, in a carriage holding four persons and drawn by two horses, where Baby Robin had his nap every day, lying on the front seat, while papa mounted the box; had found the hotels not only comfortable, but moderate in price, and had even been able to travel without a courier.

The sight of a toy cariole and a photograph album of peasant costumes, on a table in the salon of an old Florentine palazzo, had led to these charming reminiscences; and Norway, which had hitherto seemed such a far off, almost inaccessible region, greatly to be desired but scarcely to be attained, came straightway into the realms of possibility. The discouraging advice

of old travellers in Norway to would-be lady tourists, the discouraging adventures of sundry "Unprotected Females," whose journal we had read, were as nothing in the actual presence of these enthusiastic people.

But our plans were made for the summer. Could we give up Switzerland? "Oh, you need not give up Switzerland. It is lovely in September; and you have June and July and August for the north. Go to Norway; you will never be sorry." This was in January. As we talked over the project, from time to time, it grew more and more attractive; and when April found us again in Florence, after Carnival in Rome, and Lent in Naples and Sorrento, we sought our friends for more information about routes and methods of travel in Norway. Mr. Kirke gave an evening's entertainment, in an account of the journey, with general information about the country and people, to a party of fourteen, all interested in the subject; though, as it happened, only six of us reached Norway that summer.

It must be acknowledged that the "man and brother" of our little, private party of three had not, at first, taken very kindly to the plan. There were not many books about Norwegian travel to be obtained at Vieusseux's library; and although our friends loaned us guide books, he found Murray bewildering, and Bennett incomprehensible. If we must go to Norway, he was inclined to adopt the advice of a very cross-grained Englishman at our pension, and make the entire trip by steamer, from Hamburg to the North Cape.

Oh, the horrible idea! Four weeks on a little coasting steamer loaded with codfish—or rather cod fishermen; for they were supposed to have left their cargo at Hamburg, and to be returning with winter sup-

plies. That was not to be thought of, at any rate; we should have quite enough of the sea in the trip from Throndjem to Vadso and back. To be sure, we had been informed by our friends that these steamers had comfortable state-rooms and an excellent and abundant table. (We decided afterwards that they must have been exceptionally favored.) They had made the passage from Stettin to Christiania, of two nights and days, including one spent in Copenhagen; or rather they had intended it, but after a rough night they had crossed to Malmo, on the Swedish coast, and finished the journey by rail.

Why could we not take the same route, with the blessed possibility of changing to *terra firma* in case of rough weather?

"You ought not to leave Berlin later than the tenth of June if you mean to see the midnight sun on midsummer eve," was Mr. Kirke's parting injunction.

We were not quite decided in favor of Norway, but we made our plans to reach Berlin as early in June as possible. Leaving Florence early in May, we spent a week among the lakes, and four days in Venice—where the intense heat made us look forward with longing to the cool northern seas and mountains—crossed the Semmering to Vienna, and went by way of quaint old Prague and the Saxon Switzerland to Dresden. Here, thanks to friends whom we had met in Paris (for good Americans abroad are always willing to exchange addresses and recommend homelike pensions), we found refuge directly in a cosey little nest, inhabited by two birdlike sisters, the Fräuleins von G., and the few guests they had room for. We were received as old friends, for the sake of "the dear Holts," who had sent

us there; and though the kind Fräuleins regretted that our stay in Dresden must be so short, they were full of interest in our plans.

"You will have company," they said. "There is a lady coming here, in two days, who is going to Norway. She is a friend of the Holts, too; perhaps you know her—Miss M. of New England? To be sure, she will want to go with you."

To be sure she did, having heard of us from Mr. Kirke in Florence, and unconsciously followed us thence, to find us in Dresden. She took the place of a faint-hearted sister, who had journeyed with us for several months, but began to be discouraged because of the way in prospect,—the steamer travel, the long days of driving in carioles or what not, and the problematical bed and board at country stations,—and who finally elected to abide with the kind Fräuleins until September.

Our week in Dresden was divided between the Zwinger and the shops, the Sistine Madonna and preparations for our summer campaign. The first *desideratum* was a guide-book. Oh, why is there not a Baedeker for the north of Europe? Our new friend possessed a Murray; so we tried to find something different, and succeeded in getting a German Reisehandbuch, written by a Norwegian (Yngvar Nielsen), and published in Hamburg. In a fourth part of Murray's bulk, this little volume contains much valuable information for the benefit of the travelling German public, designed to tempt them from their usual summer haunts in Switzerland to the not inferior "landschaftliche Schönheiten" of Norway, as yet so little appreciated by them. "The peculiar modes of travel in

the north," says Nielsen, "operate as a hindrance to the German tourist, who is inclined to over-estimate these little difficulties. A regular network of railways, it must be confessed, is not yet to be found in Norway, as in other countries, but the steamers supply the deficiency, and by their aid the traveller may reach the most beautiful scenery with the slightest difficulty." *Query:* has the Hamburg line of steamers along the coast of Norway an interest in this publication?

In addition to her Murray, Miss M. was fortified with the experience of two maiden sisters, who had spent the previous summer in Norway. They had done all sorts of delightful things; but they began by spending a month in Christiania, in a Norwegian family, to acquire a working knowledge of the language. This commendable example we had, alas! no time to imitate; we must trust to the promised assistance of Mr. Bennett and his Phrase-book.

Next to the guide-books, we were informed that waterproof cloaks and blankets were to be desired, in fact not to be dispensed with. The gummi-fabrik of Dresden furnished but a single ready-made garment; of that our brother availed himself. We purchased a square of rubber cloth, to protect our wraps, and decided to risk the storms in our heavy tweed cloaks, unless we should find something better in Christiania.

The lady from New England had sensible ideas on the subject of luggage, her worldly effects for the journey being condensed into a single bag and a rubber-cloth bundle, the latter capable of indefinite expansion, but both quite easily to be "wielded," as Baedeker hath it, by her own hands. We followed her exam-

ple, limiting ourselves to a bag and bundle each, with a lunch basket for the party, and the usual package of umbrellas for rain and sunshine.

Thus equipped we left Dresden, and, after a few days at Berlin, found ourselves on Saturday evening, June 12, 1875, at Stettin, with passage engaged on the "Kong Sverre," to sail at noon of the following day. There were state-rooms on this boat, six in number, intended to accommodate four persons each; there was no objection made to our looking at them; but when we proceeded to select one, for the three ladies of our party, we were informed that all were engaged, had been engaged for more than a week. (The steamboat agent, to whom we wrote from Dresden, had assured us that it would be needless—perhaps he meant *useless*—to engage rooms in advance.) We took refuge in the ladies' cabin, where we bespoke sofas, with a reasonable hope of having nobody put over our heads.

Stettin is a place of importance, with over seventy-six thousand inhabitants, a fortress of the first class, with a garrison of six thousand soldiers; its exports are grain, lumber and spirits, valued at six million pounds sterling annually. Its imports, averaging seven millions, are petroleum, train oil, French wines and herrings. Two empresses of Russia were born in Stettin: Catherine II. and Maria Feodorowna, wife of the Emperor Paul; their fathers, princes of Anhalt and Wurtemberg, having been Prussian governors of the town.

So much we find in our Baedeker; but we find, also, that "Stettin contains little to interest the traveller;" so we drive straight to the "Drei Kronen," where we

obtain clean and comfortable rooms, and dine, and sleep, and breakfast.

Next day at noon we take possession of our sofas, with our luggage, and establish ourselves on the hurricane deck, while the little steamer is filling up with passengers and freight.

Stettin is built on both sides of the Oder, and the river almost immediately mingles its waters with the Dammsche See, and then widens into the Papenwasser. We pass between low, green shores, with villages and trees, till we emerge, after a couple of hours, into the Stettiner Haff, a fresh-water basin, seventy-five miles in circumference, whose waters enter the Baltic by three channels—the Peene, the Swine and the Dievenow—forming two large islands, Usedom and Wollin.

We sit on deck watching the scenery, which is monotonous, and the passengers, who seem all to be "foreigners," in the English sense—Germans, Swedes, or Norwegians. (A lady said to me, in our pension at Mentone, "I am the only English person here; all the rest are foreigners." I am aware that something like this has been told before; but this really happened to me, and the lady had not the faintest suspicion of a joke.)

It seems a little strange that we should be the only Americans; but the favorite routes to Norway are from Hull to Christiania, Bergen or Throndhjem direct, or via Hamburg, Kiel and Korsör to Copenhagen, and thence by these steamers, or via Malmo by rail, to Christiania.

Among the passengers we notice a gentleman who has in charge a lady and little girl, to whom his kind-

ness and consideration merit our warmest approval. The lady, who seems low in her mind, he seeks to encourage by the harmless stimulant of beer; he mildly solicits the little girl: "Lennchen, willst du auch bier trinken?"

I do not know why we settle it in our minds that the lady is his sister-in-law. He is a tall, handsome fellow, with a mild, intelligent face and quiet manners, and we mentally register him as "the polite German," *rara avis in terra*. At dinner he sits next us; the lady and child have disappeared behind the curtains of the ladies' cabin; and, to our surprise, he begins upon us in English. Only to recommend the stewed veal, at first, and—"A little of the cauliflower?" which we are surprised into accepting, greasy as it is, like all German cookery. Then he ventures into conversation, gently inquiring, "Do you go far north, my lady?" (literal translation of the usual phrase "meine dame"). He is going only to Göttenburg, or somewhere in that vicinity, to visit friends with his sister. (There! didn't we say so?) By and by it appears that he has resided for a number of years in America, engaged in some sort of business, and we begin to understand his superiority.

In the course of the evening we make acquaintance with a family of Germans from Stettin, a father and three children. The father is in some government office; the son, a young doctor of jurisprudence, just graduated, and full of airs and graces, speaking English fluently, also French and Italian, having travelled on the continent. Now he touches the piano lightly, and warbles German student songs, or the familiar strains of "Santa Lucia" (taking us back to our hotel

at Naples, and the bambino who sang it under our windows every evening); now he is picking up Norwegian phrases from his guide-book, and instructing his sisters. They can speak English also, but timidly; for they have read more than they have talked, and their pronunciation is delightfully quaint. The eldest, Käthe, is evidently the little house mother; she has a quiet way of looking after the others, and chaperoning little Blümchen, which tells the story. They are started on their summer vacation; as we hear the father telling a Swedish gentleman, his children wanted to stick their noses into Norway: "Ein bischen die Nase ins Norwegen zu stecken."

We sit on deck together, chatting, while we pass Swinemunde in the darkness, and see the lights of the great watering-place gleaming across the level sand. Outside the bar, the waves run high, and the boat pitches grandly. We stay up as long as we can be allowed, until after eleven o'clock, when we are compelled to retire to our sofas. The ladies' cabin, small as it is, has one redeeming virtue—it is on a level with the main deck, and closed only by a curtain. When all the others are asleep, one of our party softly pulls this aside, six inches or so, securing ventilation for the night, and the waves of the Baltic rock us to repose.

II.

A DAY WITH THORWALDSEN.

WE woke early, a little stiff from the hard beds and damp night air; found that it was six o'clock, and the boat was motionless; and soon ascertained that we had arrived at Copenhagen. As soon as we could rouse the rest of the party, we landed and drove to the Hotel Royal, where a bath and a good breakfast put us in humor for sight-seeing. The day was gloomy and showery, and, seen by glimpses from cab windows and under umbrellas, Copenhagen did not make a very favorable impression.

Kjöbenhavn, "the Merchants' Haven," so called from its excellent harbor, dates from the thirteenth century, and was founded by Axel, bishop of Roeskilde, on the site of a fishing village; and called from him Axel-huus. It increased rapidly, in consequence of its facilities for trade, and in 1448 Christian I. transferred the seat of government hither from the former capital, Roeskilde. The great palace of Christiansborg is built on the island which was fortified by Bishop Axel in 1168. We look at the gray and rather gloomy pile of buildings, as we leave our hotel, and purpose returning to it later, if there is time; but there is something better than palaces to be seen in Copenhagen. A child of genius here saw his first and last

of earth; and the grateful city has erected to his memory a most fitting monument, the Thorwaldsen Museum.

We drove first to the church, which is open from 9 to 11 A. M. It is the metropolitan church of Denmark, replacing the one destroyed by the bombardment of 1807, and is called the "Frue Kirke," "Church of Our Lady." Here are some of the sculptor's most famous works, illustrating the great facts of Christianity. Over the porch, in the tympanum, is a group in terra-cotta—John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; over the entrance door a frieze—Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Around the apse runs a grand frieze representing the Passion; in the side chapels are bass-reliefs of the Baptism of Christ and the Last Supper. The colossal figure of Christ stands before the altar, the arms outstretched in blessing, the head slightly inclined; on the pedestal are the words, in Danish, "Come unto Me!" But to us it seemed the risen Christ, in the presence of the twelve, when, having led them out as far as to Bethany, He lifted up His hands to bless them, and "while He blessed them He was parted from them and carried up into heaven." And yet, none the less does He still stand blessing and drawing all men unto Him.

The apostles are ranged, six on each side of the church, St. Paul, instead of Matthias, taking the place of Judas. This statue, said to have been modelled entirely by the master, is considered the finest of the twelve. All are colossal in size, nearly or quite eight feet high, and are designed with great simplicity and dignity. The large models were, most of them, executed by Thorwaldsen's pupils, after studies of his own.

Tenerani alone was permitted to assist in the clay model of the Christ, during the sculptor's temporary illness. For us, these statues had peculiar interest, for our first introduction to Thorwaldsen was the exhibition of the casts at the World's Fair, in the New York Crystal Palace, in 1854.

He received the order for these works, and the group in the pediment, in 1820; the plaster casts were sent from Leghorn in 1828, to be ready for the consecration of the new church, and were replaced by the marbles ten years later, after Thorwaldsen's return to Copenhagen. The friezes, over the entrance and around the apse, were added later.

Other works in the Frue Kirke are the "Angel of Baptism," a beautiful, kneeling figure, holding a font, which is placed in the centre of the aisle, not far from the "Christ," and two little groups in bass-relief, over the alms basins, on each side the entrance, one representing Charity, the other, the Guardian Angel. The child, in the latter, is said to be a likeness of the little Bertel Thorwaldsen. It recalls the pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, described in Plon's biography; and as we pass the great, equestrian statue of Christian V., in the Kongens' Nytorv (Kings' new market place), we imagine the small, timid figure, in a red cotton cap, hoisted to this unwelcome eminence by his roguish comrades, who then ran off, leaving him to be rescued by the police. Hans Andersen tells this incident, related to him by the sculptor. Before we enter the museum, let us take a rapid retrospect of the artist's life.

Bertel's father, Gottshalk Thorwaldsen, was a poor wood carver, who worked in the shipyards, carving

figureheads for merchant vessels. The little boy early began to help his father, and showed so much taste for sculpture that, at the age of eleven years, he was sent to the free school of the Royal Academy. In ordinary branches of learning he was less precocious, and was esteemed little better than a dunce by his teacher, who, when the pupils were to prepare for their first communion, put him in the lowest class in the catechism. Thorwaldsen was seventeen, and had just gained his first prize at the Academy—a small silver medal. Chaplain Höyer, noticing the name in the Copenhagen journals, asked his pupil:

“Thorwaldsen, is it a brother of yours who has just taken a prize at the Academy?”

“It is myself, Herr Chaplain,” replied Bertel. The teacher was astonished. “Herr Thorwaldsen,” said he, “please to pass up to the first class.” This title, by which his teacher always addressed the boy afterwards, made an indelible impression upon his mind; and he used to say that this first taste of glory was sweeter, in retrospect, than all the honors of later years. He went on studying, and obtaining occasional prizes, until in 1793 he received the grand prize, which entitled him to three years of travel at the expense of the Academy. The bass-relief of “St. Peter Healing the Paralytic,” which gained this prize, is now in the museum. This pension was then enjoyed by another student, and while waiting for its vacancy Thorwaldsen studied three years in Copenhagen, receiving assistance from the Academy, and partially supporting himself by designing vignettes for publishers, and giving lessons in drawing and modelling. He started for Rome in May, 1796, going in a

Danish frigate to Malta. He was more than six months on the way. This time was spent in utter idleness. The captain says, writing to his wife, "He is very well; you can let his parents know. He is so thoroughly lazy that he has no wish to write himself, and while on board he would not learn a word of the Italian language, though the chaplain and I both offered to teach him. I have resolved to send him to our ambassador at Naples, so that he may forward him to Rome. The young man has an annual pension of four hundred crowns, and may God help him! He has a big dog, whom he has christened Hector. He sleeps late in the morning, and thinks only about his comforts and his eating. But everybody likes him because he is such a good fellow." In another letter he calls him "an honest boy, but a lazy rascal." Thorwaldsen crossed to Palermo, and, after a few days, to Naples, a Neapolitan frigate sailing as convoy to the packet, "on account of the Turks." He spent a month in Naples, seeing "the studios" (*gli studj*), as the Museo Reale was then called, just beginning to be fitted up as a collection of art galleries, where the Farnese Bull and the "great Hercules" were his special admiration; enjoying the fine collection of paintings, antiques, Etruscan vases and medals, then in the palace of Capo di Monte, and visiting the excavations at Portici, where, as yet, comparatively little had been discovered of the ruins of Herculaneum. Pompeii, where the discoveries were still slighter, he seems not to have visited.

"I was born on the 8th of March, 1797," Thorwaldsen used to say; "before then I did not exist." It was the day of his arrival in Rome. He was in his twenty-

seventh year (having been born in November, 1770) and more than nine months had elapsed since he left Copenhagen. But a new-born babe is far from being a master; in art, as in nature, the child's growth is gradual. For years the development of the young artist was constant, but so slow as to be almost imperceptible to others. He learned first of all to distrust himself, and a change in his method of working resulted from a thorough study of the antiques. Of these he made many copies, but few original compositions of this period remain. The only one in the museum is the "Bacchus and Ariadne," which he sent to Copenhagen in 1798. He was interrupted while working upon it in August by an attack of malarial fever, and the plaster cast was hastily taken, as the clay model was in danger of destruction by the heat. Those were troublous times, from 1797 to 1801, when Napoleon's army was in Italy; the pension of four hundred crowns (about \$250) scarcely procured the student the necessities of life, and he contended with both poverty and ill-health.

The first work of Thorwaldsen's which attracted public attention, and to which he owed the means of remaining in Rome after the six years during which he received the Academy's pension had expired, was his statue of Jason. His first model of this subject, of life size, remained for a long time in his atelier, but failed to excite admiration, and he finally destroyed it. But he resolved to try again; and the second model, of colossal size, having been put into plaster, through the kindness of a Danish lady, received the approval even of Canova. No one, however, thought of ordering a copy in marble; and the discouraged artist had decided

to return to Copenhagen. Trunks were packed, furniture sold; but some trouble about passports compelled delay until the following day. Meanwhile, the English banker, Thomas Hope, visited the studio, was struck with the "Jason," and ordered a copy for six hundred sequins, paying a third in advance.

The sculptor seems very ungrateful to his patron, when we find that, sixteen years later, the "Jason" had not been touched, and that, though then taken in hand, at the urgent remonstrance of Mr. Hope, ten years more elapsed before it was finally sent to London.

Genius has its caprices, and also its steady growth, and after neglecting "Jason" a sufficient length of time, the conception no longer satisfied the artist. He offered to make another statue, which should be better; but Mr. Hope preferred the first. Meanwhile, Thorwaldsen received and executed numerous orders; and went on designing beautiful things. "Cupid and Psyche" was modelled in the summer of 1804. Three statues in marble, for the Countess Woronzoff—a "Bacchus," "Apollo" and "Ganymede"—and his first bass-relief of importance: "The Abduction of Briseis," date from 1805. He became the fashion, and orders poured in, many of which were never executed. Among the latter, alas! was one for a colossal statue of Liberty, to be erected in a public square at Washington, for which he was offered the sum of five thousand Roman crowns.

Taking into consideration all its consequences, one is tempted to question whether the generous commission of the English banker were really the salvation of the artist. Its first result was to relieve his pressing wants, and he gave himself up to idleness, the next

step to which was naturally mischief. He accepted an invitation from his constant friend, the Danish savant Zoëga, to his villa at Genzano, and there met the woman who did her best to spoil his whole life—Anna Maria Magnani. Very handsome and fascinating, but selfish, mercenary and unprincipled, she would not marry the poor sculptor, but accepted a man of higher birth and fortune, from whom she was separated after a few months. Then she came to Thorwaldsen, from whom she had obtained a written agreement to support her, in case of a rupture with her husband, and he took her into his house, where she remained for many years. He was too generous to rid himself of a burden which, as time went on, must have become inexpressibly wearisome.*

One almost wishes that the passports had been ready, or that Mr. Hope had never taken it into his head to visit the studio. Would it not have been better for the artist to have returned to his Northern home, where he might, perhaps, have become the founder of a new school of art, finding subjects in the national life and history, and the old Norse Sagas, to develop the originality of his genius? But when we look at the series of magnificent works produced during these years, we hesitate. Perhaps he had not in him the material for such originality, and would have been nothing if not classical. Let us give a rapid

* Speaking of the lovely bass-relief: “Wer kauft Liebes götter?” modelled in 1824, Baroness Bunsen observes: “In the figure supporting the head with its hands, and elbows resting on the knees, seemingly bowed down under the weight of the triumphant Cupid, firmly seated on the nape of his neck, the friends of the sculptor recognized but too clearly the emblem of a portion of his own life’s history.”

glance at his subjects for the next ten years. The bass-relief, "A Genio Lumen," was executed in 1808, as his diploma, when he was made an honorary member of the Accademia San Luca. In the same year was modelled the beautiful statue of "Adonis," which now occupies the place of honor in the hall of modern artists, in the Glyptothek, at Munich. King Ludwig I. was then in Rome, collecting antique marbles for his new gallery, and Thorwaldsen, whose judgment was never deceived by impostures, rendered him valuable assistance. He was afterwards entrusted with the restoration of the *Ægina* marbles, now in Munich. A large number of statues and bass-reliefs of classical subjects belong to this period, the finest being his great frieze, the "Triumph of Alexander." The French academy at Rome had received an order to ornament the Quirinal Palace, in preparation for a visit from the emperor. Thorwaldsen was requested to compose the frieze for the audience chamber, and the subject was left to his choice.

This plaster frieze still adorns the Quirinal. From a second cast, intended for the palace of the king of Denmark, the first marble copy was executed, which had been ordered by Napoleon, probably for the Temple of Glory, now the Church of the Madeleine. Half of the price (320,000 francs) had been paid, when Napoleon was sent to Elba. Thorwaldsen afterwards finished it for the Marchese di Sommariva, who placed it in his lovely villa at Cadennabia, on Lake Como. In 1815 he composed several fine bass-reliefs: "The Workshop of Vulcan," "Achilles and Priam," and the favorite medallions "Night" and "Morning"; in 1816, a new "Hebe," another "Ganymede," and his "Venus,"

besides the restoration of the *Ægina* marbles. The influence of these marbles is thought to be visible in an increased severity of style in works composed during the following year: a third "Ganymede and the Eagle," "The Young Shepherd and Dog," and "Hope." "Love Victorious," the "Dancing Girl," and busts of Lord Byron and the Baroness von Humboldt, belong also to this year. "Mercury," the "Three Graces," a group for the chapel of the Pitti Palace at Florence: "Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter," and the design for the "Lion of Lucerne" were composed in 1818 and '19.

At this time Thorwaldsen made his first visit to Copenhagen since he had left it in 1796. His parents were dead. Apartments were prepared for him in the Charlottenburg Palace, where the Royal Academy is established. He received an ovation, was made counsellor of state, that he might be invited to the king's table, and went back to Rome, with the order for the statues for the Frue Kirke.

Twenty years later he returned to Copenhagen "for good," sailing in a Danish frigate, which was sent to convey him from Leghorn, with his effects in sixty-two boxes. He was only one month on the voyage, instead of six, as when he went to Italy.

He was received like a conquering hero. The frigate, detained off Helsingör, was met by a steamer crowded with people, from that city and the Swedish city of Helsingborg, with a band playing national airs, and a chorus singing patriotic hymns; and at night the northern sky hung out her banners in welcome to the returning genius. Next day was foggy and rainy; but when it was known that the frigate was approaching,

a fleet of boats started down the harbor to meet her. The artists displayed a banner adorned with Thorwaldsen's "Three Graces"; the poets were under Pegasus; the students, under Minerva; the physicians had Esculapius; the mechanics, Vulcan; while the boat of the naval officers in command appropriately displayed Neptune. The boats divided into two companies, encircling the frigate, and at that moment a brilliant rainbow formed a triumphal arch above them. When he landed, so great was the crowd, that he did not know that the horses had been removed, and his carriage was drawn by the people. He reached his rooms in the Royal Academy, and the palace was besieged by the multitude, who refused to disperse without a sight of Thorwaldsen. As he stepped out to salute them, "Would not any one think," said he, smiling, "that I were the pope, about to give the benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's!" This reception was but the prelude to numerous ovations; his days were filled with visitors; every evening he dined at a different house. His letters were so numerous that he required a secretary; crowds of beggars besieged him, and all the Thorwaldsens in the kingdom claimed relationship. He began to feel that he should never do anything more, unless he left Copenhagen. Fortunately he found a refuge at the country house of his kind friends, the Baron and Baroness von Stampe, who built for him a small atelier, in which he composed many fine works. To the persuasions of the baroness we owe the portrait-statue of Thorwaldsen.

In 1841 and '42, he made a final visit to Rome. His journey through Germany was a triumphal progress. On his return he found the Thorwaldsen Museum—de-

signed by the Architect Bindesböll, and built by a public subscription—nearly completed. He was here received by the City Council and the committee of public works.

On the morning of March 24, 1844, he rose early, complaining of slight illness; but, feeling better after a few hours' sleep, he passed the morning in work. He was modelling the bust of Luther, and left his tool thrust into a lump of clay, when he went with Baroness von Stampe to dine at her house. Speaking of his museum, he said, playfully: "Now I can die when I please; Bindesböll has finished my tomb."

At the theatre, that evening, he rose to allow a lady to pass, and as she turned to thank him he had sunk down, and made no reply. Perceiving that he was ill, people came to his assistance, and he was carried to his rooms in the Charlottenburg Palace, close by. A physician opened a vein, but no blood flowed; life was extinct.

His funeral was attended by the whole nation. With face uncovered and brow crowned with laurel, he lay in state, in the hall of ancient sculpture. A chorus of artists chanted a requiem. As the procession moved through the streets, all the houses were hung with black; women threw flowers from the windows; no sound was heard but the tolling of bells and the soft chanting of choirs from the belfries. He was laid among his noble works, in a chapel of the Frue Kirke, until the interior of the museum was completed, Sept. 6, 1848, when his body was removed to its final resting-place.

The museum is on the island, near the Christiansborg palace, and is in the style of Pompeian and

Etruscan tombs. The pediment of the façade is crowned with a bronze statue of the Goddess of Victory, in a quadriga, designed by Thorwaldsen; and the other three sides of the building are adorned with scenes in plaster, representing the reception of the master after his return from Rome. It is built around the four sides of an open court, in the centre of which is the artist's grave. Entering at a side door, and passing the stairway, you find yourself in a corridor, which runs round this court, and opens at one end into the grand vestibule, filled with colossal figures, models or casts of the monuments designed by Thorwaldsen; that of Pius VII., in St. Peter's, at Rome; the equestrian statue of Maximilian I. at Munich; the Schiller monument at Stuttgart, and others. Passing through the corridor we notice, first, the "Lion of Lucerne," then the casts of the group in the tympanum of the Frue Kirke, which we are glad to study at our leisure, to better advantage than when standing with upturned faces in the rain. The central figure of "St. John the Baptist," is nearly eight feet in height, and the breadth of the pediment not quite forty-two feet. Seven figures on each side—the nearest standing, the next sitting or kneeling, and the extremes reclining—form a group which fits naturally into its triangular frame. (Was it not from this necessary arrangement of the figures in a pediment that the idea arose of a law of composition in the form of a pyramid, which was applied to paintings also?) At the end opposite the vestibule is the Christ Saloon, where are grouped the casts of Christ and the Apostles. The corridor beyond contains a plaster copy of the "Procession of Alexander." On each side of the building, beyond the corridor, is a row

of cabinets, twenty-one in all, filled with statues and bass-reliefs—classical subjects, scriptural subjects, and portrait busts and statues—over six hundred numbers in all.

By original works, clay models, or copies in marble or plaster, all the works of the sculptor are here represented. There are about forty scriptural subjects, twenty-five sepulchral monuments, thirteen public monuments, over forty statues and groups, and one hundred and thirty-six bass-reliefs from classical subjects; thirty-seven allegorical bass-reliefs, mostly of genii; nine portrait statues; over a hundred portrait busts and medallions, and ten or a dozen bass-reliefs, bringing up the rear of the catalogue, under the title of "Divers Subjects." Whatever the faults of his maturity may have been, certainly the accusation of idleness could no longer be brought against Thorwaldsen.

In the upper corridor is a smaller copy of the "Alexander," and a number of casts and models. The cabinets contain Thorwaldsen's picture gallery, mainly composed of works by modern artists; a few presented to him by such artists as Overbeck, Schadow, Richter and Horace Vernet; others, of less merit, purchased by him, often at high prices, to assist the poor painters. One cabinet contains a valuable selection from his engravings; others exhibit his own sketches and designs; five are filled with his collection of antiquities, one holds his library, and the last and most interesting of all contains his furniture and his unfinished works, including the bust of Luther, with the tool thrust into the lump of clay, which still retains the impress of the master's hand.

Before we leave the museum, we go back once more

to the corridor, where the door stands open into the courtyard, and stepping out in the summer rain, over the soft green turf, to the rectangular, ivy-covered mound, we pluck a single leaf from the grave of Thorwaldsen.

Do you remember Andersen's story of the "Old Swan's Nest, between the East Sea and the North Sea?" "We saw a swan strike the marble rock with his wing, so that it cleft asunder, and the forms of beauty, imprisoned in the stone, stepped forth into the light of day, and people of all lands lifted their heads to see these mighty forms."

Like Thorwaldsen, Andersen was a frequent guest at Stampeborg, and when the sculptor had enjoyed his after-dinner nap and his evening treat of music, he would walk up and down the room, and end by saying, "Well, Herr Andersen, are not we children to be treated this evening to some little fairy tale?" It was Andersen, who told him, precisely one year before his death, of the sudden death of Admiral Wolff, the Danish translator of Shakespeare, who was taken ill at the Theatre Royal, driven home in a carriage, and found dead at his own door. "Well," said Thorwaldsen, "is not that an admirable way to die, and one to be envied?"

When death came to him so suddenly, we may hope it was not an unwelcome surprise, but only the arrival of a friend for whom he was cheerfully waiting.

Thorwaldsen was never given to writing; his biographers found no letters nor journals to refer to; his mind must be studied from his works. Beside his own devotion to the antique marbles, which were the first to arouse his enthusiasm and awaken his genius, he

was greatly influenced by the theories of Winckelmann, of whom his friend Zoëga was an earnest disciple.

Canova was the first to profit by these theories, but Thorwaldsen gave them more complete expression.

His deities remind one of Winckelmann's description of the process of making a hero into a god. "The effect is produced rather by subtraction than addition; that is to say, by the gradual abstraction of all those parts which even in nature are sharply and strongly expressed, until the shape becomes refined to such an extent that only the spirit within appears to have brought it into being."

Even in illustrating Christian subjects Thorwaldsen's style was purely classical. As Plon justly observes, "He had not the enthusiasm which comes of faith. Aiming above all at beauty, if he ever animates his figures, it is with philosophic thought; and his works are more fitted to satisfy the mind of the thinker than the heart of the Christian." It is a significant fact that he expressed himself *satisfied* with his statue of Christ. As an artist this startled him; he had reached his highest point, when the execution equalled the conception. But, was he satisfied with the conception?

Thorwaldsen seems to have lived almost wholly in his art. Of other things, literature, science, philosophy, he remained ignorant, and apparently content to be so. His religion was as purely a feeling as Beethoven's; whether he ever thought out for himself a system of belief is hardly necessary to question; he was not a thinker, but an artist. He was educated a Lutheran; taking his catechism and confirmation as a matter of course. When he went to Rome, in a time

of political agitation, between Catholicism on the one hand and French infidelity on the other, his mind seemed to rest in indifference. He passed for a sceptic. A friend once remarked that his want of religious faith must make it difficult to express Christian ideas in his works. "If I were altogether an unbeliever," he replied, "why should that give me any trouble? Have I not represented Pagan divinities? Still, I don't believe in them."

Did he, then, represent religious and classical subjects equally as myths? "*If I were* an unbeliever," implies assuredly that he was not. In the latter part of his life he executed many bass-reliefs from scripture subjects, for monuments, altar pieces, asylums, Christmas presents, etc., which show a turning of his mind to the study of the Bible rather than of the classic mythology.

As a man he was genial, kind-hearted and generous, in spite of the petty economies which are related of his old age, and the somewhat suspicious temper which had grown upon him; simple as a child, unpretending, never spoiled by flattery, royal notice, or world-wide renown. Beloved and honored by his countrymen, he rests from his labors, and if his works do not "follow him," at least they stand guard around his sepulchre.

III.

COPENHAGEN TO CHRISTIANIA—ON THE “KONG SVERRE.”

THE Christiansborg Palace is so near the museum that it seemed natural to visit it next, though we afterwards decided that our time might have been spent to better purpose. It is not now the royal residence, that honor being enjoyed by the Amalienborg Palace, in a more aristocratic quarter of the city.

The façade is adorned with sculptures by Thorwaldsen, and in the chamber of the council of state are his caryatides, on each side the throne, and a marble copy of the great Alexander frieze. The walls are painted with scenes from Danish history, by Eckersberg. This palace also contains the halls in which the upper and lower chambers assemble, the court chapel, and the Royal Library of five hundred thousand volumes. The upper floor of the immense building is occupied by the Royal Picture Gallery. We wandered through a dreary wilderness of rooms, finding nothing of special interest, after our experience of the great galleries of Europe, until we came to the last six, which are filled with the works of modern Danish masters—landscapes, historical paintings and scenes from peasant life, some of which were very interesting. But we had wasted precious time. When we reached

the Prindsens Palais, where are the Museum of Northern Antiquities—"finest of its kind in existence," containing over forty thousand objects, admirably arranged in chronological order, in five leading departments, from the Flint Period through the Bronze and Iron and Mediæval-Christian periods, down to about 1660,—and the Ethnographical Museum, also one of the most extensive in Europe, occupying thirty-five rooms; besides other collections of antiquities, coins and engravings—we were not allowed to enter. The hours were over, or it was not the right day, and no amount of buono-mano, trinkgeld, pourboire, or its equivalent in Danish, could procure us admission.

We regretted missing the sight of these antiquities at the outset of our journey, but looked forward to repairing the omission upon our return, when familiarity with the country of Odin and Thor would make these relics of their subjects and worshippers more interesting.

Where should we go next? To the Rosenborg Palace, with its collections of jewellery, carvings, weapons, furniture and mediæval bric-à-brac—a sort of Danish Hotel Cluny, combined with the green vaults of Dresden? But Baedeker says something about application being made on the previous day, which is discouraging. We ought to have driven there and made the attempt, but we were tired; the boat was to leave at 5 P. M., we had breakfasted early, and we began to want our dinner. We suggested shopping for pottery, and porcelain copies of Thorwaldsen's marbles, or photographs of the same; but the suggestion was frowned upon by the gentleman of our party, who reminded us of the extremely limited

amount of luggage we were intending to carry through Norway. (He was evidently very hungry.)

Besides, were we not all coming back again? This argument had weight; and the lady who had been ill the evening before was particularly tired. So we went to the Hotel Royal, enjoyed our dinner, at one end of a long table in the immense dining-hall, and by and by drove sadly back to the "Kong Sverre," and resumed our sofas in the ladies' cabin.

We did not leave Copenhagen without thinking of our old favorite, Hans Andersen; but there was no time to call, and were we not coming again? We did not know how ill he was, until after we reached Christiania; when we met friends who had been with us in Florence, at the "Norway evening," and who, unknown to us, were now at another hotel in Copenhagen. Mrs. S. sent her card to Hans Andersen's house, inquiring whether he were able to receive her, but was informed that he was too ill to see any visitors. He was then staying at the residence of a friend, in the country, where he died a few weeks later.

Rather more than half way up the Sound we passed the Swedish island of Hveen, once the residence of the astronomer Tycho Brahe, whose tomb we had seen at Prague, a few weeks before. Here he built his observatory and his castle of Uranienborg; but the jealousy and slander of his enemies drove him to take refuge in a foreign land, under the patronage of the German emperor.

Nearly three hundred years ago, Queen Sophia of Denmark, wife of Frederick II., was visiting the astronomer at his observatory, on the island of Hveen, and was detained for two days by stormy weather. To

make the time pass pleasantly, Tycho Brahe suggested that Anders Vedel, one of the company, should recite some of the old ballads, of which he was making a collection. The queen listened in delight, and laid her commands on Vedel to complete and publish his collection, which he did in 1591. This selection included one hundred ballads, chosen from many more, of the "Danske Visor," which have since been collected and published. Their striking similarity to many of the early English and Scotch ballads leads to the belief that these were of Scandinavian origin.

Next, we came to Helsingör, more familiar to us as Elsinore, and associated with Hamlet and Lord Nelson.

"Let us think of those who sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy stern and stormy steep,
Elsinore ! "

The Kronborg occupies the most conspicuous part of the town: a picturesque fortress, dating from the sixteenth century. Here, in 1426, King Erik built castles, on both sides the Sound, at Helsingör and Helsingborg, and exacted tribute from all passing vessels. Might makes right, and the Sound dues were collected until, in 1857, the Danish Government agreed to commute them, for a payment of three and a half million pounds sterling from the nations chiefly interested. The Flag Battery, where the Dannebrog or national banner is planted, is said to be the platform of the castle of Elsinore, where the ghost appeared to Hamlet. In the pleasure grounds of Marienlyst, a royal chateau not far distant, a walk used to be pointed

out as Hamlet's Garden, and a heap of stones with some Runic inscriptions was called his grave, both having been invented or arranged to satisfy the curiosity of English tourists.

According to Saxo Grammaticus, who flourished under Waldemar the Great (1157-1202) and spent twenty years in writing a Latin history of Denmark, from the earliest ages to his own time, "Amlett" was the son of Orwendel, king of Jutland. Fengo was the murderous uncle, who married Queen Gertrude, and sent Amlett to England, with orders to have him put to death; but he married the English king's daughter and returned to Denmark, and, after various adventures, killed Fengo, burned his palace and destroyed his adherents, and was himself raised to the throne of Jutland. He visited Britain a second time, and married a Scotch princess, but after returning to Denmark was slain by Vigeletus, son of Rorik. "He was a prince," says Saxo, "who, if his good fortune had been equal to his deserts, would have rivalled the gods in splendor, and in his actions would have excelled even the labors of Hercules. Like Achilles, he had the principal achievements of his life wrought on his shield. The daughter of the king of Scotland, casting her eye on it, loved him for the battles he had won, and became his bride."

A French romance, based upon this story, was translated and published in England under the title, "The Historye of Hamblet," from which Shakespeare took the framework of his play.

Do you know the legend of the royal standard which floats from the fortress?

Pope Honorius III. had granted to Waldemar the

Great all the lands he could conquer from the heathen of Esthonia; and the king undertook a crusade against them, "as well for the honor of the Virgin Mary, the patroness of the province, as for the forgiveness of his own sins." He raised a great army, and set sail in a fleet of fourteen hundred ships. Some of these were little boats called "snekker"—snails (in allusion to their rate of speed?), carrying only two warriors, besides the oarsmen; others were "dragons," or warships, carrying each one hundred and twenty men. The armament was landed at Revel, on the Gulf of Finland; the terrified inhabitants implored mercy, and consented to be baptized. But after three days they surprised the camp by night, and a great battle ensued, in which the Danes came near being routed. They had lost their standard, and begun to give way before the heathen, when a banner dropped from the sky, bearing a white cross on a red ground, following which they won the victory. This was the Danne-brog, which has been honored ever since as the national flag, and this order of knighthood was instituted by Waldemar after his return from this expedition.

Another national legend is connected with the vaults beneath the Kronborg. Here reposes the tutelary genius of the country, Holger Danske, ready to arise when Denmark is in danger. There are various stories of this mighty warrior's appearance; once he was met by some shepherds in North Jutland; others saw him sitting half a mile from Slagelse; and there are stories of his appearance in Schleswig, which show that he does not always remain quietly asleep under the Kronborg, but walks abroad to see for himself how things are working. Sometimes a sound like the

clash of arms is heard under the fortress. To ascertain whence this came, a party of merry young men took a fancy to explore the underground passages, and to pay Holger Danske a visit. They came to a great iron door which opened of itself, and they found themselves in a vaulted room. From the ceiling hung a lamp, in which the oil was nearly burned out, and beneath it stood a mighty stone table, at which sat a gigantic, steel-clad warrior, with his head resting on his folded arms. As they entered, he raised his head, and lo! his long beard had grown into the stone table.

"Give me thy hand!" said he, to the foremost of his visitors. The young man did not venture to give the hero his hand, but held out an iron bar which he carried. Holger Danske seized it, thinking it to be the young man's hand (he was evidently only half awake), and squeezed it so powerfully that the impression of his fingers remained upon the iron. "I am glad to find that there are still men in Denmark," said he. "Say to thy lord, the king," he continued, "that I shall come forth at the right time. If there are no more men in Denmark who can take their places on the ramparts, I will gather under my banner the boys over twelve and the old men over sixty, and with them I will free the land."

This reminds one of the old legends of Barbarossa. Hans Andersen adds some particulars to this account (which I have translated for you out of my little Danish Reader) in his Mährchen of "Holger Danske": "In his dreams, the old warrior sees everything that happens in Denmark. On each Christmas Eve an angel comes and tells him that all he has dreamed is

true, and that he may sleep on in peace, as Denmark is not yet in any real danger; but should danger ever come, then Holger Danske will rouse himself, and the stone table will burst asunder as he draws out his beard. Then he will come forth in his strength, and strike a blow that shall sound in all the countries of the world."

The little Reader goes on to explain the meaning of the legend; but Hans Andersen does not thus insult the understanding of his readers, and neither shall I.

How much nobler is this guardian hero than "Ogier, the Dane," of the mediæval romances, as Morris represents him in the "Earthly Paradise," dwelling in Avalon, with Morgan le Fay, oblivious of all his war-like deeds!

Sitting on deck in the evening, after comparing notes with our Stettin friends, who had given the museums a wide berth, and spent their time at the Tivoli Gardens, one of us asked, suddenly, "Who *was* Kong Sverre?"

(This was our first acquaintance among the old Norse kings, who spend their days more usefully than was their wont in olden times, having been "translated" into steamships, and plying up and down the straits and along the coasts, instead of ravaging and destroying like the Berserkers they were. We took a particular interest in these worthies, and feel that they deserve a special introduction to our friends.)

Nobody could remember Kong Sverre's name and place among the kings of the North; whether he came before Harold Harfager or after (we were shamefully ignorant of Scandinavian history, as too many travellers are; not to speak of people who stay at home

and have access to libraries, and plenty of time to read); and it was too dark to consult our guide-books which would have told us very little. So the subject dropped; but I improved the earliest opportunity to enlighten our darkness, and will give, in brief, the result of my researches.

Sverre was born in 1151, during one of the chaotic periods of Norwegian history, and was the grandson of a usurper, Harold Gille, who at his death left the kingdom to his three sons. Sverre's father, Sigurd II., did not long survive his birth; and when his uncles had also perished, the crown went to Magnus, son of Christina (daughter of Sigurd I., the crusader), and Erling Shakke, a powerful noble, who by concessions to the bishops obtained their influence in favor of his son.

Sverre's mother, Gunhilda, married a man who is called by some historians an armorer, and by others a wool comber; and, to preserve her child from his enemies, she allowed him to pass for the son of this man.

The three went to her brother-in-law, a bishop in the Faroe Islands, who educated Sverre as a priest, and at the age of twenty-five he received holy orders. After this, his mother revealed to him his royal birth; and a dream, which he had soon after, aroused his ambition and led him to return to Norway. He dreamed that he was transformed into an enormous bird, the beak of which pointed to the Naze, the tail to the North Cape, while the wings overspread the whole country.

He visited the court of Magnus, but not thinking the time ripe for an attempt upon the throne, he was on the point of starting on a pilgrimage to the

Holy Land, when a band of rough warriors, called Birkibeiners, or Birch-legs—from their habit of using the bark as clothing—invited him to become their leader. At the head of these adventurers he traversed Norway, and after several years of varied fortune he obtained the supreme power. Magnus Erlingson died in battle, and Sverre, after years of contention with the hostile clergy, got himself crowned at Throndhjem by a bishop of his own appointment.

Archbishop Eistein and his successor, Erik, used their influence with the pope to procure the excommunication of Sverre, as a priest who had married without a dispensation, and a usurper of the kingly power, and the pope finally placed both king and people under an interdict.

This ban, the first in Norway (and I think the last, also), failed of its effect. The people were too ignorant to appreciate it; the clergy were afraid to carry it out; and the king, far from being intimidated, proved from the Bible, in an eloquent speech, that the pope had no authority over the civil power.

Sverre was an uncommonly good king for those days. He restrained drunkenness—already the great vice of the North—by prohibiting the importation of wine and liquors; he improved the roads and promoted literature. Under his auspices was published the “Konge-speilet,” or Royal Mirror, sometimes attributed to his authorship, but more likely written by one of his courtiers and friends. It is written in the old Norse language, and describes the manners, morals and history of that period.

Kong Sverre died in Bergen in 1202, after a reign

of twenty-five years.* His son, Hakon III., reigned only two years; but his grandson, Hakon IV., proclaimed king at the age of sixteen, subdued his enemies after twenty years of trouble, and holds high rank among the kings of Norway for activity and ability. Pope Innocent IV. courted his friendship, and promised him the imperial crown of Germany if he would help him to subdue the refractory Friedrich II. of Hohenstauffen. That must have been pleasing to the grandson of the excommunicated Sverre; but he showed his wisdom by refusing to interfere.

St. Louis of France invited him to join in a crusade, but Hakon thought it better to rule his kingdom at home. A shrewd, practical, common-sensible man, this Hakon; not a saint, probably, but a rarer character in those days; a man content to do his duty in that state of life to which God had called him.

His daughter, Christina, married Philip of Castile, brother of Alfonso; travelling to Spain for the purpose, under the escort of a bishop, Snorre Bjorn of Throndhjem, in 1256. When Snorre returned, he brought with him the "History of Dietrich of Berne," and other mediæval romances, which were translated into Norse by the royal command.

About this time the Icelandic skalds, or minstrels, ceased to frequent the Danish Court, Waldemar II. being the last king who entertained them; but Sturle Thordson sought refuge from troubles in Iceland, at the court of Hakon IV., not long before his fatal expedition to Scotland, and was afterwards employed

* The Saga of King Sverre was written by Karl Jansen, an Icelandic abbot, who resided at Sverre's court for two years.

by Hakon's son, Magnus, to write an account of his father's life and death. To this writer we owe the "Knytlinga Saga," a chronicle of the Danish kings, written during his residence at the court of Walde-mar the Great. He was a nephew of Snorre Stur-leesen, whose famous "Heimskringla" is the source of most of our knowledge concerning the early kings of Norway.

Among the fugitive princes of Scythia, expelled by Pompey in the Mithridatic war, tradition places the name of Odin, ruler of a tribe in Turkistan. Snorre relates that he came from Asaland, a region east of the Tanais, the capital of which was called Asgard, and the people Aser or Aesir. His true name was Sigge, son of Fridulf, but he assumed that of Odin, the supreme deity of the Scythians, of whose religion he was priest. The date generally assigned to his appearance in the north is about B. C. 70.

Sweden was called the Lesser Swithiod, from the Greater Swithiod, or Scythia, whence Odin came. The Scandinavian kingdoms, conquered by him, were inherited by his three sons; Yngve, or Ingve, ruled in Sweden, and after him his descendants, the Ynglings; Skioeld in Denmark, and the Skioeldings, who, after Ivar Vifadme, A. D. 647, became also the rulers of Sweden; Saemingve in Norway, whose descendants are said to have reigned for many generations.

With Ivar Vifadme, the first conqueror of Northum-berland, his grandson, Harold Hildetand, and their successors, Sigurd Ring and Ragnar Lodbrok, we come into English history, and soon to Knut and Hard-aknut, names "familiar to the ear as household words." When Ivar conquered the Ynglings, in Sweden, Olaf,

son of the conquered king, fled to the region west of the Wener Lake, with a few followers, where he hewed down the forests (whence his name, Olaf Trætelia—the tree-cutter) and founded a new kingdom. The seventh in descent from Olaf was Harold Harfager.

Ragnar Lodbrok bestowed the Swedish crown on one of his sons, Bjorn Jarnsida, Bear Ironsides—an amiable name; but he must have been an uncommonly tough character to deserve it. The old proverb says, “The bear has twelve men’s understanding and six men’s strength.” In his grandson’s reign, we are poetically informed, “The light of the Gospel first dawned in the North”; but it was a twilight of one hundred years or more before Christianity was fairly established, under Olaf Skotkonung, who was baptized with his whole family in 1001. Olaf was contemporary with St. Olaf of Norway. His father, Erik, had destroyed the great heathen temple at Upsala, and was murdered in a tumult of the people. This Erik should have been a saint by good rights; but that title was reserved for his descendant, who perished at Upsala, sixty years later, resisting a rebellion of his subjects.

Harold Harfager stands out on the misty background of mythical ancestors, the first really distinct and shining figure in the history of Norway. His father, Halfdan, seems to have been a wise and good ruler, for a heathen chieftain; “a man of truth and uprightness,” says Snorre, “who made laws and observed them himself, and compelled others to observe them. And that violence should not come in place of the laws, he himself fixed the number of criminal acts in law, and the compensations, mulcts and

penalties for each case, according to every one's birth and dignity." Halfdan's laws were established at the Eidsvold Thing, his kingdom comprising the interior and southern portion of Norway. His death, at the age of forty, left the throne to Harold of the Fair Hair, then a boy of ten years. The dates of his birth and death, fixed by contemporary events in English history, are about A. D. 850-931, giving him a reign of seventy years. He ruled his father's domains quietly for awhile, until he was stimulated to the conquest of Norway by the message of the proud Gyda, daughter of King Erik of Hordaland, for whom he had sent messengers. "Tell him I will only be his wife on one condition—that he shall first subject to himself the whole of Norway, so that he may rule over that kingdom as freely as King Erik over Sweden, or King Gorm over Denmark, for only then, methinks, can he be called the king of a great people."

Harold's spirit was roused, and he made the solemn vow, "calling God to witness, who made me and rules over all things, that never shall I clip or comb my hair until I have subdued all Norway with scot and duties and domains; or if not, have died in the attempt."

He started up the valley, Gudbrandsdal, and north, over the Dovrefjeld, and when he came to inhabited land, ordered all the men to be killed, and everything, wide around, to be given to the flames. People fled, "some to Orkadal, some to Gaulerdal, some to the forests"; some begged for peace, and obtained it, joining the king and his men. From one district to another the devastating army marched, against two kings here, and four kings there; "some fell and some

fled"; there were eight battles in the Throndhjem district, and as many chieftains subdued; then Harold fixed his residence at Lade, in the fjord (not far from the present town of Throndhjem), and in the spring fitted out his ships. He had "a great army, many large ships, and many men of might"; and on his own long-ship or "Great Dragon" his house-troops and Berserkers, picked men, remarkable for strength and dexterity, chosen from the best men of every district. With this force he subdued the regions of the coast south of Throndhjem, and the Romsdal during the summer, returning for winter quarters.

The next season he made wider conquests, through the fjord districts and the south, sailing up the Christiania Fjord and subduing the country about the Glommen River. The decisive battle of Hafur's Fjord took place a year or two later, when the people of Hordaland, Rogaland, Agder and Hedemark united their forces against him in the fjord north of the Jederen district (near Stavanger). "A great battle began, which was both hard and long; but at last King Harold gained the day." After this he had no great opposition. Instead of fighting, the unsubdued chieftains fled. Jemteland and Helsingland were peopled then, and Iceland and the Faroe Isles. There was great resort to Shetland, and viking cruises into the West Sea. Many vikings spent the winters in the Orkney Islands and the Hebrides, and the summers marauding on the coast of Norway; and Harold made repeated expeditions for their chastisement—at first to the isles and skerries along the coast, then to the Shetland, and Hebrides and Orkney islands; and then "plundered

far and wide into Scotland itself." It was ten years from the time of his vow, before he had his hair cut and combed; but he had married Gyda, after the battle of Hafur's Fjord.

Harold lived to be eighty years old, and before his death divided the kingdom among his sons. He died on a bed of sickness in Rogaland, and was buried under a mound, at Hougarsund. A church was standing, in Snorre Sturlesen's time, and he particularly describes Harold's grave-mound and stone, thirteen feet six inches high and two ells broad. The stone, which is still shown there, may well be the same.

At the recent Thousand-year Jubilee, in 1872, a granite obelisk was erected on this spot, and dedicated by King Oscar II. to the memory of Harold Harfager.

"According to the report of men of knowledge," says Snorre, "Harold was of remarkably handsome appearance, great and strong, and very generous and affable to his men. He was a great warrior in his youth; and people think that this was foretold by his mother Queen Ragnilda's dream, before his birth, as the lower part of the tree she dreamt of was red as blood. The stem, again, was green and beautiful, which betokened his flourishing kingdom, and that the tree was white at the top showed that he should reach a gray-haired old age. The branches and twigs showed forth his posterity, spread over the whole land, for of his race ever since Norway has always had kings."*

After passing Helsingör, we emerged through the

* A genealogical work, published in Stockholm under the title, "Harold Harfager Aff Komlinger pa Europes Throner," proves that not in Norway only, but in most of the countries of Europe, the royal families may trace their descent to Harold Harfager.

gradually widening straits, into the Kattegat. Name remembered of my childish days, and with its companion, the Skagerack, somehow ominous of evil!

The evening was rough, the night rougher, and the morning dawns, gray and dismal. Our friend, thinking discretion the better part of valor, keeps her berth; but we struggle up, and attain the deck, where we take refuge from the drizzling rain in the little house, about six feet square, already occupied by the old gentleman from Stettin and a Swedish gentleman and lady, who are taking their *kaffee* and *kavringer*. The latter is a sweet sort of bread, cut in slices and rusked in the oven—the favorite attendant of the morning cup of coffee. You get this on deck any time after 6 A. M., and breakfast proper at nine, in the cabin, after the double rows of sleepers have been waked and cleared away. Fish, beefsteak fried with onions, raw ham, eggs, wheat and rye bread, the latter with caraway seeds in it, form this repast, never an attractive one to us, and wholly neglected upon the present occasion.

As the gentlemen finish their coffee, they get out their pipes, and the house soon becomes uninhabitable by American ladies.

We did not discover, until afterwards, that such places, including companion ways, with cushioned sofas, were designed exclusively for the comfort of the sterner sex; while the ladies, if they cannot be happy in their berths, must content themselves with a camp-stool, or a wooden bench, outside.

We found seats, and made mummies of ourselves in our wraps, and held up our umbrellas when it rained very hard, if we felt equal to the exertion.

Dinner was announced, and was devoured by those

who wanted it; one of the mummies with some difficulty ate an orange, which sufficed her for that day. Oh, how selfish it makes us to be miserable, especially on shipboard! Every little while one of us would say, "Poor Miss M.! You ought to go down and see if she does not want something"; but the other would reply, with hardness of heart incredible under any other circumstances, "Oh, I think the stewardess will take care of her."

But, by and by, we got into calmer waters, emerging from the Skagerack into the great Christiania Fjord; the clouds lifted, and the lovely blue hills and green shores of old Norway appeared to our delighted eyes.

The sail up the fjord was charming, and our spirits rose as we neared Christiania; nevertheless, we landed in rather a limp and discouraged condition. A cab-driver took charge of our luggage, but conducted us to a little shed, where it was to be examined by the custom-house officer; and for a time it seemed doubtful whether we should get any farther that night.

A travelling merchant was exhibiting his goods; yards upon yards were unrolled and measured; bales lay about on the benches, waiting their turn; meanwhile our modest bags and bundles craved attention in vain. Whether from the stupidity consequent upon our day of fasting, or from vague ideas of the stern, incorruptible honesty of these Norsemen, I know not; but I doubt if it entered our heads to offer the inspector "a little something," any more than it had upon our landing in Liverpool at midnight. But we were convinced, upon reflection, that it was all he was waiting for. We had nothing dutiable, and said so, but offered

our luggage for examination; that did not seem to satisfy him. Finally, our cabby in disgust snatched up the portmanteau nearest, with some muttered explanation to the inspector,—probably curses at our stupidity,—and we followed him to the cab unmolested.

Our Florence friends had recommended Hotel Scandinavia; but the family from Stettin assured us that the Grand Hotel was the newest and best, so we drove thither. It is a long way from the steamer landing, but in the pleasantest part of the city, on the large square before the Storthing House (Parliament Building), and not far from the new palace.

A porter, gorgeous in green and gold uniform, and long, fair whiskers, received us at the street entrance, speaking English in the most genial manner, looked up rooms and took down keys from the great black-board hanging in the hall, and sent us up three flights of stairs. The rooms were small, and far too near the sky to suit us; but we could change, doubtless, when other guests should leave. Our Stettin friends were established in pleasant rooms on the floor below; and we met, soon after, in the large coffee room on the corner, overlooking the square; and while we took our tea and something more substantial, we heard the band playing in the gardens, and watched the people promenading. Here we were in Norway at last; and it was quite right that the sun should be high in the heavens at nine o'clock, and that there should be no thought of candles at bedtime.

We were tired enough to sleep, the first night; but afterwards, darken our windows as much as we *could*, without blinds or shutters, we were broad awake until long after midnight, and started up, at all sorts

of hours, under the impression that it was high time to rise. It became a question with us whether there were any regular bedtime for Norwegians in summer; men, women and children seemed always up and about the streets. Perhaps they sleep enough during the long winter to last them through the short summer of daylight.

But we found, when we had occasion to make an early start, that they keep very late hours in the morning, as well, and that it was almost an impossibility to get our coffee earlier than nine o'clock.

IV.

A WEEK IN CHRISTIANIA.

OUR first walk in Christiania was not, as usual, to the banker's, but to the establishment of Mr. T. Bennett, in the "Störe Strand gade," which we found after some difficulty. Here is the "guide, philosopher, and friend," to whom English and American tourists look, and not in vain, for information, advice and assistance. Mr. Bennett is an Oxford graduate, who happened somehow to settle in Christiania, and makes a business of facilitating travel; earning thereby the gratitude of many an ignorant and helpless tourist. Indeed, if we had not had "T. Bennett" to look forward to, I doubt if we should ever have ventured upon a tour in Norway.

He publishes annually, a guide-book, with full, and, usually accurate, information concerning all the routes, stations and prices for posting, and a still more valuable phrase-book, containing all the necessary words and phrases, with English translation and pronunciation. He is prepared to furnish carriages or carioles, harness, provisions, wines, and all other requisites for travel, and he will act as your banker and postmaster, if you wish, receiving and forwarding letters. Miss M. had already engaged his assistance in that capacity.

We entered under an archway, a courtyard, full of old lumbering vehicles, and ascended to the second

story by an outside stairway, in the rear of the house. Through a room, with walls lined with books, and tables covered with papers, pamphlets and sheet music, we passed into another filled with curiosities of all kinds, wood carvings, old silver, *tolle-knive* (the knives worn by the peasants), and curious articles of dress and jewellery. Mr. Bennett was busy with an English lady and gentleman, whom he was just starting off; and we returned to the courtyard to see them packed, with their belongings, into one of the rickety open wagons, and drive out under the archway. Then we examined the different equipages, and made choice of one which seemed most likely to answer our purpose; a "trille," or two-seated phaeton, without cover, with boxes under the seats to contain our condensed luggage. Mr. Bennett considered our case, and advised a route, which we afterwards adopted. We were decided on going to Throndhjem over the Dovrefjeld; but he suggested the Romsdal in addition; leaving the regular route at Dombaas, and going up the valley of the Rauma as far as Naes, or Molde, and back again, a journey of four or five days through some of the finest scenery in Norway. We were to start in two or three days, if we could be ready so soon; that would bring us to Throndhjem in time for the steamer sailing northwards June 30. He would telegraph for state-rooms for our party. Meanwhile, a gentleman entered, who, upon hearing our names, claimed acquaintance, introducing himself as an American and a friend of our brother, then in London.

He had come straight from Hull, and informed us that our brother and his wife had decided to visit Norway, and were coming in the next steamer. "You

have not received his telegram? Well, you will find it at the banker's." This welcome news involved a change of programme; at least, nothing definite could be settled until after the arrival of our friends. So Mr. Bennett was instructed to wait further developments, and we went to the banker's to find our telegram and letters from home.

The "Hero," from Hull, would be due on Monday; this was Wednesday; we could hardly start under a week. With so much time on our hands we felt in no hurry about sight-seeing; but after dinner we adopted the suggestion of our Stettin friends, and joined them in an excursion to the Frogner saeter, a little country seat on the hill several miles back from the city, belonging to the banker, Thomas Hefty.

A "saeter" proper is a sort of mountain dairy farm, where the cows are pastured during the summer and the milk cared for, and butter and cheese made, by one or more of the daughters or maid-servants of the family. The house is usually a rude cabin, like a Swiss chalet, without its picturesque architecture, and with its dirt and squalor. These are seldom visited by travellers, as they are apt to be on rather inaccessible summits.

As we drive out of the city, past the new palace, we notice many pretty cottage residences, which remind us of those in the suburbs of Boston and other New England towns. We soon leave the road, and drive through woods and fields, passing through gates occasionally, which divide one property from another, which are opened for our carriages by rosy-cheeked children, expectant of copper skillings in reward. (The skilling is about the value of a cent.)

We wind up and up, the air growing finer and purer

as we climb, with a sweet, wild aroma which reminds us, as do the pines and birches of these upland pastures, of our own White Mountains, or more yet of the Adirondack region. It is our first taste of that wonderful elixir *vitæ*, the bracing, stimulating Norway air, which is to be our best medicine this summer, and to sustain us cheerfully under privations and fatigues yet unknown.

When we reach the chalet, we are thirteen hundred feet above the sea, and look down upon the gleaming waters of the fjord and its picturesque shores, one of the finest views in the neighborhood of Christiania. We remark then, as we do later, when driving around the bay, the resemblance of the scenery to Mt. Desert. After enjoying this view from the front veranda of the chalet—which is a pretty little building in Swiss style, containing a few large rooms, very simply furnished—we returned to the farmhouse, a few rods back, where we had left the carriage. To our surprise, the horses had been taken out, and we learned that walking was the order of the day for the remainder of the expedition. The road was too steep and too narrow for these heavy carriages. It was the general custom to go on foot to the tower, at the summit of the hill. In short, we discovered that if we wished to drive, we should have made our bargain beforehand. Two Swedish naval officers joined the party, and the young people stepped out merrily. It was but a little way, they told us; an eighth of a mile, perhaps. But Norse miles are seven times as long as English. The unfortunate one who never could "keep up with the procession," unless mounted on a saddle horse or a capable donkey, soon began to lag. "Now you know you never can

walk to the top, and you may as well stop here as anywhere," said her sympathizing friends. She acquiesced, and sat down to rest, while they went on; then followed at a distance, hoping for some outlook. But the path wound higher and higher, always shut in by the forest. It might have been a mountain path in Berkshire County, or Bethlehem, N. H., or the ascent to some breezy summit anywhere in the hill country of New England or northern New York. The sweet, wild fragrance and the clear air seemed more home-like than anything since she had crossed the sea. So she sat down on the short grass, under the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks," and picked wild flowers and bits of greenness, and dreamed herself back into unforgotten summers, with dear friends far away. By and by she strolled back to the farmhouse, and they found her on their return sitting by a deal table and drinking milk.

"It was a long pull; it was well you did not go."

"I went farther than you did," she answered; "I went home."

They stared a little, asked if the milk were good, and ordered a fresh supply. Then they drove back, not in the twilight, but the late afternoon,—say from eight to ten o'clock,—the pleasantest time for driving in the North.

And as the drive to the Frogner saeter is by far the pleasantest in the neighborhood, all other drives—to the Egberg, along the coast, to the Mariedal Lake, and to the peninsula of Ladegaardsoe—were in a measure disappointing. I would not advise the tourist to take this drive first, if he intends the others, but let this by no means be omitted.

Next day we had a revival of the spirit of sightseeing, and we hunted up, not without difficulty, the Kunstverein (Art Union rooms, where pictures by native artists are kept for sale) and the National Gallery. Some landscapes and little figure pieces in the former were very pretty; but impracticable prices were demanded. We found the usual collection of inferior "old masters" at the National Gallery, and a few fine paintings by Norwegian artists, one of which, by Tidemand, lives in my memory. In the interior of a peasant's house are gathered a group of men, women and children; old and young hanging with intense interest upon the lips of a young man who stands in the centre, speaking with deepest earnestness. It might be a group of Scottish Covenanters, risking their lives to worship God after their own consciences.

Not having a catalogue, we did not ascertain the subject at the time; but found afterwards that this was Tidemand's great painting of "The Haugians," a religious sect in Norway. It was painted at Düsseldorf, and obtained the gold medal of the Berlin Academy. The original is in the Düsseldorf Gallery, the one in Christiania being a replica. Adolf Tidemand stands, with Hans Gude, at the head of Scandinavian artists. He was born in 1814, in the town of Mandal, in southern Norway, where his father was a custom-house officer. He was educated at Copenhagen and Düsseldorf, where he studied under Hildebrandt and Wilhelm Schadow; afterwards went to Munich; and then studied in Italy. His taste was, at first, for historical painting; but after revisiting his native land, in 1845, he adopted Norwegian Peasant life as the subject of his pictures. We saw, next day, at the little villa of

Oscar's Hall (on the peninsula of Ladegaardsoe, accessible by carriage or boat from Christiania), a charming series of paintings by Tidemand, illustrating "Norwegian Peasant life, from the cradle to the grave," which won for the artist, from King Oscar, the order of St. Olaf. We took a boat, and were rowed across the fjord, and landed at the foot of a green slope, at the summit of which stood the white marble Gothic bijou of a royal villa. Under an archway we were met by the keeper in charge, a respectable young woman, who took the tickets furnished us by our hotel porter, and, unlocking a door to the left, introduced us into the dining-hall, the sides of which are lined with Tidemand's paintings. With the exception of a large central picture on each side, they are circular in form, and perhaps four feet in diameter. The first scene is an upland pasture; the cows and goats grazing, and smoke rising from the chimney of the little saeter hut. In the foreground are two children; a boy standing by a rock and playing the "loor,"—a long horn, to call the cattle home,—and a little girl, sitting on the grass at his feet, in the peasant costume of homespun skirt and white waist and sleeves, with bright bodice, and her head tied up in a kerchief, while her hands are busy with the everlasting knitting work. The next picture takes us inside the hut; youth and maiden sit in the chimney corner, a great pot is boiling on the hearth, and the wooden tubs for milk are piled on the bench. He is sedate and earnest, she bashful and smiling, while her nervous fingers plait the edge of her white apron; and so, in the Norsk saeter, the old, old story is told.

Then comes the wedding procession, returning from

church; the proud bridegroom and the sweet-faced bride in her gay crown, followed by father and mother and a tribe of young men and maidens; the musicians are waiting, and the master of ceremonies, with a sweeping bow, his hat in one hand and a great tankard in the other, welcomes them to the marriage feast.

Next we see the young couple in their simple home, and a bright-faced baby plays with its father's pipe, while the curious cradle, like a kneading trough in shape, hangs by ropes from the ceiling. The next picture shows the first sorrow. The child lies ill in its little bed, under the dim light of a hanging lamp, and father and mother watch in anxious suspense. Two more circular pictures follow; the mother with her girls, one of whom is knitting behind her chair, while another sits on a low stool before her—reciting her catechism? There is a baby on her knee, (a Norsk mother has always a baby on her knee). The father, with his boy, is instructing the youth in the mysteries of net making or mending; while, in the distance, the high mountains rise above the blue waters of the fjord, and the boat's keel touches the shore.

A large painting represents fishing by night, and a fine contrast of effects is produced by the moonlight on the pine-trees and the still surface of the water, and the red glow of the torch which the youth holds out over the bow while he leans forward to spear the salmon-trout. The whole family are on board; the mother with an oar in the stern. The landscape in this painting is the work of Hans Gude, who assisted also in the companion picture of the marriage procession.

Next we have the eldest son leaving home—perhaps for America—bundle and staff in hand. The

mother weeps, while the father grasps his boy's hand, and utters farewell words of cheer and counsel. Last of all, the two old people sit alone together; the brood all scattered. She has her teapot on the deal table beside her, and he a tankard, near at hand, on the corner of the dresser; but both find better comfort, let us hope, in the old book from which he is reading. There is no funeral scene, for this is a king's dining-hall, and though "we are *almost* all mortal," it would not be in good taste to remind his majesty of the fact. On a higher level are fine paintings of Norwegian scenery, snowy mountains, green forest depths of shade, and dark waters shut in by rocky precipices.

Crossing the arched passage, we enter the other part of the villa, and climb from floor to floor, by the winding stairway in the tower, till we stand on the roof, and enjoy the lovely view. 'Tis a pretty little baby house of a palace, simply furnished, but adorned with fine paintings and curious carvings; and no doubt King Oscar prefers it, during his rare visits to Christiania, to the great "new palace" at the head of Carl Johan's gade, which, in its splendors of white paint, is more like a country hotel or a great boarding-school house than a palace, and in its interior furnishing is the simplest of all abodes of royalty. We were admitted one afternoon, and found a regular spring cleaning in progress—carpets rolled up and furniture covered, while the floors were being scrubbed and waxed.

We were conducted to the roof, where we obtained the fine view of the fjord, which was the object of our visit to the palace. The gardens were full of nurses and children, playing with the swans, and running about on the turf, among sweet old-fashioned flowers

—lilacs and honeysuckles, pæonies, sweet rockets, yellow lilies and syringas—which took us back, straight-way, to the old-fashioned garden where we played in childhood.

That afternoon we drove to the Egberg; the road winding around or crossing by drawbridges the deep indentations of the fjord, and leading us finally to a breezy hill, from whose summit we enjoyed the familiar prospect, only changed a little as seen from a different standpoint.

The road led us through the suburb of Osloe. A few ruins remain of the ancient city, which was destroyed by fire in 1624. Soon after, Christian IV., having visited Norway to inspect the newly-discovered silver mines at Kongsberg, founded a new city and called it after himself, Christiania.

Osloe, called Opslo in the old Chronicles, was founded in 1058, by Harold Hardrada, and in one hundred and fifty years it was the third city in the kingdom, after Nidaros and Bergen. After the union of Norway and Denmark, it became the capital of Norway. Christopher III. and Christian II. were crowned here, and in the cathedral of St. Halvard (destroyed by fire with the city), James VI. of Scotland and I. of England was married to Anne of Denmark, sister of Christian IV., in 1589.

Next day we started for a walk, but picked up a carriage in the market-place, and took the land journey to Ladegaardsoe and Oscar's Hall. The park is very pretty, and is a great place of resort; one can go to it by rail from Christiania, as it is the first station on the route to Drammen.

A wonderful thing happened toward the last of the

week; Blossom and I changed our room. We were dissatisfied from the first with our close quarters, the narrow room—so nearly filled by the two little beds, table, sofa, chairs and stove, that there was scarcely space left to turn—and had wished also for one on a lower floor; but for some reason, impossible to discover, there was great difficulty in making the change. The handsome porter assured us that the rooms were full. “Where were the people, then?” we inquired. “Our party comprised the only ladies and half the number of people present at table d’hôte.” We did not know, then, that there was a restaurant on the ground floor, where one might breakfast or dine on cheaper terms than in the grand dining-hall; but probably the porter did not care to have us know.

He took a different tack. The rooms were reserved; there were many guests expected the next week for a great fair which was to take place. But we were going away next week, before the fair; let us have good rooms meanwhile. No use.

Finally, we noticed the maid clearing out the large corner room next Miss M.’s. It was over the coffee room, two floors higher, with the corner cut off, making it an irregular pentagon, with three windows; large, bright, and prettily furnished. Down to the porter we went; here was a vacant room; let us change at once. He could not pretend that it was reserved.

“But it will cost you more,” he said.

Was there such an appearance of abject poverty about us, with our meagre luggage, and our travelling costumes designed more for use than beauty? Or was it an unjustifiable attempt to screw a higher price out of ignorant tourists?

But we inquired the price, and made no objections; the room was worth the difference.

We took possession, and, after a long time, secured the transfer of our goods. The house was in confusion all that day; dinner served in a curious fashion, dishes appearing at the door and sent back by the head waiter, or passed partly down the table before being detected and despatched. We found there was to be a club supper in the evening, which explained much.

Returning late from our drive, we took refuge in the new room, and had our tea and bread and butter brought up by the friendly maid, who never missed an opportunity of teaching us a word of Norsk, and expressed strong desires to go to America, if only she could "talar Engelsk."

When bedtime came, our three large windows were rather too much of a good thing. No outside blinds or inside shutters were there; only awnings and white-holland shades. And the awnings had a way of shooting up unexpectedly, letting the sunlight stream in, and baffling all our endeavors to reduce them to subjection. A peal at the bell brought up "Miss Hopkins," flushed with excitement. Did I tell you about this English-speaking waiter—not the head waiter, but next to the head—short and plump, with blue eyes, closely-curling hair, and the most lovely complexion; who struck us with such astonishment at first sight, being the living image of a young lady friend at home, that we christened him "Polly Hopkins" on the spot? He was our main reliance, having a tolerable knowledge of English, and being a good-natured fellow.

We took our breakfasts in the dining-hall, or coffee-room (if we did not object to smoke), and were waited

on by a youth who could not “talar Engelsk” any better than the chambermaid; made our selections from a Norsk bill of fare, and paid for them on the spot. Table d’hôte dinner, at 2 P. M., being at a regular price, was charged in the bill. All the next day, after the club supper, the house was “on its head,” as they say in Missouri, to express an utterly topsy-turvy condition. “Without its head,” would describe the state of affairs more accurately; for the head waiter was invisible, sleeping off his fatigue; while poor “Miss Hopkins” and the boy did their best to keep awake and take care of us.

I had sought vainly in the book shops for a grammar of the Norsk language, but brother Will finally found one at Mr. Bennett’s, and he brought us also a guide to Christiania, of native production, which might have been useful if we had seen it earlier, but was extremely amusing at any time. The author, F. A. Blix, has had long experience as a courier and is still open to engagements in that capacity. His “purpose is based upon, that the traveller may easy be known with the principal circonstances and furthermore get to know what here is worth seeing; then next to be able to undertake agreeable trips around the city, and in this way any short trips for a few days about which there hitherto not has been any information.”

As I have neglected to describe the city of Christiania, let me quote a few paragraphs from Mr. Blix.

“Christiania, the capital of the kingdom, and cathedral city in the bishoprick of Christiania, is situated in an extremely fine, open valley at the North end of Christiania fjorden (Frith of Christiania). Christiania, founded 1624, by King Christian the 4th is as

for the proper city built very regular and fine. The city has since 1814 been rapidly growing, and in the late time a great many new and pretty buildings private as public are built. Among these the king's palace, the parliament-building and the university in the west end of the city are worth remarking, and a great many great buildings for private gentlemen between these and the older part of the city. Christiania has eight churches: Our Saviour's Church, where ordination of the priests and other ecclesiastical ceremonies are to be undertaken, Trefoldigheds-Church, Grönlands-Church, Oslo-Church, and so we must nominate the old Akers-Church, for the boundary of the city are now extended to it, St. Olafs-Church (Catholic) and a church for the Hernhutes; a quart mile from Christiania is two new churches, which can be seen from every point in the city, for they are situated upon a hill; they are named East and West Akers-Church, and to every of them is a chapel or smaller church belonging. One or two new churches too are to be built, which is highly necessary, for the many of the inhabitants is growing year for year. The English church or chapel has its seat in the university's festivity hall, where divine service for the most is kept every holy day, at 11 o'clock forenoon. The service is made of the here established English preacher."

So much for matters ecclesiastical. We wished to see the interior of some of these churches, but they were open only on Sunday, and service was so early that poor creatures who had been kept awake by broad daylight staring in at three windows, until past one o'clock, were far too lazy to attempt going. We found our way to the university at eleven o'clock, and

were wandering about the halls and passages, seeking vainly for the "festivity hall," when Mr. Bennett appeared, to our relief, and conducted us thither, remarking: "You would have found directions on the first page of my guide-book." (He forgot that we had been waiting for the latest edition of his books, and received them only the evening before.) The English clergyman officiated, the last time for the season, as he was about returning to England, and Mr. Bennett himself acted as clerk. The audience was small, composed mainly of English tourists, with a few residents of Christiania.

To return to Mr. Blix. After enumerating the "churchs," he proceeds to the "scools." Besides a great "poor-scool," he mentions "the military high-scool, the military academy, the cathedral scool, a civil scool, twelve common scools, several establishments for information destinated for boys and girls, together with any others establishments founded for more specially use, among which the Academy of Science, together with a national-gallery. Of other public establishments into and at the city, you have Rigshospitalet, the madhouse at the Manor-Ganstad in West Aker, Bodsaengslet (the solitary prison), between Grönland and Oslo, etc. Further is the city seat for several societies for sciences and liberal arts, f. ex. the Royal Society for 'Norgesvel,' the Bible Society, the physiographical union," etc. We regretted that our limited time prevented our examining these various educational "establishments." "At Christiania and its nearest environs is a not quite inconsiderable manufactory business. Along Akerselven to a quarter of a mile from the city is a great many various

manufactories upon the countries ground, but belonging to the inhabitants of Christiania. Among these we have four cotton fabrics, two weavings, two mechanic workhouses [does he mean machine shops?] paper-mills, oil-mills, soap-boiling houses, a fabric for pack of cards, a stone draw, several saw-mills, corn-mills, brick-kilns, etc. Into and at the city it is set-a-going several important distilleries, six breweries, tobacco-fabrics, rope-yards, etc. At the manor Ljan, a Norwegian mile from Christiania, is a powder-mill, and another at Oslo. In Christiania are twenty imprimeries and a great many lithographies. The export of Christiania, which especially consists in timber and wood, iron, glass-articles, oats, and Ansiovis, etc., though is not of such importance as that of many other places in Norway, but in return the city stands highest among the Norwegian towns with respect to the import from foreign countries. For not only consumes Christiania as the greatest and most important town in the kingdom a great deal necessary and luxury articles from foreign countries, but it furnishes its considerable environ places and the many smaller towns which are situated on both sides of the Christiania fjord. A very lively coasting exists, therefore with these.

“Akershus citadel is situated upon a rocky point, running out between Björvigen and Pipervigen. Akershus is a depot-place for the Norwegian army, and surrounds with its walls the old castle with its garrisons church and the archives of the empire, and the royal-regals, a collection of weapons and a prisoner building.

“Christiania has several not inconsiderable grounds outside the city, divided in parcels, which for tribute to

the city-bank are used of the city's inhabitants. . . . Of the about 70,000 inhabitants, which Christiania with its suburbs has, is about $\frac{7}{8}$ natives Norway-men. The rest is strangers, for the greatest deal Germans and Englishmen. There is also a deal Jews, of which the most part are merchants."

After this general introduction, Mr. Blix takes up in detail the objects of special interest, telling situation, times and ways of visiting public buildings, etc. For instance, the "Norwegian parlaments building is situated at left in the upper end of Carl Johans street. It is very pretty, and built in the latest style. This is also to be seen by addressing to the porter who lives in the cellar. This man is also very serviceable, but expects a little remembering of the stranger." The national gallery "is worth to see"; but "here also it would be of use for the stranger to have a guide, who understood the language and could explain everything he saw. The gallery is customary open every Thursday and Sunday at 12-2 o'clock, and free passage for everybody. From this place goes every day the military music corps at $12\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock, passing through several streets to the citadel, where it is engaged to 2 o'clock. Thereupon the parade marches off." And I think you may march off also, Mr. Blix. We have had enough of you for the present.

The "Hero" was expected on Monday, any time after 7 A. M. Will rose early and went to the landing, but came back to breakfast, with no news of the steamer. We engaged the best room vacant on our floor, since for inscrutable reasons nothing lower down could be had, and spent the day in attempts at shopping and visits to the wharf.

Finally, when we heard about 6 P. M. that the "Hero" was in sight, they got out the hotel omnibus and we drove down in state. It was new, and elegantly upholstered in dark-green velvet, but close and stuffy, and somehow reminded us of a hearse; not that we ever rode in one.

Slowly up the fjord came the great, clumsy, green hull. When we could make out faces, we saw our friends standing on the deck, unchanged since we left them on the North River pier, looking after our departing steamer. We had no idea then of meeting them next in Norway.

The "Hero" had been detained, it appeared, at Christiansand, landing her cargo, which consisted of another steamer in pieces—a small one for service along the coast or up the fjords.

We spent the next day in making final arrangements with Mr. Bennett, who telegraphed, as he had promised, for state-rooms on the steamer leaving Throndhjem a fortnight later. Our delay in Christiania lost us the company of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. S., whom we did not meet again in Norway. Mr. Bennett wrote the telegram and threw it on the floor, "to remember it," he said. Whether he did or not, we never knew; but we fared precisely as well in the matter of state-rooms as if it had remained there. Then we did a little more shopping, getting warm lamb's-wool shawls, of native manufacture, and Miss M. invested in a heavy Mackintosh, which Mr. Bennett promised to take back at half price on our return. And, waiting till 6 P. M. for the sun to lose its burning heat, we took a farewell drive to the Mariedal Lake.

V.

POSTING—UP THE GUDBRANDSDAL.

WE rose early on the morning of Wednesday, June 23, and took the train at 8.25 for Eidsvold, three hours to the northward. Mr. Bennett met us at the station, with parting words of advice and encouragement, having superintended the packing of our “trille” and “gig.” The cars were comfortable, divided into compartments, after the English or Continental fashion, and seating three people on each side, as the road is of rather narrow gauge. Between two compartments, above the seats, was a water tank, containing a great block of ice, visible through the glass sides, and delightful to contemplate.

At Eidsvold we changed to a little steamer on the Mjosen Lake, the “Kong Oscar.” The trip by rail was a short one; only six miles Norsk, forty-two English. In combination with an excursion on the lake, it is especially recommended by our friend, F. A. Blix, “as the most agreeable manner to consume the time, on spectating the many exchanges and beautiful scenes of Nature.” “You pass the stations Bryn, Snorud, Strömmen, Lileströmmen, Lersund, Frogner, Kloften, Trygstad and Dahl, and arrive to Eidsvold at 11 o’clock forenoon. At more of these stations it is time and opportunity to step out for refreshments.”

The block of ice in our water tank sufficed for us

during this short journey; but the Norwegians are thirsty souls, as we had occasion to remark, afterwards, on the steamers. We are indebted to Blix for two more items:

"On the manor at Eidsvold ironwork was the parliament 1814, which gave Norway its constitution. The manor is bought by subscription, for raising a national monument."

"At Eidsvoldsbakken, which is supposed to have been the old former Eidsiviathing, you will find a mineral medicinal-spring, which is tolerably visited."

We did not tarry at the spring, for there was waiting at Eidsvoldsbriggen (which ought to be *bridge*, but means *quay*) "a fine steamboat, ready for going ahead immediately after the trains arrival;" though it took longer to embark the trilles and gigs and carioles than the passengers. We found comfortable places on deck, and enjoyed the pretty scenery through the day, interrupted only by dinner, which was served at 2 P. M. in the tiny cabin. It consisted of excellent salmon-trout, boiled potatoes, roast veal with compote (stewed currants or cherries) and some kind of pudding or pastry. Bordeaux wine, beer or "oel" (pronounced exactly like "ale") and "Brus-limonade" were the potables procurable here, as on all Norway steamboats. We were served by "smökke piger" (we used to pronounce it "smoky piggy" and on asking a friend what he supposed it meant, innocently answered, "bacon"), tall, fair damsels of great sobriety and solidity. The cabin was well filled with first-class passengers; but most of those on the crowded boat were peasants, returning to their homes along the shores of the lake. We watched them landing at the different stations, in large

rowboats, loaded to the water's edge. I counted fifty in one boat. There were no picturesque costumes here, such as we saw afterwards in the vicinity of Bergen and the Hardanger Fjord; but the women wore handkerchiefs tied over the head, in place of hats, as they do everywhere in Norway. The captain found time to go around and make acquaintance with his passengers, and was much interested upon learning that we were Americans. He took from his pocket a card photograph of Paul du Chaillu, with his autograph, and showed it to us, with the question if we knew him, and finally amused us by selecting Miss M. for the honor of an exchange of cards. Later, he invited us all to posts of observation on the bridge.

The Mjosen is the largest of the Norway lakes, about sixty miles in length by twenty in width. (I mean English miles; when I allude to Norsk miles I shall call them so.) The lower part of the lake is narrow, and so is the upper; but about midway it broadens out into a fine expanse, and here, on the eastern side, is situated the little town of Hamar, of about two thousand inhabitants; the residence of a bishop, and of the amtmann, or magistrate of the district of Hedemark. Here stood, five hundred years ago, the great city of Storhammer, which, according to Norsk chroniclers, extended over three miles in length, and contained a magnificent cathedral, the residence of the bishop, and the king's palace, which was large enough to accommodate over a thousand persons. There were, besides, several churches, monasteries and nunneries. In 1348 the city was ravaged by the Black Death (*sörte död*), from which time it began to decline, and in 1566 it

was set on fire by an army of Swedes, and totally destroyed. Several columns of the cathedral are still standing.*

A cathedral and monastery formerly existed in Lillehammer, which was built by the English pope, Nicholas Breakspeare, then Cardinal Albano and legate in Norway, and afterwards Pope Hadrian IV.; but they were destroyed during incursions by the Swedes.

Opposite Hamar, near the middle of the lake, is the "Helgeoe," or holy isle, a large and fertile island, where the ruins of an abbey or monastery were pointed out to us.

The scenery on both sides was pretty, but nowhere grand; meadows or wooded hills sloping to the water's edge, and on the eastern shore a range of mountains

* "The ruins of the ancient cathedral at Hamar, built in the twelfth century, are visible from the lake. All that now remains of it are three massive pillars and the arches that connect them; and one may judge of the scale on which it was built from the fact that the outstretched arms of three men can scarcely clasp them round. It is almost needless to say that so utter and complete a disappearance is not so much owing to the ravages of time as to the vandalism of the last three centuries; for even in the seventeenth, though in a ruinous condition, it was complete in all its details. The glorious west front, with its richly carved portals, was yet intact, together with a multitude of chapels and flying buttresses. But, instead of any attempt being made to preserve the grand old pile from decay, it seems to have been looked upon as a sort of 'happy hunting ground,' where any one who had building on hand could procure an unlimited supply of stone, hewn and ready for his use. Several churches in the neighborhood were in this way erected; and as they rose, so Hamar fell, and was only saved from utter destruction by the advent of a less iconoclastic age.

"It is the lament of Norwegian writers that a similar fate has befallen the majority of their ancient ecclesiastical buildings; hardly a stone now remaining upon a stone to show where, in Catholic days, the voice of praise resounded from many a fair abbey, the site of which is now grass-grown and forgotten."—SHEPARD, *Over the Dovrefjeld.*

over two thousand feet in height. The Mjosen Lake was formerly renowned for its fishing; but a great inundation in 1789 quite destroyed it, for a long time. A particular kind of salmon-trout, found only here and in the lower part of the river Laagen—the Hunnerørreten—is well known to travellers and epicures and regularly served on the steamers. We ate them without knowing it, and took them for particularly nice salmon.

Among the legends of the Mjosen Lake is that of a monster existing in its depths, which is believed in to the present day. Peter Clausen, writing in the sixteenth century, describes it as “an old snake or serpent, fifty ells long, that only sheweth itself when any wonderful event is about to take place in the kingdom.”

Nicholas Granicus, pastor at Londen, in Norway, in 1656, is responsible for an account of this monster, in his migration from the Mjosen to the Spirillen Lake. His head was like a hogshead, and his body as big as a tun, and the length of three fir-trees, “like a mighty mast,” and trees were crushed to the earth by his passage.

Of the sudden storms which sometimes arise in this lake, Peter Clausen observes, “It is a perilous and unlucky lake, and taketh away the lives of many folk, being gloomy and terrible to see, and far more dangerous to sail upon than the salt sea itself, for the fierce Huirel winds and the mountain blasts sweep down upon it, and fresh water becometh stormy much more quickly than salt.”

Like the Sea of Galilee, which to this day a sudden gust of wind lashes into fury, as it did eighteen hundred years ago, the Mjosen lake has not lost its re-

putation for danger to the unwary voyager. One lands from the steamer in rowboats, except at the terminal stations of Eidsvold and Lillehammer, and a case is mentioned where a party were tossed about in their boat for more than four hours, at the imminent risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocky shore.

We had noticed several officers in military uniform on board, and were informed by the captain that the young volunteer militia were about to go into camp for summer training, at some place near the lake. This accounted in part for the crowd on our steam-boat.

We reached Lillehammer, at the northern extremity of the lake, about 8 P. M., and found wagons waiting to draw us up the steep hill to the village. The gentlemen found their personal superintendence requisite to secure the landing of the carriages and their transfer to the hotel, where they were finally deposited in the stable yard, ready for our start next morning. Meanwhile we ladies were occupied in selecting rooms, or rather in making the best of those assigned us. These were a series of four, opening into each other, but not into the passage, except at each end. The house with its appendages, stables, barns, etc., surrounded a court, through which we entered, and which was adorned with a variety of vehicles, like the yard at Mr. Bennett's. We had supper in a long room, with a long table spread with a greater variety of viands than I ever saw at once—cold beef, cold ham, tongue, fried steaks, ham and eggs, trout swimming in fat, wheat bread, rye bread, "flad brod" (our first introduction to the national staff of life, made of oatmeal, and baked in sheets of wafer thin-

ness, which are broken up into irregular pieces—very good when new and crisp, but detestable when old and musty), English biscuits, and cheese in great variety; “ny ost” (new cheese) and “gammel ost” (old cheese), and a kind peculiar to Norway, in square blocks, tied about with a bright ribbon or embroidered band, and looking like a cross between brown Windsor soap and maple sugar. It had a sweetish taste and a soapy taste, or we imagined so, and we never became fond of it. I am sure we had some sort of canned game, and the inevitable boiled eggs “under the old hen,” of a Norway table. These pretty china dishes we found, even north of the arctic circle.

We were tired, after sitting up all day on hard benches, and so went stupidly to bed; quite forgetting that this was Midsummer, or St. John’s Eve, when the people build bonfires and dance around them, perpetuating vestiges of the old pagan rites, in honor of Balder, son of Freya, the most beautiful character in the Scandinavian mythology, familiar to many through Matthew Arnold’s poem, “The Death of Balder.”

The pyre on which his body was burned is the prototype of the ancient festival, and of the fires which burn not only on these Northern hills, but in Scotland and Ireland. Many superstitions in these countries may be traced to a Scandinavian origin, or perhaps go farther back, to the common origin of all these Indo-European races.

Thursday, June 24, we made our first essay in posting. We rose in good season, took breakfast, which was a repetition of supper, and then waited and waited, for no explained reason, till it pleased the presiding genius of the stables to furnish us with horses. It

does no sort of good to try to hurry people in Norway, and to worry at delay only makes yourself miserable. Finally we were off, about 10 A. M., with our luggage compactly arranged under the seats and a "skydsgut" on the step of the gig. The word is pronounced "schuss-goot," and the individual is a post-boy, of age varying from six years to forty. He goes from one station to another (from seven to ten miles distance) to bring back the horses, which are rarely allowed to be driven both ways by travellers. He will drive, if you wish, but people generally prefer to drive themselves; and our "skyds," as we called them, were usually little fellows who curled up in the back of John's gig, and went to sleep, or, if more actively disposed, perched on the step attached, for their convenience, to the back of the vehicle. Sometimes we had a full-grown man, who felt too big, or thought himself too heavy, for such a position, and insisted upon a seat in our trille, greatly to our inconvenience. The wagon was called a "trille," because intended to accommodate three persons, beside the postboy. For the fourth, there was a slight extra charge; but for three people with two horses the expense of posting is the same as for two. The charges average about two marks (equal to two shillings English, or fifty cents American currency), the Norsk mile, for each horse; for two people with one horse, a slight extra charge is made. You give the skydsgut four or five skillings—copper coins about the value of a cent or half-penny—and when he takes the money, he always puts out a dirty paw and insists upon shaking hands—the inevitable Norsk fashion of closing a bargain or expressing thanks. Perhaps he says: "Mange dak!" which an-

swers to the English: "Thanks, very much." One skyd sufficed for our two carriages, and sometimes we were sent off without any, because all the available boys had been despatched with other parties. In such a case the gig was discovered to be extremely uncomfortable, dancing up and down in a way to earn for itself the title of "giggle," which adhered to it through the journey; and John would borrow one of our bags, or pick up a big stone by the roadside, to balance the body of the concern over its two wheels—a proceeding which excited great indignation at the stations.

We were on the regular mail route from Christiania to Throndhjem. (The pronunciation is "Tronyem." Mr. Bennett spells it "Throndhjem," and the Germans always spell and pronounce it "Drontheim," as we used to when we studied Mitchell's Geography at school.)

It passes through what is called the Gudbrandsdal, a valley through which runs the river Laagen, which rises up in the hills, near a place which we reached a few days later, and flows into the Mjosen Lake, at Lillehammer. So we had its company all the way, and looked down upon the pretty stream, winding through green meadows, with wooded hills, or blue mountains farther away, rising up beyond. The first station beyond Lillehammer is Fossegaarden—"Foss" falls, and "gaard" farmstead; as we should say, the Falls farm. "Gaard," meaning first a fence or enclosure, came to be applied to the whole number of buildings about a central court, which constitutes a Norwegian country house. The word is of the same derivation as the English garden, and the verb to gird, the German *garten*, Sclavonian *grad*, Persian

gerd, meaning both circle and castle; and comes, probably, straight from the Scythian or Aryan dialect of the early conquerors, Asgard being the home of the Aser, or lords. It is astonishing how often one is taken back to Odin, in Scandinavia.

The falls were very picturesque, and we walked down the river to look at them while the skyd took the horses up to the station-house, at the top of a steep hill, and in the course of half or three-quarters of an hour brought down fresh ones. One of the gentlemen went up to write in the Dagbog (day book), where it is necessary to enter the name or names of the party, number of horses taken from previous station, and price paid, with any complaints of extortion or neglect one has occasion to make. Of course, the latter must be entered in Norsk, if they are intended to answer any purpose other than a relief to one's own feelings or a warning to fellow travellers. An inspector of stations goes over the route occasionally, and is supposed to attend to such complaints. But I fancy that they arise generally from misunderstandings, and that the station masters, if civilly treated, are ready to do their best for travellers. Courtesy always pays, and nowhere better than in Norway; the simple phrases, "Vaer saa god?" (Will you be so good? or Please,) and "Vil de gjøre mig den tjeneste?" (Will you do me the kindness?) are like an oiled feather in a rusty lock, and should be among the first learned by the traveller.

We employed our little leisure time in diligent study of Bennett's "Phrase-Book"; and, to save time by division of labor, the talk about horses and money was assigned to the gentlemen, while we ladies de-

voted ourselves to the phrases inquiring for rooms and beds, and the interesting subject of breakfast, dinner, and supper. We made our first attempt at the next station, Holmen. This was about twenty miles from Lillehammer, and recommended by Bennett as "clean," and by the German guide as "recht gutes quartier"; and as it was quite the middle and heat of the day, it seemed a good place to stop for lunch. The station was a small, unpainted frame building, and the guest-room was up a steep flight of stairs, and very bare and dreary; but the good woman in charge gave us a nice lunch of cold meat, bread and butter, eggs, milk and cheese, with "kavringer" or zwieback; and while we waited for this and for our fresh horses, we enjoyed through the window a little picture of mountains, woods and river, so lovely that I longed to sketch it. Any one who can sketch rapidly should have colors and sketch book, or block, constantly in reach; for there are often pretty bits of scenery near the stations; though if you are travelling with a party you can hardly stop on the road. Another requisite, which we failed to carry, is a little press for flowers; two boards, with a strap, and plenty of soft paper, such as one buys everywhere in Switzerland. We had only our guide-books out of the bags, and the flowers we tried to save in them were constantly losing out or getting injured by tumbling about, to say nothing of the difficulty we experienced in pressing them at all, when it had to be done in a surreptitious manner, under constant protest from our brethren.

At the next station,* Kirkestuen, we stopped merely

* Let it not be supposed that these stations are villages; they are merely farmhouses or "gaards."

to change horses, and were not kept long waiting. Between Holmen and this station, perhaps ten miles, the river widens into a lake, and the scenery is lovely. We were delighted, and wondered at Mr. Bennett for pronouncing the scenery only "pretty, but not fine"; but the grander features of the landscape, as we went farther up the Gudbrandsdal, showed us what "fine" scenery was, in his opinion. Near Holmen one gets the first glimpse of snowy mountains, rising to the eastward—the Rondane, 6,500 feet high.

At Skjaeggstad, the next station, there was a comfortable frame house, painted white; and, going in to rest while the horses were changed we found a nice old woman knitting by the fire, in a New England rocking-chair. She had a pet cat, and a great black dog who was not disposed to be friendly with strangers, though she tried to make him eat lumps of sugar from our hands. The room was adorned with photographs of family friends stuck about the walls, and among them she pointed out one of Paul du Chaillu, asking if we knew him. We had *not* the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, and we tried to explain that we knew him by reputation, but our limited Norsk prevented a thorough understanding. I am afraid the old woman thought we were intimate friends. We were tempted to stop over a day at this station, and make the excursion to the saeter on the Klinkenberg, a mountain three thousand feet high, affording a wide prospect. An old wooden church at Ringebu is an object of interest; and there is also a picturesque view at Vaaler Bro, about a mile from the station. Saddle horses for this excursion can be obtained here.

It was about 6 P. M. when we arrived, and if we had

known we were to be detained so long, we should have ordered supper at once. But it takes nearly an hour, in their leisurely way of doing things, to prepare a hot meal, and we had decided to push on to Listad, about ten miles farther, where we intended to pass the night. They wanted us to stay at Skjaeggestad over a day, if we could be persuaded; over night at least; to supper,—if we could be wearied and starved into it,—if for nothing else. They had horses, all the time, but seemed reluctant to let us take them; and when they finally did so, they insisted upon sending a full-grown man with us to drive. We three ladies had to sit together on the back seat, which made us crowded and uncomfortable; and although the evening was lovely, and the scenery very pretty, we were very glad to get to Listad and send back our disobliging charioteer. We should have fared better, I am sure, if we had ordered supper at Skjaeggestad. There were six of us; and we should have paid them, perhaps, a mark apiece for an ample meal.

As it was, our hot supper was very nice; but it was not ready before 10 P. M.; we were in a famished condition, having had nothing since our cold lunch at Holmen; and we were so weary, after the day's ride, that we went to bed directly after, which was injudicious, certainly. Regular meals are a matter of no little importance to travellers, if they wish to preserve good health and good nature; and by a little management they may be insured on most of the routes in Norway. One should always be provided, however, with biscuits and sherry, and some sort of potted meat, and dried fruits, prunes or figs. There are few stations where one cannot procure

plenty of sweet milk, fresh eggs and rye bread and butter; though fresh meat is not always to be had.

The station-house at Listad was finely situated, and a house of more pretension than is usual, on this route; two stories high, with balconies over the porches, the front one commanding a lovely view of the valley and river, the other overlooking the farmyard and hills behind. Steep, winding stairs, at one side of the central hall, led up to large, pleasant rooms, with two single beds in each, very clean and comfortable. The middle room opened on the front balcony, where there were seats, and we waited for our supper. We wanted to stay over a day at Skjaeggstad, but we would gladly have spent a week at Listad. If we had not so heroically started for the North Cape, how delightful it would be to take it easy and stop whenever we felt inclined! But all six of us were not of the same mind.

The room down-stairs, where we had our supper, was large and pleasant, plainly but neatly furnished, with white curtains at the windows and a stand of house plants in bloom. We had some sort of wild fowl—ptarmigan or “ryper,” as they call it here—potatoes, boiled eggs, good wheat bread and rusk, butter, milk and excellent tea. This surprised us, for at Mr. Bennett’s suggestion we had brought a quantity of tea, expecting to use it constantly. (In our whole journey we tried it but once, when it was scarcely better than the article furnished at the station, and he took back the package on our return to Christiania). We got very nice coffee, also, in most places, with hot milk, and sweet, rich cream.

We were waited on by one of the pretty daughters of the house, who spoke a little English.

One must go through almost any journey,—the long journey of life is no exception,—to know how to do it to the best advantage. We look back, even now, with longing, to Listad, and Skjaeggstad, and Laurgaard, and other places that we saw later, and say, “If we could only have stayed longer, and made this or that excursion in the neighborhood, or sketched that lovely bit of scenery, or kept those exquisite flowers! If we ever go to Norway again we will try to do it better; go over less ground, perhaps, and see what we see more thoroughly, and try to get acquainted with the people.”

I add a few words of explanation as to the details of posting in Norway.

On the principal roads all the stations are what is called “fast,” where the station-master is bound, under penalty, to have horses ready for immediate use. The number of horses and “reserve” horses at these stations is fixed by the “amtmand” (a magistrate of the district). No traveller may be detained more than fifteen minutes for horses belonging to the station, nor more than half an hour for a reserve horse (one brought in from work in the fields). For stations not “fast” there is a system called “Forbud”—orders which are sent on in advance by special messengers, so that horses may be held in readiness by a specified time. If the traveller does not arrive within an hour of this time he must pay for waiting, “vente penge”—the

price of a quarter of a mile posting, and as much more for each half-hour's additional delay. Travellers who have no "forbud" papers are to be furnished with horses within one, two, or three hours, according to the distance from which the horses have to be brought.

"When the traveller allows the postboy to hold the reins, the former is not answerable for the horse. On the other hand, should any post-horse be ill-treated and over-driven, when the traveller holds the reins, so that the station-holder or innkeeper and two men at the next station can perceive this to be the case, the traveller shall pay for the injury according to the estimate of these men, and he shall not be allowed to be sent on until the payment is made; the compensation for the injury, however, shall remain with the station-holder or innkeeper for six weeks, so that the traveller may be able to complain of the affair."

The masters of stations are obliged to furnish carioles or spring-carts ("stolkjaerre," a box on wheels, with the seat on wooden springs; not to be recommended to lovers of ease), luggage carts, saddles and bridles, and sledges (in winter), with harness usually of rope, with reins of the same material. It saves time and trouble in the transfer of luggage if one has one's own hired cariole, or carriage, for the entire journey, though the expense is, of course, greater. We rented our "trille" of Mr. Bennett for one specie dollar the day, and had to pay for its transport on railway or steamers in addition. The extra charge for carioles, when furnished at stations with the horses, is six skilings (cents) the Norway mile, which would not average over fifty cents a day, and this only for the days when they are in actual use; whereas, you pay for the

vehicles hired in Christiania from your departure until your return, though you may be half the time on steamers.

The laws also regulate the number of horses to be attached to different vehicles, the number of people who may ride in them, and the amount of luggage allowed. For our carriage, with two horses, we were allowed to take three grown-up persons and one hundred and fifty pounds of baggage (skydsguts do not count). By paying a fourth part additional one more person may be taken. In a one-horse vehicle with wheels, one grown-up person and sixty-four pounds of luggage may be taken; in a sledge, ninety-six pounds of luggage. By half payment additional, another person may be taken, or a child by a quarter payment, and twenty-four or thirty-six pounds of luggage according to circumstances. Some fancied infraction of these laws must have made the people so indignant at our stone ballast or our transfer of baggage from the trille to the gig; though either weighed far less than a stout skyd, to whom they would have made no objection.

VI.

LISTAD TO LESJE JERNVAERK.

WE started from Listad on Friday morning, between nine and ten o'clock. There, again, we made a mistake, in not getting off earlier; the morning hours are so much fresher and cooler for driving. Those who are up betimes get the best chance for horses; the late risers may be obliged to wait until the horses have been to and returned from the next station, with the regulation half-hour of rest afterwards. People travelling in haste, or yielding to the ambition to get quickly over the road, so contagious in Norway, allow themselves little time for sleep. But there must be a reaction afterwards, and in the long run little is gained by burning the candle at both ends (a metaphor especially inappropriate in a country and season where candles were a thing unthought of). Mr. Bennett's book gives directions for the number of miles to be travelled, and recommends places to dine and sleep at, if one desires to "perform the route" from Christiania to Throndhjem in three, four, five, six, or seven days. Unless one is in haste to catch a steamer, or is limited for time, there is little satisfaction in such rapid travelling. I remember an Englishman who came into Mr. Bennett's curiosity shop one day, boasting of having achieved the jour-

ney (nearly three-hundred and fifty miles) in about seventy hours. He had slept very little or none at all, and eaten only such fare as he could pick up while changing horses. He travelled in a light cariole, of course; and probably had little waiting to do, and was fortunate in hitting the steamboat at Lillehammer.

Oien is the next station beyond Listad, about six miles; "good and cheap quarters and friendly people," says the German guide. "A first-rate station, where wheat bread and several kinds of wine, including champagne, may be procured," adds Mr. Bennett. If we had been unable to get beds at Listad, we should have slept here. Champagne had no temptation for us, so early in the day; but the house looked so pleasant, we wanted to see the inside of it, and went into the large, sunny guest-room to ask for a glass of water. There were wonderfully fine house plants in bloom, fuchsias, pinks, roses and geraniums in pots of *glazed* earthenware, which we have supposed to be very unwholesome for plants. We wondered how they survived the long, cold, dark winter. Between Listad and Oien, we passed the "gaard" Steig, which stands sentinel on a lofty peak, like a German castle in the middle ages.

We found the heat of the sun really oppressive through the middle of the day (it troubled us very little afterwards, as we got farther north, and higher above the sea), and we were glad to stop at Storklevstad to rest for an hour or two, and take dinner. This was a nice, clean station, and the people were friendly. They gave us a good dinner, of three kinds of fish, fried veal, potatoes, stewed cherries and another compôte, several kinds of bread and excellent beer. The "pige" brought in as dessert a plate of sweet

cakes, offering them to each, in turn, with the pleasant, "Vaer saa god!" It is customary to give a few skillings to the "pige," or if the mistress of the house waits upon the guest, as is not unusual, one can, without offence, leave it with her, "for the pige." (We have yet to see the country of the Eastern hemisphere in which such offerings are offensive.) The charges for meals are extremely reasonable, and "service" does not appear to be included. The expense of meals and lodgings was seldom over a specie dollar (about five shillings English), per diem, for each person.

Not far from this station we passed the monument to Colonel Sinclair, leader of the Scotch troops, who perished at Kringelen in 1612. Mr. Bennett quotes from Laing's "Norway" the following account of the event: "During the war between Christian IV. of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, a body of Scotch troops had been raised for the service of Sweden. The Danes were at that time in possession of Göttenburg, and from Calmar in the Baltic to the North Cape the whole coast was occupied by the subjects of Christian IV. The Scotch, therefore, decided on the bold plan of landing in Norway, and fighting their way across the country to Sweden. A portion landed at Throndhjem, and the rest, nine hundred strong, commanded by Colonel George Sinclair, landed in Romsdalen, from whence they marched toward this valley, ravaging the country on the way. At Kringelen, an ambush was prepared by about three hundred peasants; huge quantities of rocks, stones, and trees were collected on the mountain, and so placed that all could at once be launched upon the road beneath. Everything was done to lull the Scotch into security,

and with perfect success. When they arrived beneath the awful avalanche prepared for them, all was sent adrift from above, and the majority of the Scotch were crushed to death, or swept into the river and drowned; the peasants then rushed down upon the wounded and stragglers and despatched them. Of the whole force only two of the Scotch are said to have survived. But accounts differ on this point, one being that sixty prisoners were taken, and afterwards slaughtered in cold blood. Mrs. Sinclair is said to have accompanied her husband on this expedition, and it is added that a youth who meant to have joined the peasants in the attack was prevented by a young woman, to whom he was to be married next day. She, on hearing that one of her own sex was with the Scotch, sent her lover to her protection; Mrs. Sinclair, mistaking his object, shot him dead."

The monument is a square slab of rough stone, with this inscription: "Her blev Skotternes Anförer Georg Sinclair begraven, efterat han var falden ved Kringelen, den 26 August, 1612." "Here was buried George Sinclair, the leader of the Scotch, after having fallen at Kringelen, the 26 of August, 1612."

As we ride on, we wonder what was the after history of Mrs. Sinclair and the poor young woman whose lover she shot.

Between the next two stations, Bredevangen and Moen, we pass through the defile of Kringelen; a small monument marks the spot. The hill rises abruptly on one side of the road; the river flows beneath. The old road, in Sinclair's time, was some three hundred feet higher up the hillside than it is at present.

Moen is described by Bennett as "a small and

bad station"; but he adds that the people are civil. We got out while changing horses; but the appearance of the little, unpainted buildings surrounding the stable yard was so unattractive that we did not venture inside; except where, through an open door, we saw a woman engaged in weaving. She was at a rude loom, not unlike those used in New England farmhouses for weaving rag carpets, and was making the coarse, homespun, woollen material commonly worn by the women and children throughout the country. It was brown in color, with green or red threads crossing at intervals, and she had on a dress off the same piece, made in the simplest fashion, with a round waist, and scant skirt plaited into the belt. An apron of some cotton material, and a kerchief tied in a knot under the chin, completed the costume. Little girls were dressed exactly like their mothers. For Sundays and feast days they doubtless had gala dresses—bright-colored bodices and elaborately embroidered aprons, with white shirt-waists and kerchiefs, as one sees in the colored photographs; though these people at Moen looked too wretchedly poor to possess such finery. They came out to inspect us, men, women and children; and held up the baby, asking if the "barn" were not "smökke." This was not the first time we had noticed a likeness to the Scotch language. If you ask, "Is my bed made?" you say, "Er min seng redd opp?" Have you never heard a Scotchwoman talk of "redding up" a room?*

* Bennett advises a stay of half an hour at Moen, to allow a walk up to the mills, on the Ula River. "The geological formation in connection with the waterfall is remarkable. The traveller who is anything of a geologist, and has time for it, would be well compensated for his trouble by continuing his

At Laurgaard, six miles farther, we crossed to the station-house, on the west side of the river, at the foot of a mountain. It was a large, two-story house, painted white, and looked not unlike an American farmstead. As the guest-room was already occupied by travellers, we were ushered into a large upper chamber, with three beds, upon which three tired ladies reposed until supper was served. This was simply tea, boiled eggs, bread and butter, and plenty of milk and cream.

We had supposed that the table at Mme. Ormsrud's Hotel, at Lillehammer, was a specimen of what we had to expect in the station-houses—a general spread of whatever was in the house, on a long table ready for all comers,—and we were agreeably disappointed to find, almost everywhere, as much neatness and privacy, and food as excellent of its kind as we should have been served with in an old-fashioned English inn. The English travellers in Norway have indoctrinated the station-keepers with correct ideas of comfort. We had, nearly always, a room to ourselves, clean linen and china, and usually very good, solid silver; and sometimes the door of the cupboard stood ajar to display quite a variety of pretty silver and china ware. The station-keepers are usually "well-to-do" farmers, who keep horses and entertain travellers, less as a means of making money than as an accommodation to the public.

walk along the river, for about a Norway mile up the valley. The schoolmaster, who is a very intelligent man, and speaks English, will act as guide.

"Duck shooting may be had in the marsh between Moen and Laurgaard, the next station. Close by here, at Romundgaard, Colonel Sinclair and his followers passed the night before the massacre."

This was another place from which to make a charming excursion. By stopping over a day, you may go with saddle horses to the Saeter Hovringen, where you can find provisions and beds, if desirous of a longer stay, and from which you proceed, on horseback, to the top of a mountain called Formo-Kampen, 4,700 feet high, from which there is a magnificent view. You can return to Laurgaard by a shorter path, passing Formo farmhouse. The whole trip may be accomplished in ten hours. One of our party was very anxious to take this excursion, but the general vote forbade the delay. We drove on through the lonely evening hours, through the gorge of Rusten, the wildest and most charming scenery we had yet seen. Imagine the White Mountain Notch, as you see it from Mt. Willard, prolonged for ten miles, with a stream rushing through the winding gorge in a succession of rapids and cataracts, lofty cliffs and great boulders rising abruptly on each side, the road crossing from one bank to the other, as it can find footing along the face of the precipice. Perhaps the resemblance is greater to parts of the Via Mala, in Switzerland; but I never saw anything exactly like the Norway scenery, whether of the fjords or fjelds, or the lakes, or the waterfalls and rushing mountain streams. They have all a character of their own.

At Brendhaugen, where we expected to pass the night, seven miles from Laurgaard, the station is small, though very clean and good, and we found only two small rooms vacant. So the occupants of the "giggle" stopped, being perhaps a little more weary than the rest; and we four, in the "trille," pushed on to Tofte Moen, seven miles farther. We drove from 11 P. M.

till 12.30, in the loveliest twilight, and instead of growing darker, it grew lighter after midnight, and seemed like dawn. But we were very tired when we reached Tofte Moen. The station is kept by Herr Tofte, who is a descendant of Harold Harfager, and very proud of his ancestry. Snorre Sturleson's account of Harold's adventures at "Thopte" is mingled with the mythical element to some extent. A Laplander came to him saying that he had promised to visit his hut; and when he did so a beautiful maiden met him at the door, bearing a cup of mead. Harold married this beautiful Snaefrid, and "loved her so passionately that he forgot all his royal dignity." After her death, her body remained "fresh and red" for three years, preserved by Lapp sorcery, and he sat watching by the bedside till some of his friends persuaded him to change the costly apparel, when moving the dead body broke the charm, and it fell into ashes. Snaefrid had left four sons, who all grew up to be very clever men, expert in all manly exercises. Ringerige, Hadeland, "Thoten and the lands thereto belonging" were given to these sons, from one of whom the family at Tofte Moen trace their descent.

A curious genealogical tree hangs in the guest-room, springing from Harold Harfager as root.

The clan never marry out of their family. "He is a rich man, and when King Oscar I. dined at his house, on his way to be crowned at Throndhjem, in 1860, he told his majesty it was unnecessary to bring in his plate, as he had silver forks and spoons enough for all the thirty or forty in his suite. When the landlord is treated with the respect which he considers is due to him, the traveller may receive much civility. His

brother, who lives half an hour's walk from Tofte Moen, has a saeter well worth seeing; it is about an hour's ride up to it. This man has about a hundred and fifty cows and calves, two hundred sheep and forty or fifty goats in his stable all winter." We read this in Bennett, and similar particulars in Murray, and were ready to treat Herr Tofte with all possible respect, hoping, if not for a sight of the silver, at least for comfortable beds, after our fifty miles of travel, and a good breakfast in the morning. The house was all shut up (I was about to say "dark," till I remembered); evidently no one was awake. With some difficulty we roused people in the rear; a woman opened the door, and presently a man stumbled out sleepily and began to unharness the horses.

We had felt great sympathy for the little skyd, whom we were obliged to bring on from Brendhaugen. The poor child was perched on the box which held our luggage, projecting about six inches behind the front seat, and usually covered with wraps and small parcels. He was so heavy with sleep that we had to watch him constantly to keep him from falling out of the carriage. This poor, sleepy boy must now start back with the horses, riding bareback on one, and leading the other.

We followed the woman into the house, and she sent us up a sort of ladder, to rude, unplastered rooms, where we found straw beds covering loose hay, in box-like bedsteads, made up with sheets of the coarsest unbleached cotton, "comforters," not the cleanest, and no pillow-cases. But we were tired enough to sleep. Next morning we rose late, for our friends were not likely to arrive from Brendhau-

gen before ten or eleven o'clock, and we made our way through the other passage into which our rooms opened, down a more civilized staircase than the one we had climbed to our loft. Breakfast was laid in a large, pleasant room, plainly furnished, as in other station-houses. But the coffee was not particularly good, the eggs were scarcely fresh, and the milk was decidedly sour. We saw nothing of Herr Tofte, nor his silver, beyond the necessary spoons, and were glad to start on, when our friends came up. They exasperated us with accounts of comfortable beds and a breakfast — “What do you think we had for breakfast? Pancakes, delicious pancakes!”

“Did you find out what they are in Norsk?” we asked eagerly; for our bill of fare had been limited, like that of a little girl I knew, at a French school in New York, to what we knew how to ask for. Tea, coffee, milk, eggs, butter, bread (they put on cheese without our asking for it), fish, and meat without specifying the kind; this was about the extent of our vocabulary. Sometimes we tried simply, “Spise”; or “Kan vi faa spise strax?” (Can we have dinner immediately?) and took what they liked to give. Breakfast was “Frokost”; dinner, “Middags mad”; supper, “Eftens mad.” Oatmeal porridge was “Gröd,” and cream was “Flöde.” We studied the phrase-book, and tried to learn of the friendly women at the stations; but, at first, we had the usual experience of those trying hurriedly to acquire a new language in the midst of distractions; for every new word we learned, we forgot an old one. “What is the Norsk for pancakes? Pande kager, to be sure!” We remembered *that* word, and used it at the very next opportunity.

From Tofte Moen the road leads up hill all the way to Dombaas, where the ascent of the Dovrefjeld fairly begins, and where, also the route up the Romsdal turns off. This is a large station, and a telegraph station also. The houses seemed very comfortable; but we stopped only long enough to change horses, and lunched meanwhile on our biscuits and sherry, keeping on to Holaker, seven miles farther, for dinner. Bennett says that a magnificent view of Svenaetten, some of the Romsdal peaks, and the Rondane range, may be had from the summit of Hareg Kampen, opposite Dombaas, on the other side of Laagen. The excursion occupies four or five hours. Delicious milk may be had at the saeter of Hareggen near the summit.

That would have been a nice excursion, but the spirit of progress possessed us. It was Saturday, and we had decided to get as far as Lesje Jernvaerk, which Bennett's description made us suppose a particularly comfortable station, to stop over Sunday. Holaker would have been a nicer place still; and we could have climbed Hareg Kampen. We did not even inquire about the saddle-horses; but they would be sure to have them, at so large a station as Dombaas. The truth was, the scenery was so fine, all along the road, that it seemed hardly worth our while to take the extra trouble and fatigue necessary for a more extended view.

Along the Gudbrandsdal we had now and then passed a church; one near Holmen, built of wood and painted red, with a white spire; and another in the neighborhood of Moen; and, at Tofte Moen, the Dovre church, which has a wooden framework, covered with slabs of the gray stone ("fri-stene") obtained on the

fjelds, which splits off easily. But there was nothing like a village; the scattered farmsteads being so far apart as to be seldom within sight of each other, and generally off the main road. The farther we went into the interior the fewer houses we saw. All this region was more thickly settled, especially in the neighborhood of Lake Mjosen, before the country was devastated by repeated visits from the plague, during the twelfth century and later.

In the time of Bishop Pontoppidan, 1750 or so, the Gudbrandsdalers were considered the tallest and finest of all Norwegians, and they had the finest horses and cattle. So healthy was the region, that in the parish of Laessoe, there were people of such extreme age that "from a lassitude of longer life they get themselves removed elsewhere in order to die the sooner."

The bishop describes the farmstead or "gaard" of Naes, in this valley, as the same building where King Olaf lodged five nights in 1022, "when he took a circuit round the kingdom to convert the people to the Christian religion." Seven hundred years seem a long time for a wooden house to last, but there are remains of an old timber building in Bergen, dating back to the thirteenth century. None of these churches look old enough to be the one built by old Gudbrand after his somewhat peremptory conversion. Let me abridge for you the story of it, as given by Snorre Sturleson.

During St. Olaf's tour through the region, meetings of the Bonders were called, and the alternative offered amounted to, "Be Christians, or die!"

Temples were torn down and idols smashed in pieces by King Olaf and his brave Three Hundred.

One of the longest conflicts was the debate between the king and old Gudbrand, who reigned like a king in his district, the fertile valley of the Laagen—Gudbrandsdal to this day. He had raised a company of seven hundred men and given the command to his son; but at the first attack of Olaf's men they turned and fled, leaving Gudbrand's son a prisoner. Olaf sends him back to his father, who greets him with derision, calling him coward, and is resolved to rally his forces and fight; but he has a remarkable dream that night—the vision of a shining one, who warns him not to fight with Olaf. So he proposes the holding of a 'Thing,' to discuss the matter peaceably.

The first day there is a heavy rain, and proceedings are brief. King Olaf addresses the meeting: "The people of Lessoe, Lom and Vaage have accepted Christianity, and broken down their idol-houses; they believe now in the true God who has made heaven and earth and all things."

Gudbrand replies, "Dost thou call Him God whom neither thou nor any one else can see? But we have a god who can be seen every day, although he is not out to-day because the weather is wet."

(Not a controller of the weather, after all, though that was part of the employment assigned to Thor in the Norse mythology. Perhaps he had been tried and found wanting in that capacity; for Gudbrand goes on to propose a weather test to St. Olaf.) "But, since thou sayest thy God is so great, let Him make it so that to-morrow we have a cloudy day, but without rain; and then let us meet again."

They separated, the king taking Gudbrand's son as a hostage, and leaving a hostage in his stead.

In the evening the king asked Gudbrand's son what their god was like. He replied that he bore the likeness of Thor; had a hammer in his hand, was of great size but hollow, and mounted upon a high stand. "Neither gold nor silver is wanting about him, and every day he receives four cakes of bread, besides meat." Then they went to bed; but the king watched all night in prayer. Next day the weather was such as Gudbrand had desired. The bishop stood up in his robes, with his crosier in his hand, and spoke to the Bonders of the true faith and the wonderful works of God. Nothing was decided this day; but the weather test is again proposed: "Since your God is so powerful, and can do so many wonders, tell him to make it clear sunshine to-morrow forenoon, and then we shall meet you here again and do one or two things—either agree with you about this business, or fight you."

The king watched all night in prayer again, but had resort to the arm of flesh as well, instructing one of his strongest adherents to have the boats of the Bonders scuttled, and their horses untied and let loose; which was done. In the early morning, Olaf went to the Thing. He saw a great crowd coming along, bearing with them a huge image, gleaming with gold and silver. It was set down on the field, and on one side were the Bonders, on the other the king and his men. Then Gudbrand made a speech, inviting them to submit to his god; and Olaf made a speech in return, ending with, "Thou wouldest frighten us with thy god, who is both blind and deaf, and cannot even move without being carried; but now it will be a short time before he meets his

fate; for, turn your eyes toward the east—behold our God advancing in great light!"

The sun was rising, and all turned to look; and Kolbein the strong, being before instructed of the king, gave the idol a stroke with his club, so that he burst asunder and there ran out of him mice almost as big as cats, and reptiles and adders. The terrified Bonders ran for their boats, but the boats sunk under their weight. Others ran to their horses, but the horses were gone. Finally the king called them back again, and made a concluding address: "You see now what your god can do, and who the protecting powers were who consumed the meat and bread—the mice and the reptiles. Take now your gold and ornaments that are lying on the grass, and give them to your wives and daughters; but never hang them again upon stocks and stones. Here are two conditions to choose from: either accept Christianity, or fight this very day, and the victory be to them to whom the God we worship gives it."

Then Gudbrand stood up and said, "We have sustained great damage upon our god; but since he will not help us, we will believe in the God whom thou believest in."

They all received Christianity. The bishop baptized Gudbrand and his son. King Olaf and Bishop Sigurd left behind them teachers, and they who met as enemies parted as friends. And Gudbrand built a church in the valley.

At Holaker, seven miles beyond Dombaas, we stopped for dinner, and, after asking, "Hvad kan vi faa til middag?" we did not fail to suggest "pande kager." We got them; and particularly nice ones too;

and we had also fresh salmon-trout, caught in the river Laagen, veal cutlets, potatoes, bread in variety, wheat, rye, and "fladbrod," and excellent beer, with sweet cakes, very thin and delicate-looking, as if baked in a round waffle-iron. The table was set with pretty silver and china, and the house was large, and neatly and comfortably furnished. In the guest-room, beside the cupboard for china and silver, was a set of book-shelves, well filled with books in Norsk, German, French and English, a sofa, and American rocking-chairs, some pictures on the papered walls, and plants at the windows. The hostess, a nice respectable-looking woman, waited upon us, and enjoyed our appreciation of her good cooking. Her husband had been in America, and of course, spoke English, and she also understood it a little.

We went on from Holaker to Holset, about ten miles, over a hilly road. This road was not quite so good as the mail route through the Gudbrandsdal, which we had left at Dombaas. Since 1850, the route from Christiania to Throndhjem has been wholly reconstructed, at great expense, and is now one of the best in Norway. The roads are kept in order by the landed proprietors. The parishes are divided into districts called "roder" (wards), which are numbered. Every farm has also a number in the parish register, called "Lobe" (running); so one sees posts along the roadside with words and numbers enigmatical to the stranger; for instance, "Holtet—Rode—No. 4, Lobe—No. 16,—100 Alen," means that the farm called Holtet belongs to the Ward No. 4, is registered as No. 16, and has to keep in order 100 alen (200 feet) of the road, which is the distance to the next post bearing a similar inscription.

The station at Holset was at the foot of a steep hill, a little off the road; so we sat in the carriage while the horses were exchanged for fresh ones, and amused ourselves with the children who came up to inspect us, but who were too shy to talk much. They are very different from the bright little black-eyed Italian beggars we used to find so entertaining; but they get a much better education, and stand a better chance of living useful and respectable lives. We wanted to give them a trifle, but were restrained, by the advice in the guide-books, not to give to beggars. Those children were not beggars, and we met very few; but giving might create a desire for skillings, which would lead to annoyance for future travellers. If you care more for this, and the effect upon the character of the children, than for the present pleasure to them and to yourself, procured by the bestowal of a few coppers, you will wisely refrain from giving.

Holset is described by Bennett as "excellent and extremely cheap quarters, with particularly obliging people." He adds that they furnish very good horses. At his earnest recommendation, our harness had included breeching; but up to this time it had seldom been used. The horses are not accustomed to it, and the stable boys object to putting it on them. Here, seeing a long and steep hill before us, my brother insisted upon the breeching. But scarcely had we started down the hill when one of the horses deliberately sat down in his strap, and apparently intended sliding on his stiffened forelegs to the bottom. With some difficulty he was induced to resume his normal position, and proceed in a suitable manner. These horses, being accustomed to the light carioles, are in the

habit of trotting down the steep hills, and are so sure-footed that they may be safely trusted to do so. Now and then, when the road took a sudden turn, or the hill was a winding one, we came near upsetting; though we always put a heavy iron drag, or "shoe," on one of the wheels, for a very steep hill, and not unfrequently the ladies preferred to walk to the bottom.

The road from Holset to the next station was heavy and sandy, through a sort of pine barrens, gradually rising, and the vegetation growing more scanty as we approached Lesje Jernvaerk, which is situated 2,050 feet above the sea.

We arrived here about 9 P. M., and finding the station clean and comfortable, with room enough for us all, we decided to stop over night and over Sunday.

This is the watershed between the two valleys, the Gudbrandsdal and the Romsdal, and from the dark, cold lake at the foot of the hill, on the slope of which the house is built, runs the river Laagen,—which we have followed from its embouchure into the Mjosen Lake,—going southwards till it empties into the Christiania Fjord and the North Sea. From the same lake flows the river Rauma, running, leaping, foaming, in wild beauty, fed by mountain streams which dash down rocky precipices in snowy cataracts, till it reaches the Romsdal or Molde Fjord and mingles with the great Atlantic Ocean. Watersheds are always suggestive of human analogies. These rivers remind us of two peasant boys brought up together in the seemingly cold, hard, repressed and barren life of a Northern farmhouse. One plods stupidly on, with but an occasional interlude of beauty or sentiment in his life; the other, impatient of restraint, plunges into all manner

of mischief and excitement, unless his energies find some adequate outlet; and he leaves his home, to mingle with the world beyond.

The air is very cold, with a penetrating chill we have not felt before, and looking across the narrow valley, at the long, high mountain, behind which the sun has dropped, we see great fields of snow lying along its slopes and deep down its ravines. We stroll down the hill to inspect the ironworks, which were set in operation about 1650, but have not been worked for the last sixty years.

Masses of slag are lying about, and there are some remains of the furnaces. There is a saw-mill here turned by a little stream which runs into the lake.

The station-house is a fine specimen of the old timber buildings, unpainted, but colored by time and weather with rich, velvety brown tints, and is about a hundred and fifty years old. There are two entrances on the front; one opens into the passage leading to the guest-rooms, the other into the family apartments. There is a large sitting-room, and two bedrooms opening out of it, and above stairs are four sleeping-rooms. These are rudely finished, with partitions of unpainted boards, and very simply furnished with beds, tables, chairs and tiny looking glasses, about six inches by four in size, hanging on the walls. Everything was clean and comfortable, however, in spite of its severe simplicity; and we slept soundly till a late hour next morning. It had rained in the night, and we had showers through the morning. Our open carriages, which, in the absence of any place for their accommodation, had been left standing in the road, in front of the house, and not covered as they should have been, were soaking wet; but most of our

luggage had been brought in, and as we were not going on to-day there was time for rugs and cushions to be dried. We had asked for "gröd" for breakfast (oatmeal porridge), and it was excellent, with plenty of rich cream to eat on it and put in our coffee. We had, besides, the usual rye bread, "kavringer" and biscuits, with fresh eggs. It was too wet to go out, and we all devoted ourselves to letter writing. A fire had been kindled in the cast-iron stove (an old-fashioned, elevated heater, like those common in New England kitchens thirty or forty years ago), and a strange, goaty smell pervaded the sitting-room, which we decided must proceed from the curious oil-cloth hangings which covered the walls in lieu of paper. Miss M. asked for a footstool, for the chairs were all high and hard; and an odd, old-fashioned little chair was brought her, of which she begged me to make a drawing to enclose in her letter to her sister.

In the absence of external resources, dinner was an interesting event. We had "ryper" roasted, with potatoes and pancakes. For dessert, the good woman of the house, who waited on us entirely, brought us a little wooden tub of thickened milk—"bonny-clabber" we used to call it at home—and set it before Will; but when he was dipping the spoon deeply in she took it from him and skimmed off the rich cream on top, which she served to us, with powdered sugar and cinnamon, and then carried out the tub and brought in a fresh one. It was delicious.

This poor woman had a very sad, over-worked expression, and could hardly be made to smile. We wanted to talk with her, and find out if she had any special sorrow or trouble, or if it was only the effect

of her hard, monotonous, dreary life; but our vocabulary was too limited.

We were curious to see something of the family life; but an attempt we made to enter the living-room, under pretence of asking for something we wanted, was not encouraged. There seemed to be old people there, and there were plenty of men and women about the premises, but no children or young people to be seen. Perhaps she had lost her children; perhaps, they had emigrated to America; perhaps, poor soul she never had any. But children are generally abundant in a Norsk farmhouse; the poorer the house, the more overflowing with babies.

It ceased raining in the afternoon, and Miss M. and I went for a stroll. We passed a little garden patch, where lettuce was growing about two inches high, this 27th of June. When would it ever be large enough to eat? It was really pathetic.

Was the snow ever wholly gone from those high mountains? The days were already growing shorter. Oh, what a dismal country to live in! I think not even potatoes ripen, so far north, unless near the seaboard. And we saw no other vegetable, inland. We went into the fields, and climbed the hill behind the house and pulled handfuls of wild flowers. Dear little cheery blossoms, we never found a spot in Norway, however bleak and bare, where some of you did not show your bright faces!

Whole fields were purple with pansies; and along the roadside grew the yellow genista, a sort of wild schizanthus, tiny white star-flowers in the grass, delicate spikes like heather, harebells blue as the sky,

and lovely pink and white everlasting. A big dog followed us from the house, as if to protect us in our ramble.

We came back loaded with flowers—pressed some, and arranged others in a glass. I meant to keep my pretty bunch of everlasting, but went off next day and forgot it; and when we came back three days later, there were the flowers on the window-seat, just as I left them. Did the sad-faced woman care for them enough to keep them, or had she not noticed them at all?

VII.

DOWN THE ROMSDAL AND BACK.

WE rose early on Monday, and got off by 8.30 A.M. The first station, Molmen, is eight miles beyond Lesje; and the next, Stueflaaten, seven miles farther. At both places we stopped only to change horses, and were not long delayed; but we went in to warm ourselves, as the morning was chilly, and improved our chances for observation. We entered the family room, sat down by the open fire, on a square hearthstone, under the chimney, which was built in the room, instead of outside. A crane hung over the fire, and all the cooking was done in pots and frying pans. Several women were busy, carding and spinning wool; and one of them kept a rude cradle in motion with her foot. I hoped the baby would wake up, so that we could see whether it were "smökke"; but it was sound asleep. There was a loom here, also, for weaving homespun as at Moen.

Shortly after leaving Molmen, we passed the Gaard Einabu, where St. Olaf, when flying from his realm, halted, on the journey from Sändmor to Bergen, in the year 1029. A relic of a yet earlier time is to be seen in a large stone which is the only remaining fragment of a stone circle, very probably destroyed during the reign of this same King Olaf. He was contemporary with Knut of Denmark and England, and in

company with the Swedish king, Olaf, he made an incursion upon Denmark, during the king's absence. In retaliation, Knut attacked both Sweden and Norway, the following year, and drove Olaf from his kingdom. He took refuge with his infant son Magnus, in Russia; but returning, fell in battle at Stiklestad, near Throndhjem, in 1030.

In our Sunday walk at Lesje we had noticed the way in which the water supply for the horses and cattle is brought down from springs on the mountains, in a series of wooden spouts or pipes, sometimes crossing the road on a sort of gateway, above the heads of the passers; but oftener the little rivulet in its wooden pipe is covered by a small bridge. Along the road, we came frequently to drinking troughs, fed by similar pipes. We noticed also on the high plateau of Lesje, and along the Romsdal, where they have high winds and numerous showers, a curious method of drying hay, which, I dare say, has been remarked by other travellers. Hurdles are erected, three or four feet high and perhaps ten feet long, upon which the short grass is spread, and so interwoven as not to blow away, while it receives the most sun and the least rain possible.

At a little distance, these hurdles, scattered about a field, had the effect of a plan of battle, looking like platoons of infantry advancing against each other.

Most of the farm buildings, especially barns and granaries, are raised upon pillars of stone several feet in height, to lift them above the snow, and allow the watercourses, when the snow melts, to pass beneath. It doubtless answers the purpose, also, of protection from rats and other vermin.

Occasionally we crossed a bridge over a little brawl-

ing mountain stream. These are constructed in a somewhat peculiar fashion, common to all the mountainous districts of Norway. The rock is first levelled on both sides the stream; solid pine-trees are then laid close together, projecting several feet over the water; above these other trees are placed crosswise; then another layer, parallel with the first, but farther out; and so on, from each bank, until the distance is narrow enough to be spanned by single trunks. All these are firmly riveted together and covered with earth near the ends, then a flooring of rough planks is laid, and perhaps a side railing is added. Bishop Pontoppidan describes the bridges of his time, which were similar to these, but less solidly built, without rivets; and sometimes the centre piece consisted of but a single trunk or mast, which swayed under the weight of the passer, and seemed insecure, as well it might.

Stueflaaten is the last station in the Gudbrandsdal. We begin to descend from the rather dreary plateau, and to follow the course of the beautiful, wild Rauma. We see in the distance the snowy peaks of the Romsdal mountains, and the scenery grows constantly grander. Not far from the next station, Ormen, we turn aside from the road, where a little sign marks the way to the Sondre Slettenfoss, and leaving our horses in care of the postboy we scramble down the slippery path to the river. A few trunks of pine-trees laid across the gorge form a bridge on which we stand to look at the falls or rather series of cascades, in which the river foams and whirls and plunges over the mossy boulders which fill the winding gorge. When the sun shines, the spray must be full of rainbows, but to-day

it has been cloudy, and rain is already falling. Mr. Bennett advises the thorough exploration of the river between Stueflaaten and Ormen, as perhaps nowhere else in Norway can be found, within a distance of seven miles, such a succession of bold and beautiful falls. At Ormen there is a magnificent cascade, the Vermedalsfossen. It sweeps down the mountain, which rises directly beyond the river, in a single sheet, perhaps two-thirds of the way, then is divided by rocks into three falls. We had a fine view of it from the windows of the station-house, and should have set out to cross the river and obtain a nearer view, but for the rain.

It was so chilly that a fire was kindled for us in the guest-room, in a stove similar to the one at Lesje. The family room was warmed by an open fire, and the cooking done over it. This house is built of squared timbers, like that at Lesje; and, judging from its rich coloring, it must be nearly as old. The windows are large and square, affording a great deal of light; but it must be impossible to get too much of that good thing, in the long, dark winter. The only shutters are white curtains, or paper shades, which you roll up and tie with a string. The floors are bare, of course, as everywhere. I am sure we did not see a carpet between Christiania and Throndhjem.

The scenery grows wilder after we leave Ormen, and at the next station, Fladmark, it is extremely grand and sombre. Great mountains of barren rock rise, almost perpendicularly, to the height of four or five thousand feet, on each side the valley. We looked up on one side to the jagged peaks of the Troll Tindernerne (Witches' peaks), something like the aiguilles

in the valley of Chamouni; and on the other, close above us, toward the massive Romsdalhorn. All along this narrow pass, where the road finds its footing between the river and the precipice, we saw the loveliest little waterfalls, sometimes a mere gleaming thread against the dark rock, but often a waving veil of spray coming down thousands of feet from the crags over our heads.

The house at Fladmark was of stone, solid and sombre, like the rocks all about it. We drove through a field to reach it, and the grass was full of buttercups, and the loveliest great harebells. We wandered about, plucking them, instead of going inside, while a boy was sent to the pasture for the fresh horses. These horses are a peculiar breed: dun-colored, with light manes and tails; and the manes are cropped closely, so that they stand up in a ridge along the neck, with a forelock left, for convenience to lead them out by (as one is advised to take Time), and it gives them somewhat the appearance of a young lady whose hair has been "banged." They are rather small, but excellent travellers, and the people are very fond and proud of them, and greatly resent any fancied unkindness. You are advised to drive them slowly the first mile of the stage, and let them walk up the hills—they like to trot down; perhaps better than you do to have them. One peculiarity must be guarded against: a tendency to go very near the verge of the precipice. I hardly know what causes this; it cannot be a habit of carrying panniers on narrow pathways, like the mules in Switzerland and Spain, which have the same disagreeable peculiarity. It is especially dangerous, when one is driving in a cariole; for if one wheel should slip over the edge

of a precipice, the whole concern is bound to follow. The roads have no guard, except a series of stone posts, about a foot in height and ten to twenty feet apart, and these are sometimes wanting.

Horgheim is the next station, seven miles beyond Fladmark. The scenery grows wilder till you pass the Romsdalhorn, where the valley widens and the river spreads out into a little lake. The contrast of the green meadow and the still water, reflecting the fir-trees and the snowy peaks, with the gloomy, barren defile we have passed through, is very charming.

Close under the mountain is a farmhouse belonging to Andreas Landmark, whose station, "Hotel Aak," we find about a mile farther, in a lovely situation, with a fine view of the Romsdalhorn and the Troll Tinderne, as also of another chain of mountains, to the northward, called Bispen, Kongen and Dronningen: the Bishop, King and Queen. The house is quite large, two stories in height, and painted white, and has an air of comfort, which is not belied by the interior. It is a favorite place with English tourists, not only on account of the fine scenery and pleasant excursions to be made in the neighborhood, but for the salmon fishing; and it is often full during the entire summer. A pretty girl met us with a cordial greeting in English—one of Herr Landmark's daughters. He has a son who speaks English, also, and can act as guide, if one wishes to ascend any of the mountains. He told us he had been up the Romsdalhorn, and that the ascent was not particularly difficult, except the final peak, which, being a bare cone of rock, must be almost inaccessible. It is not unlike a smaller edition of the Matterhorn.

There were but few people in the house; an Irish major and his wife, with a niece (a very bright, pretty young lady), and a student from Cornell University, who was pedestrianizing. It was late when we arrived; so we had supper and soon went to our rooms.

The house was plainly furnished, and the rooms and beds no better than at average stations. There was an effort at style in the meals, which were served at regular hours—breakfast from 8 to 9, table d'hôte dinner at 4, and supper at 7.

Next morning we drove down to Naes and Veb-lungsnaes, stations lying about ten miles from Aak, on a branch of the Romsdal or Molde Fjord, called the Eisfjord, into which the Rauma empties, more than two thousand feet below its source at Lesje Jernvaerk. The situation is not nearly so pretty as that of Aak; but Aandahl's hotel is said to be very comfortable, and the sea bathing is good. Excursions may be made by boat or cariole; and Herr Aandahl gives permission to his lodgers to fish for salmon, for a couple of miles up the river, and for trout in a lake four or five miles distant. He owns a saeter also, to which an excursion may be made. The route from here to Molde may be pursued by cariole, crossing four branches of the fjord; horses and carioles are taken into the large rowboats; but for large, heavy carriages it would be a matter of difficulty to cross.

The trip may be made more conveniently by the little steamers which run up and down the fjord, connecting at Molde with the regular coast line of steamers from Hamburg to Vadsoe. There is a route from Molde to Throndhjem, partly by land and partly by water, of about one hundred and fifty miles, which af-

fords some fine scenery and good fishing and shooting, but is not highly recommended to the traveller by Mr. Bennett. There is a route from Molde to Sogne Fjord, on the contrary, which includes some of the grandest fjord and mountain scenery in Norway; and for those who are capable of roughing it, and travelling sometimes on horseback and on foot, with occasional intervals of boating and cariole driving, it must be very delightful. One is tempted to wish, sometimes, that Norway might be as thoroughly opened to travel as Switzerland or the Tyrol; but this would spoil two of the greatest charms of the country—its wildness and simplicity.

We did not visit Molde, as we expected to stop there on our return, by steamer, from Throndhjem to Bergen.

There was something of a village at Naes; the largest we had seen since leaving Lillehammer. We tried to get somebody to take us out boating, while our horses were resting; but though there was a large boat fastened to the pier, we could not find the owner, or make the boys in charge understand what we wanted it for, and we finally gave up in despair, most of the party concluding that they did not care much about it, anyway. Clearly, the grapes were sour.

Returning to Aak to dinner, we found the party increased by the arrival of an American gentleman and lady, who puzzled us at first as to their nationality. We thought the lady American, but the gentleman English; and it appeared that he was very willing to be so mistaken, having resided for some time in England, and acquired a very unpatriotic distaste for American institutions. He was in some trouble, having left a valuable watch under his pillow that morn-

ing at Stueflaaten. As we were going back to Ormen that afternoon, he asked us to speak of it and have it forwarded to Aak by the first opportunity. After dinner we looked at photographs of the Romsdal scenery —of which young Landmark kept an assortment for sale—and made a selection of some of the finest views between Ormen and Aak. We found a few English books in the little parlor; among others, Lady Di Beauclerk's "Summer in Norway:" a pleasant story of several months spent in this very Hotel Aak.

They have avalanches here, not infrequently, from the "Troll Tinderne" across the lake; but we were not so fortunate as to hear or see one. There had been one the day before our arrival, the major told us, falling with a dull crash, like thunder, and yet unlike it.

We had a pleasant party at dinner, and a very good dinner. The major carved the roast lamb and served the rhubarb tart. We had good beer, and after dinner coffee. Then, with regret, we left this charming place and these friendly people, hardly expecting to meet them again; but it happened that we did, and not very long after.

We drove to Ormen, about twenty miles, changing horses at Horgheim and Fladmark. We had passed through this grand scenery, in showery and cloudy weather, the day before; but now it was lighted up with sunshine, and the numerous waterfalls were wonderfully fine; so much fuller, that the water rushed across our path in several places, and we were drenched with spray as we passed. We had finer views of the great Romsdalhorn, rising abruptly from the valley, which is but little above the sea level, to its height of 4,700 feet; and the strange black peaks, rising among snow

fields, of the Troll Tinderne, across the valley. We reached Ormen about 9 P. M., went in and engaged rooms, and ordered supper, and then proposed walking to the foot of the falls. It looked an easy walk; the path descending the hill in the rear of the station, crossing the river by a bridge, and then climbing beside the cascade to the point where the falls divided and a rude bridge crossed the sheet, affording apparently a fine point of sight both up and down the torrent. Everybody protested against my undertaking it; none of the other ladies cared to go, and finally Will set off alone. He was gone nearly an hour, and reported it a hard climb, the distance much greater than it looked, and the view of the falls not very much finer than from our windows. So I was comforted.

The station-house at Ormen was one of the most primitive and yet most comfortable of any we had seen. The house was divided by a narrow passage into two parts—the family-room and kitchen on one side and the guest-room on the other, with two small bedrooms opening out of it. These were painted and papered and had plain furniture of painted wood. We climbed by a steep, ladder-like stair to the second story, where the bare timbers formed the walls, and only the doors and window frames were painted, and passed through a large bare room, over the sitting-room, to three tiny chambers beyond. Our bedsteads were wooden boxes, with little attempt at ornament, holding mattresses of straw and feather beds, but made up with very clean, nice linen and down coverlids. On the bedsteads were painted the names of their fair owners: "Serena, Asbiorn's datter, Ormeim;" "Georgina, Asbiorn's datter, Ormeim."

Whether the three little tow heads we saw in the kitchen belonged to Serena or Georgina, we did not discover. We slept soundly in their beds, but lay awake for awhile first, and took a view of the lovely "Vermedals fossen," the last thing, about midnight, when the Eastern sky was brightening with the dawn.

We started about nine o'clock next morning, and while changing horses at Stueflaaten went in to inquire about Mr. A.'s watch. They had discovered it soon after his departure, and had sent it on to Aak by the next passer, who happened to be the regular mail carrier, of course a responsible person. But I dare say they would have trusted it to any respectable-looking traveller; for these people are not only honest themselves, but appear to have unlimited confidence in the honesty of others.

This beautiful valley is very sparsely inhabited, and all the upper part of it must be very unproductive. We saw hardly any houses except the stations, and occasional little cabins. These had usually roofs covered with sods, and loaded with heavy stones to keep them from blowing away in a high wind. Grass and flowers often grew on these roofs, and once we saw a goat, which had clambered up from the rocks alongside, cropping the herbage on the roof, reminding us of an illustration in our old copy of *Æsop's fables*. We saw pigs running along the roadside, and feeding on grass, and thought their noses had been sharpened by plucking it between the stones. Why should not grass-fed pork be as wholesome as mutton?

Now and then we came upon a little boy or girl tending sheep, or an old woman walking along the

road busily knitting. They all bow to travellers, and say, "God-dag?" and expect equal civility in return. Rarely, we met travellers or skydsguts returning with horses.

Occasionally, along the river, we saw little mill-houses, the wheel turned by the watercourse of some little stream, or by rapids or falls of the river itself. These are free to all, and the farmers come and grind their own grain.

When we stopped at Stueflaaten we had gone into the kitchen to warm ourselves by the great square hearthstone, and we saw a great dish of gröd which had just been poured out for the family dinner; darker and coarser than that provided for travellers. I bought two wooden spoons here, prettily carved, for about sixpence each; the first I had seen offered for sale at the stations.

We dined at Molmen; and while waiting for dinner to be cooked, I started with one of my brothers, and a little bare-headed girl for guide, to visit a waterfall which Bennett describes as "small but beautiful." We crossed a field, part of it newly ploughed ground, and then walked in a sort of cow-path, through a grove of young trees, on and on; but we did not approach the river, and still our little guide trotted on, with no sign of being anywhere near our destination. We had walked nearly half an hour, and it would take us as long to return, and as she said we were "halvveis" only, we thought it best to give up the waterfall and return for our dinner.

We found it very good, considering the way it was cooked, over an open fire. It consisted of "ryper," potatoes, pancakes (which were very nice, eaten with

sugar and sherry), bread of various kinds, butter and cheese, and beer. They had no trout on hand; but this is said to be one of the best places for fishing along the river. Sometimes, when they had no fresh meat at the stations, we were served with croquettes of minced veal or game, which they put up in jars. (I did not *always* enter in my journal what we had for dinner; but I have mentioned our bill of fare the more frequently, because we found such a general impression among travellers that people were in danger of being starved in Norway, unless they brought with them quantities of provisions. The farther one gets from the seaboard, to be sure, the more meagre becomes the provision at the stations; and in visiting the saeters one rarely finds anything more than gröd, fladbrod and milk). We went on about 4 P. M., stopped at Lesje to change horses, and, though not at all hungry, to eat a little of the delicious cream out of the wooden tubs, and then drove rapidly down the hills, which we had been so slow in climbing, on the road to Holset and Holaker. The rain had hardened the sandy road, and made travelling pleasanter in every way. We overtook a number of loose horses which had escaped from their pasture, and they made us some trouble by getting in front of ours, and refusing to let us pass them; but our skyd finally succeeded in driving them off into an open field. Then we came up with a litte skyd returning with a cariole (this was between Lesje and Holset), and as we had none of us tried that tempting vehicle, Will proposed an exchange, putting the little fellow into his seat in the trille. He was a tiny shrimp, not more than five or six years old, but dressed like an old man, with a long-

tailed coat and a little red woollen nightcap; and it was too comical to see him tuck in his little skirts and shrink into his corner, in speechless awe of Blossom, who sat beside him and held the reins. He had not dared to object to the transfer, but was evidently ill at ease, feeling the responsibility for the horse and cariole a heavy weight upon his infant mind; and his distress finally became so great that he stood up and called to Will, and we had to let him get down and resume his charge. Poor little soul! Think of such babies being trusted with horses! But then, you must know, he was not a baby! When I came to read Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," I understood all about him. One of the most pathetic superstitions of the North is that of the Tomte, supposed to be the spirit of some poor heathen slave who must work out his salvation before Doomsday. He is a deformed little fellow, hardly larger than a babe, with an old, shrewd face, generally wearing a red cap, a gray jacket and wooden shoes. Like the Nissen (creatures analogous to the brownies in Scotland), the Tomten attach themselves to a dwelling, and labor for the benefit of the inmates, though not often visibly. A peasant once saw one of these little fellows dragging an oaten straw from the stack or an ear of wheat to the barn, and railed at him, saying he might as well bring nothing as such trifles. Then the Tomte forsook him, and went to his neighbor, and the latter grew rich, while the first became poor. His cows died, his wheat mildewed, and his crops failed, year by year. The proverb says: "The woodman holds the axe, but the Tomte fells the tree." In these latter days, I suppose they have taken to employing them as skydsguts.

We were glad to spend the night at the pleasant station of Holaker, and to enjoy the good cooking of the hostess. We looked at the rooms first, which were large and comfortable; but there were apparently only three, with five single beds, and Will seemed to be "left out in the cold." The hostess indicated a bed in the hall, which she could make up for him, but it was about the width of a coffin; and not understanding the stretching capacity of a Norsk bedstead he looked at it with indignant surprise: "Does she think I am going to sleep in *that?*" I happened to recollect the little bedroom out of the guest-room, where the day-book was kept, a neat, white-curtained affair, and asked if it were engaged, and if not could not brother Will sleep there? Of course he could, and there was no further trouble. She gave us a sumptuous breakfast—the nicest oatmeal porridge we ever ate, toast, eggs, wheat and rye bread and capital pancakes.

These were uncommonly nice people. The farmer had spent several years in Wisconsin, and had brought home American ideas of comfort. I have spoken before of their good furniture—mahogany tables, side-board and escritoire, and books and newspapers; there was also a cooking-stove in the kitchen—a sign of advanced civilization.

It was refreshing to see a woman who did not wear the inevitable kerchief over her head, which we had seen at all the Romsdal stations, but had her hair neatly arranged. She showed us some of the antique finery handed down from mother to daughter—embroidered belts and lappels, cloth jackets and white aprons. These picturesque costumes seem to be little worn in this part of the country. I remember no

churches in the Romsdal, and we never saw the peasants in their Sunday clothes, if they had any. Home-spun was the only wear.

It occurs to me to add a word about the best season for seeing the Romsdal. I should say as early in June as possible; for the streams and waterfalls are fuller then, and the mountains are so much finer with their peaks covered with snow, which melts later in the summer. To be sure, it would be easier to climb them when the snow had disappeared; but views gained from their summits would be less picturesque.

VIII.

OVER THE DOVREFJELD.

THURSDAY proved rainy. We started from Hol-
aker equipped in our mackintoshes and tweed
cloaks, and with Mr. Bennett's special invention, a
piece of oiled canvas, attached to the back of the trille,
drawn up around our necks to catch the streams from
our umbrellas. It poured all the way to Dombaas.
Well! this was what we had expected and provided
for; we had been fortunate to escape rain so long. We
had suffered from dust in the early stages of our jour-
ney, and that would trouble us no longer. We quoted
to each other the speech of a Parisian American, whom
we had met at Mr. Bennett's, who insisted on a cov-
ered carriage, not as a protection from the rain; oh,
no! "The rain is nothing, for we shall be covered
with caoutchouc from head to foot; but the sun upon
my head I *cannot* endure!" But the rain was cold,
and it trickled into our necks and about our feet, more
or less, and our arms got very tired holding up our
umbrellas. We dreaded a whole day of it, and besides
it seemed a pity to go over the Dovrefjeld in the rain.

We had time to rest and warm ourselves while
changing horses at Dombaas, and started on with re-
newed courage, the gentlemen walking up the long,
steep hill with which the ascent begins. We are back

again now on the mail route to Throndhjem, and the road is good, although so hilly. We climb all the way (seven miles) to the next station, Fokstuen, which is 3,150 feet above the sea; Dombaas is 2,000.

My childish impression of the Dovrefjeld was a long range of mountains, the boundary between Sweden and Norway, forming so to speak, the backbone of the country, and standing up, a bristling ridge, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." It is astonishing how these early and often fantastic impressions cling to one; I knew better, of course, from later study; yet the actual situation was a sort of surprise; and when I hear people speak of "the Dovrefjeld Mountains," I fancy their idea of the country may be not unlike my own, as it remained until corrected by experience. A Norwegian fjeld is not a chain of mountains, but an elevated plateau, from which a few lofty summits rise several thousand feet higher than the general level.

The Dovrefjeld lies a little above the sixty-second parallel of latitude, thus being but a little more than one-third of the distance from the southern extremity of the country to the northern. It divides the so-called Norden fjelder, from the Sonden fjelder (the northern from the southern fjelds). Norway reaches from the fifty-eighth to the seventy-first parallel of latitude. As the country grows narrower* towards the north, and less fertile—except for a little distance inland from the coast, where the climate is greatly softened by the Gulf Stream—the greater part of the population is in the southern division. The word "fjeld" is not translated by our "field" so nearly as by the Scotch "fell"; as the "fjord" is not by any means a "ford" but the Scotch "forth" or "frith."

Fokstuen is one of four "fjeldstuen," or literally mountain stoves, which are supported by the Government, and were established here in the early part of the twelfth century.

King Eistein, who reigned about A. D. 1120, is represented, in one of the old Sagas, as disputing with his brother, King Sigurd, the crusader, over their good deeds. Sigurd made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and achieved victories over Moorish pirates and other "Turks and infidels," but Eistein stayed at home, governed wisely, and improved his realm. Among other things, he says, "The road from Thron-djem goes over the Dovrefjeld, and people had to sleep out of doors, and the journey was severe; but I built inns, and supported them with money; and all travellers know that Eistein has been king in Norway." This is the origin of the fjeldstuen, which were, at first, mere places of refuge, like the Alpine huts amid the glaciers.

The station-keeper has a yearly provision, from which to pay the expenses of the station and keep the road open in winter. This must often be a serious undertaking. All along the Romsdal, we had seen the great snow-ploughs lying about at the stations; triangular frames of timber, which are drawn by horses and oxen, to break out the roads, after snow has fallen. Across the plateau we saw high poles along the wayside, which serve to guide the traveller in the winter, when the whole region is one unbroken surface of snow.

We reached this station about three o'clock, and ordered dinner of such things as they had, not expecting much. They took us to an upper room, where we

opened out our wet wraps to dry. When dinner was ready we were called down to the general guest-room. To the boiled fish, eggs, bread and butter, milk and coffee which they furnished, we added soup, prepared from Liebig's extract of beef (which we always carried with us), potted *pâté de foie gras* and biscuits, and made a comfortable meal. The station was rude and not over cleanly, but the beds seemed as comfortable as the average. The weather had cleared and it was quite mild, with no wind, so that instead of suffering from the cold, as we had feared at this elevation, nearly four thousand feet above sea level, we were glad to shed some of our thick wrappings. The road was good, the air bracing, and the scenery fine; and the only drawback to our pleasure was the presence of a heavy, dirty skyd, who persisted in standing on the side step of our trille, nearly upsetting us by his weight, and smoking a very disagreeable pipe. We did make him walk up the hills, sometimes, when both the gentlemen got off to spare the horses; but he seemed to wonder at their doing it. He was not ugly, only stupid; and I suppose it was hardly his fault that he was a grown man instead of a little boy.

From Fokstuen to Jerkinn is a double stage, nearly fourteen miles; and although the road is good and there are few hills, the skyd stopped us about half way and kept us waiting half an hour, to rest the horses.

We passed two lovely lakes, and little streams which rose from them; one, I think, flowing eastward into the large river Glommen, and the other following us all the way, to meet by and by another mountain stream and become the Driva, whose latter course, till it reaches the Tingvold fjord at Sundalsören, is

nearly as wild and beautiful as that of the Rauma. These upland lakes were situated in an almost level plain; neither mountains nor trees were reflected in their still surfaces; but I never saw water of such a deep, clear, sapphire blue. The mosses and lichens and rocks, which bordered our path, were of the richest colors; and the little stone bridges, by which we crossed the stream at intervals, were built of these curiously tinted rocks, and were studies for a painter. All the way, except at the very highest levels, where nothing but the white reindeer-moss could grow, we found the greatest variety of flowers. We counted nearly twenty kinds in a few miles. Ever since we began posting, we had been in ecstasies over the flowers. We found nearly all our common spring wild flowers—buttercups, dandelions, wild geraniums, harebells, violets, not only blue, but tricolor; fields purple with pansies, yellow with buttercups, white with ox-eyed daisies; the exquisite, little *Linnæa Borealis* trailing over moss-covered rocks and stumps, and several varieties of ferns. We gathered great handfuls of the beauties, and threw them away reluctantly as they faded; never ceasing to regret that we had neither facilities for pressing, nor time for painting them.

We reached Jerkinn, and wishing to go farther for the night, asked for horses to be furnished us at once. As the house is on a steep hill, the horses were taken out and the carriages left standing at the foot. Some of us remained here while the others went up to the house, curious to see the wood-carvings and paintings, executed by a son of the station-keeper, which are mentioned in Murray.

We were detained some time, as another party had

arrived shortly before us, and had the first claim for horses. Meanwhile, sitting in the carriage, we found ourselves in a swarm of mosquitoes, as we had stopped near swampy ground. I think it was the only time we saw them in Norway.

From Jerkinn onwards for about a mile the road is up hill; and from the highest point which we attain, 4,594 feet above sea level, we obtain a fine view of Sneehåttan, one of the highest mountains in Norway. Its summit is 7,714 feet above the sea, and it rises 3,500 feet from its base. Saddle horses may be hired at Jerkinn to the base of the mountains; but the remainder of the ascent must be performed on foot. The whole excursion occupies about twelve hours. There is a glacier on the summit which flows into a little lake, and the view is very extensive.* Another excursion may be made from Jerkinn to a saeter, which is like a Swiss chalet in the mountains, so says Mr. Bennett. He also says that this was formerly a very good station; but the house is old and not kept in proper repair. People have complained of the rain leaking in, and of general discomfort.

The greater part of the way to Kongsvold, seven miles from Jerkinn, was a steep descent, through magnificent scenery. Between the stations we pass the boundary of the diocese—there are only six in Norway. Jerkinn is in the Christiania-Stift. A bishopric must be no sinecure in this country.

* Sneehåttan was first ascended by Professor Esmark of Christiania, who estimated the height at eight thousand one hundred and fifteen English feet. He states that its immense mass is almost wholly composed of mica slate. Professor Forbes describes the ascent of this mountain, in his work on "Norway and Its Glaciers."

We reached Kongsvold about 10 P. M., and found a large, clean house, with the prettiest sitting-room we had seen, nicely furnished with sofas, rocking chairs and tables, white muslin curtains at the windows, and a stand of beautiful house plants—several kinds of geraniums, covered with great masses of blossoms—while a dish of ferns and wild-flowers adorned one of the tables.

The party who had anticipated us at Jerkinn had probably taken the best rooms here; for the only ones they showed us were two, with two beds in each, which were in another building, over the dairy. When we asked for more, they took us through the kitchen, and said that they would give up to us a little room adjoining, one of the family sleeping-rooms.

Miss M. and I took this, and the others occupied the quarters over the dairy. Passing through the kitchen, I noticed on the large cooking stove an immense kettle of something white, and supposing it to be gröd, I asked them to give us some for supper. It proved to be rice milk, very nicely made and flavored, with almonds and currants in it, and we all enjoyed it, eaten with sugar and cream. We had a charming open fire in the chimney place, but we were too tired to sit up long.

The pretty girl who showed us our room spoke a little English, to our surprise, saying, "I am sorry to give you so poor a room, but we have no other." I assured her that we should be very comfortable; but we had our doubts about it when we found how hot and stuffy the room was, having been open all day into the hot kitchen, and with no ventilation. The windows would not open, were not made to open; and

an accidental fracture in a pane had been carefully stuffed with rags. We pulled these out, but the aperture was very small.

"We must break it!" said Miss M.

"Let us ask them first; window glass may be a hard thing to procure here."

I opened the door, and tried to explain. Supposing the room was not sufficiently air tight, the woman brought fresh rags to stuff in. She was horrified when Miss M. made signs of smashing the window, and must have thought us crazy; but I found that I could work out the pieces of glass without breaking them, and I left them where they could be replaced, if the occupants of the room desired it.

Next morning we went into the dairy—a large room lined with shelves, on which stood wooden tubs of milk, covered with thick cream. A churn, with a dasher, had just been used, and pails of buttermilk stood by, and a great tub of sour milk, ready for the pigs; while in the next room they were scalding the milk for cheese, in great set-kettles. They were making several kinds of cheese—white or curd cheese, yellow, and brown; the last is said to be made of goats' milk; it is sweetened, and seemed to be mixed with fresh cream. I tasted some from a wooden trencher in which it was standing, and liked it better than when dry and pressed into blocks. It was very rich, and not bad if one fancies *sweet* cheese. I could not find out what gave it the brown color; perhaps brown sugar is mixed with it, though we saw no sugar in Norway that I remember, except the white, beet-root sugar in little, square blocks.

At this station they kept about thirty cows, which

were brought home at night and driven off to pasture in the morning, just as on our New England farms; they may have had more at saeters on the mountain pastures.

We saw no little children about, this morning; they ought to have been still in bed, for they were up and wide awake at eleven o'clock the night before; the kitchen was full of people and there must have been a supper in prospect of the rice milk we found so nice—"Reis gröd" they called it.

We drove on, a stage of ten miles, to Drivstuen, the last of the "Fjeldstuen," and a very comfortable station. The excellent road here was constructed in 1850 and 1851, and takes the place of an old road which, according to the German guide-book, "ging unaufhörlich bergauf und bergab," and, as Mr. Bennett says, went over the Vaarsti, "a most tremendous hill, as steep as the roof of a house." We pass in sight of the old road over the hill, and confess that his comparison is not exaggerated; though house-roofs, as everybody knows, have varying degrees of steepness. "It was as dangerous as it was difficult," adds Nielsen, "especially in winter, when avalanches were of frequent occurrence. When King Christian V. travelled this route, in 1685, he was the only one who ventured to ride; while his whole suite got down from their horses. When his son, Frederick IV., in 1704, passed over the Vaarsti, he did not venture to remain in his cariole, but traversed the whole way on foot. Since then, Christian VI., in 1733, Frederick the Sixth (as crown prince), in 1788, and Carl Johann, in 1815, have passed this way." What a pity he does not tell us how *they* behaved!

From Drivstuen to Rise, a distance of eight miles, the road follows the river, and the scenery continues to be very fine. We got out to examine a singular gorge, through which the stream rushes, lashing itself into a white fury against the brown boulders which oppose its passage. The rocks come so nearly together in one place that "a person can hop across" the chasm, says Mr. Bennett; "but the water is of immense depth." The gentlemen examined it closely, but decided that the rocks were too slippery to make the attempt a safe thing, taking into consideration, also, the depth beneath, with its rocky walls. The sides of the gorge curve inward, as if worn away by the gradual action of water foaming and dashing against them; and the whole thing is extremely picturesque—finer even than the Sondre Slettefossen, we decided. It is called "Maaga laupe"—leap of the stomach; certainly an extraordinary name. The old road passed the Drivstukkleve, a succession of steep hills, up and down, for about three miles, which the new road happily avoids. If these roads were only more effectually protected by a stone parapet, or even a wooden railing, instead of the stone posts at varying distances, one could ask nothing better.

Rise was not so nice a station as the two preceding ones ("quarters not of the best, but civil people," says Bennett). They had no meat or fish, but gave us a lunch of bread and butter, milk, eggs, and pancakes. We should have done better to start earlier from Kongsvold, and go on for dinner to Aune, about seven miles beyond Rise. This is in the broad, fertile valley of Opdal. The Driva turns off here for its destination in the fjord, and a road follows it to Sun-

dalsören, about forty miles, whence one may go by boat to Christiansund.

The house at Aune (or Ovne) is large and comfortable, painted white, with a porch in front, seated in which, by a little table, several travellers were drinking beer—a spectacle which reminded us of Germany, for it is rare to see people partaking of refreshments out of doors, so far north. For the benefit of tall people, seeking a comfortable place to spend the night, Mr. Bennett suggests that the beds here are the longest on the whole road. That is not much to say, as we had found by sad experience. We did not try these, for we had many miles yet to drive; but we went in to see the stock of carved wood, boxes, spoons, etc., of which there is a fine assortment. Some of the articles were very nicely carved, but the prices seemed high, and we bought little. We found afterwards that they were moderate compared with prices at Throndhjem and Bergen, and regretted our fit of economy.

This was Friday. We were anxious to reach Throndhjem the next day, taking the train from Stören in the afternoon. To do this comfortably, we had decided that we must get as far as Bjerkager for the night, about twenty miles beyond Aune.

Near Aune is the church of Opdal, and the pastor's house, and there was a number of houses in the vicinity. The region lies about sixteen hundred feet above sea level, and is very pleasant. Good ptarmigan shooting may be found in the neighborhood.

The next station, Stuen, is described as "a new house, with excellent accommodation, good food and white bread, but very dear." The situation is very pretty; but the rooms were small, and the place was

not very clean. This is about eight miles from Aune. Austbjorg, seven miles farther, is a poor station. So says Bennett, and I am unable to report a favorable impression. From this place to Bjerkager, much of the new road has been blasted through the rock, and winds along the precipitous sides of the Orkedal, often six or seven hundred feet above the river. A cross, cut in the rock, marks the place where one of the workmen engaged in the construction of the road, in 1858, lost his footing and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The scenery all along this valley is magnificent, and reminded us a little of the gorge of Rusten, as we were passing through it at the same bewitching time of clear, soft twilight. It was nearly 11 P. M. when we reached Bjerkager, described by Bennett as "a very fair station, civil people, and cheap."

The house was an old one, and impressed us as being very dirty, as we drove through the stable yard and got down at the entrance. We were very tired and ravenously hungry, and ready to put up with almost anything. But they were full. The guest-room was occupied; the beds all engaged. We could have "spise, strax"; but we must go on to the next station for the night.

They gave us a little room to ourselves, and got us tea and bread and butter; but kept us waiting some time, both for that and the horses. We drove on to Garlid, through lovely scenery; forests of pine and birch, and along the sides of the mountains, whence we looked down on wooded slopes and fertile fields. The air grew a little damp, with a greater chilliness than we had experienced; perhaps we felt it more from being so tired and sleepy. It was really a painful effort

to keep awake. We passed several wagons loaded with furniture and beds; the horses were unfastened, and resting by the wayside; the people sleeping. They seemed a little like gypsies; but may have been only moving from one place to another, perhaps going to the seaboard to emigrate to America. This lovely twilight reminded us of the passage in the prophecy of Isaiah: "The light shall be neither clear nor dark; but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light," and one thought of Montgomery's hymn. There cannot be a lovelier image of a peaceful old age—resting after the brightness of "Life's little day" is over, waiting for the clearer light beyond—than these exquisite northern twilights.

Garlid is about eight miles beyond Bjerkager, and we arrived there between 12 and 1 A. M. The house stands back from the road, at the summit of a grassy slope, and commands a pretty view of the valley. Everything was still as death. This was the first place, since Toftemoen, where we had found people asleep. We roused them soon; a man took charge of the horses; a woman gave us rooms, and made up our beds with clean linen. There were two houses; the one where the family lived and the cooking was done being quite separate from that intended for guests. There were five rooms, upstairs, three containing two beds each; but you went through one to another (an arrangement always disagreeable), and one of them was already occupied. Here, as at Holaker, Will experienced the inconvenience of being the *single* gentleman of the party.

He was resigned to the allotment of a little room, through which John and Jennie must pass, and the

gentleman who had already retired, but found difficulty in persuading the landlady to prepare his bed. She had made up those in the three double rooms; we were six; there were six beds; why could we not be suited? She came to Miss M. and delivered a long harangue, of which we only made out the general purport. Why could not her "mand" sleep in that unoccupied bed? I have no doubt she found us very unreasonable; but she yielded to Will's importunity at last, and made up his bed in the little thoroughfare.

We slept late next morning to make up for our long journey, as we had only fifteen miles to accomplish to reach the railway at Stören. While breakfasting in the pleasant guest-room, on excellent gröd, eggs, coffee and cream, we amused ourselves with looking over the "Dag-bog," in which a recent passer, a Frenchman, had entered a complaint of the dusty road between Garlid and Engen. Did he expect the station-keeper to send a water-cart over it in advance of his cariole?

But we remembered his grievance in traversing the road; for we suffered more from dust and heat than we had since our first two days of posting.

We were out in the hottest part of the day, starting at noon, and stopping only to change horses at Praesthus (which Bennett calls "small but clean station," but we found it very dirty), we pushed on to Engen, the southern terminus of the Throndhjem & Stören Railway, arriving about 3 P. M.

The station-house, or hotel as it is here called, is quite near the railway station, and after we had removed our baggage, the carriages were taken there,

to be put on board the train. The house seemed noisy and dirty. We ordered dinner and a room where some of us could rest; others went out for a walk, and climbed up a hill by the wayside into a little hanging wood which overlooked the village. Our dinner was a disappointment; we had tough beef warmed over in greasy gravy, and the pancakes were also tough. Afterwards we sat outside the windows, in the shade of the house, and listened to the drollest conversation I ever heard, between a stout Norsk gentleman, equipped as a sportsman, and a friend he had encountered here. I would not have believed that a conversation of which we understood not a word could be so amusing; but the stout gentleman was a stammerer, and of all funny things, stammering in Norsk seemed the funniest. He was so jolly about it, withal, not seeming to mind his impediment in the least, that we had no scruples in deriving silent amusement from it.

The train left for Throndhjem at 7 P. M. When we gathered up our traps to go over to the station, a parcel of umbrellas was missing. No one could remember taking it from the carriage, the people at the house knew nothing about it, and we could not look in the trille, for that and the gig were neatly packed on the platform car, and covered with canvas to protect them from dust or rain. We hoped to find the umbrellas all right, on reaching Throndhjem; but they never turned up, and we could not decide whether they had been appropriated at the hotel or taken from the carriage at the station. This package of umbrellas was the only thing we lost, in all our travels in Norway.

We were two hours and a half running the thirty miles between Stören and Throndhjem, including four stops by the way. The scenery was pretty and the cars comfortable; but we found this slow rate of progress very tiresome. As we got near the sea-board the season seemed more advanced; people were cutting grass, and peas and strawberries were in blossom.

We arrived about 9.35 P. M., and were surprised to find no hotel omnibuses, no cabs, no horses to draw them; only porters, with hand carts for luggage. We engaged one of these, and started for Hotel Britannia (recommended by Bennett and our friends in Florence), in spite of the friendly warning of a gentleman in the garb of an English clergyman—who was himself stopping there, and had walked to the station to meet friends, who did not arrive—that we should find no vacant rooms. We wished to try, at least, and the clergyman was so kind as to escort us; though he would have been superhuman if he had not appeared pleased when his warning proved correct. Where should we try next—at the Hotel d'Angleterre, the Bellevue, Victoria or St. Olaf? "The two latter are remarkably comfortable," says Bennett; "but the St. Olaf is small." That settled the question in favor of the Victoria, and we turned to the rightabout and retraced our steps down the long main street of Throndhjem.

It seemed odd to be wandering about the streets of a strange city, on foot, after ten o'clock at night, yet in broad daylight; so that we could not realize the lateness of the hour; and the oddest thing was that everything was so quiet. At Hotel Victoria we

fortunately found rooms and our wanderings ceased. Some of the luggage had been left in the trille, and the gentlemen, guided by a little boy from the hotel, started for the station to procure it, or have both vehicles brought to the house. They came back, after awhile, themselves dragging the trille (the gig had been locked up in the yard of the freight department, but the trille happened to be outside), which they ventured to bring away, in spite of the remonstrances of the keeper, who had no authority to give the carriages up before Monday, and threatened the owners with legal proceedings for taking off their own property.

IX.

THRONDHJEM.

WE slept late, Sunday morning, and breakfasted about eleven o'clock; all but Will, who possessed unlimited capacities for sleep, and could always make up for lost time. He did not make his appearance until dinner, which was served at 2 P. M. Here we met the pleasant Irish major and his wife, with their young lady friend, who had arrived early that morning on the steamer from Molde—the same steamer on which we were all going northward in a couple of days. The Cornell student, they said, had found quarters at the "St. Olaf's." Here also appeared their friend Dr. S—, the English clergyman whom we had encountered at the station the evening before. He had transferred his quarters from the Britannia, and informed us after dinner that the Victoria had a far better table.

Our kind hostess, Mme. Quillfeldt, was unwearied in her exertions for the comfort of her guests; now superintending the preparations in the kitchen, then carving the meats at a side table, and assisting her maidens in waiting upon the guests; while her stout husband sat at the head of the table, and was served, with the rest. "I should like to put an apron on him and set him carving," murmured Miss. M. But this is

the Norway fashion; more in the style of Abraham and Sarah, who “obeyed Abraham, calling him lord,” than could be found in any other Christian country in Europe.

Herr Quillfeldt had a wholesale and retail wine business on his hands, and wisely left the management of the hotel to his delicate-looking but energetic wife.

We had an excellent dinner—the fare seemed sumptuous after our milk-and-eggs and flad-bröd diet, crossing the Dovrefjeld—boiled salmon, boiled ham, roast beef and lamb, vegetables, nice wheat bread, delicate puddings and pastry, good wine and beer. There were several Norwegian gentlemen at table; among others, our stammering acquaintance from Stören. When the ladies retired, all the gentlemen rose and bowed. Coffee was served, afterward, in Mme. Quillfeldt’s little parlor, or sent to our rooms, if we preferred. She had a piano and books, and the large windows were filled with blooming house plants, in greater variety than we had yet seen. Altogether, the Victoria was a very cosey, comfortable place, and we felt thankful that the Britannia had been full.

In the interval between our late breakfast and early dinner, we had been writing our usual Sunday letters to friends at home, while John had taken a stroll about the town, and attempted to visit the cathedral; but he was not allowed to enter, as it was only open for service on Sunday.

We went to the afternoon service, which was held in a part of the building as yet unrestored, separated by a wooden partition from the octagonal shrine. The stone walls had been whitewashed, and there were

wooden pews, painted blue, and a high organ loft, with seats for the choir and additional pews, in a large gallery. Behind the preacher was a plaster cast of Thorwaldsen's "Christ," and figures of the apostles, by a Norwegian artist, were ranged along the walls. These statues are the work of an artist little known out of Norway—Hans Michaelsen; and were executed by him, by order of King Carl Johan, who presented them to the cathedral. He was born in 1789, in a remote village, in the province of Throndhjem. His talents in wood carving procured him the means of obtaining instruction in modelling, at Stockholm, and his progress indicated uncommon ability. In 1820 he was sent to study under Thorwaldsen, at Rome. Here he executed several important works, among others the statues of the twelve apostles. In spite of his high reputation, he was unable to support himself as an artist; and, after many trials, he retired, discouraged and infirm, to his peasant's home and life. After the lapse of many years an attempt was made, by means of a national subscription, to rescue him from this half-existence; a series of orders were secured for him, and a position free from care. He produced a number of works; but his strength was gone, and they were not equal in merit to his earlier productions. He died in Christiania, in 1859.

After service we strolled through the pretty church-yard, as many others were doing, and were touched by the loving remembrance shown in the fresh garlands on the graves. Later in the day, my brother saw here the funeral of a sailor. The soft singing of a choir in the belfry tower was a part of the service, reminding us of the story of Thorwaldsen's funeral.

We visited the cathedral on Monday (it is open between the hours of 12 and 2 P. M.), and were much interested in the traces of the old building, and in the modern work of restoration. Here stood the little wooden Church of St. Clement (now the Chapel of St. Clement occupies the site), built by King Olaf himself before A. D. 1030; and afterward another wooden church was erected near it, by his son Magnus, on the spot where St. Olaf was buried, after the fatal battle of Stiklestad, the place having been revealed, according to the legend, by a spring bursting from the spot. More prosaic historians say that the king's body was thrown into a well, already existing. (However that may be, the well is there, for we saw it ourselves.) Harald Hardrada, who was half-brother of the saint and successor to Magnus, built, or began to build, a larger church, of stone, upon the same site. Of this church, only a few remains can be traced. It was rebuilt and enlarged by Bishop Eistein (made archbishop of Throndhjem by Nicholas Breakspear, 1161-1188), and became the Metropolitan church of Norway.

Archbishop Sigurd, in 1248, undertook the building of the western wing, which was finished in 1300. At this time, we are told, the building was three hundred and forty-six feet long by one hundred and eighty-four wide; the west front, with a chapel at each corner, had a width of one hundred and fifty feet, there were numerous flying buttresses and pinnacles, and five towers, each with a spire, the central one rising to a height of two hundred and fifty feet.

The cathedral is built of the soft, gray stone found on the fjelds; a material easily worked and of a lovely color, but very liable to injury by fire. Soon after its

completion it suffered to some extent by fire, but was probably soon repaired. After a second conflagration, in 1432, the church was not fully restored; and a third, in 1531, injured it still further. Later, in 1718 and 1719, it suffered from destructive fires. After the Reformation and the confiscation of Church property, there was less interest in the work of restoration and less ability to carry it forward; and it is easy to understand how the cathedral came into its present ruinous state.

That part of the transept built by Eistein is in pure Norman style; but the eastern part, built by his successors, belongs to a later period of Gothic architecture. Most of the latter was destroyed by the alterations in the sixteenth century, with the exception of the octagonal tomb-house, or shrine of St. Olaf, in beautiful pointed Gothic, which is now nearly restored. It rises in two divisions, covered by a dome-like roof, with an open belfry above, and is separated from the choir by a screen of columns supporting arches.

Under this dome stood formerly the high altar and a richly adorned silver shrine, containing the remains of the saint. The body was enclosed in three coffins, the inner one of silver being enclosed in two wooden ones, the outer set with gold and silver ornaments and precious stones. Pilgrims from all parts of Europe came to the shrine of St. Olaf, and churches were erected under his patronage, even in Constantinople. There were two in London, and a street named after him, now contracted to Tooley Street.

The church in Constantinople was dedicated to St. Olaf by the Varangian Guard, who had won a battle by his assistance, and thus fulfilled a vow to him.

Adam of Bremen, who visited Throndhjem in the

eleventh century, says, “Miracles are daily worked at his tomb, and the most distant nations flock to his shrine to participate in the merits of that blessed saint.”

Snorre Sturleson relates many incidents of miraculous cures at the shrine of St. Olaf, and in answer to appeals for his aid, even in distant places. People whose tongues had been cut out in the brutal reprisals of war, or by despotic masters, received speech; cripples were restored to the use of their limbs, and many blind received sight. One of the latter, a woman, came on a pilgrimage from Sweden to the shrine in Throndhjem, and was led into the church on St. Olaf's day to hear mass. Before the service was ended she saw with both eyes, and returned home with great joy, praising God and King Olaf, the saint.

After the Reformation the shrine was plundered by Danish Lutherans, in 1541, who left the body in the plainest coffin, carrying off the silver one, weighing over three thousand ounces, and the ornaments of gold and jewels. Whether or not the saint defended his property, it is gratifying to learn that the ship, carrying the greater part of the plunder, foundered at sea, and the rest was seized by robbers on its overland journey. The body was again captured by Swedes and carried into their country, but restored in 1568 and buried in the cathedral.

In a little tower close by we were shown the holy well where St. Olaf was first buried. It is designed to have a marble statue of Thorwaldsen's “Christ” in the place where the high altar formerly stood.

The transept and part of the choir, where service is performed, are shut off by a temporary wall from the

rest of the building, and as one wanders about through the different parts of the cathedral, it is difficult to form an idea of the appearance of the whole as it will be when thrown into one. The south wing is partly in ruins, but both here and in the north wing there are interesting chapels, of pure Norman architecture, with the zigzag ornamentation one sees at Durham and Winchester. A beautiful round arch, forming the entrance to one of these chapels, was discovered in 1847.

The west wing, with its two towers, lies in ruins. There was formerly over the entrance in the western façade a great rose window, which has now wholly disappeared. Of the numerous images of the saints which adorned this entrance only two or three remain. Under a trefoil arch, supported by grouped columns, stands the figure of an aged bishop, crowned with the mitre, and leaning on a staff, which we fancied might be either Eistein or Sigurd. Some of the capitals are clustered heads, too ruinous to allow one to decide whether they are meant for angels or demons; and now and then a quaint figure projects from a railing.

Among other monumental tablets we noticed that of Bishop Pontoppidan, a famous grammarian, and ancestor of a more famous naturalist, the Bishop of Bergen, a century later. Born on the island of Funen, in 1616, he died bishop of Throndhjem in 1678. His book, "Grammatica Danica," published in 1668, is the first attempt at a scientific analysis of the language, already much changed from the old Norsk as it is preserved in the Icelandic sagas.

The Chapel of St. Clement, to the north of the choir, has been fully restored, from funds left many

years ago by a citizen, after whom it is now called. It is heated by a furnace and used for service in winter. The octagon is nearly completed, and the work of restoration is going on with considerable energy. The sum of one hundred thousand specie dollars has already been collected, and all visitors are expected to contribute by purchasing photographs of the cathedral.

Several of the old kings were buried in this enclosure, and four kings were crowned here during the middle ages. The laws enacted in 1814 (when the new constitution was adopted) provide that the coronation of the king shall take place at Throndhjem; King Carl Johan in 1818, Carl XV. in 1860, and Oscar II. in 1873 have accordingly been crowned here. I cannot ascertain the precise time when the name of the town was changed from Nidaros to Throndhjem; but the etymology (Throne home) indicates that it was about the time it became a royal city. Olaf Tryggvesson is called its founder. He selected the site with wisdom, as a safe harbor and depot for grain, and a favorable place for ship-building. Olaf was famous for his ships, the Long Serpent being the largest and finest ever seen in the North. His palace was less wonderful—a great building of squared timbers, without the large windows which make the old timber houses so cheerful to-day, and with no chimney, but a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape from. Chimneys and glass windows were not introduced in Norway until seventy years later.

Carlyle, following the *Edda* of Snorre Sturleson, gives a graphic sketch of Olaf's early life, from his birth, while his mother was flying through track-

less forests, to escape the murderers of her husband (Tryggve, grandson of Harald Harfager); his viking life in strange countries—Russia, Normandy, England; his conversion and baptism by a pious monk in the Scilly Islands; his exploits with Sven in England, breaking down London Bridge; his victorious struggle for his kingdom, and earnest efforts to convert it to Christianity (“in about two years Norway was all gone over with a rough harrow of conversion”); his short reign—less than ten years; his glorious death, sinking beneath his shield in the dark waters of the Baltic—“a shining figure still, to us; the wildly beautifulst man, in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the North.”*

Snorre Sturleson’s description of the king, in the Saga of Olaf Tryggveson, thus depicts his agility: “He was stronger, more alert and nimbler than any man of his time. He could climb the rock Smalserhorn and fix his shield on top of it.” (“Smalserhorn” may be Romsdalshorn or the cliff Hornelen, north of Bergen, two thousand eight hundred Norsk feet in height, sheer descent to the sea; probably the latter.) “He could walk outside the boat on the oars when the men were rowing. He would play with three darts at once, and always keep two up. He was ambidexter, using his weapon with both hands, and could throw two darts at once. He excelled all his men in shooting with the bow, and in swimming had no equal.” His proficiency in this last accomplishment led to the belief that he was not really drowned when he sank in the Baltic, but was wandering over

* “Early Kings of Norway.”

Europe in disguise and would by and by reappear in Norway and come to his own again.

St. Olaf was as remarkable a man as his cousin and predecessor, Olaf Tryggveson. Like him, he was the son of a murdered father, and was brought up in seclusion by his step-father, Sigurd. He started at the age of twelve, with a little fleet, on his viking career; visited Normandy and England, and there probably acquired his intense adherence to the Christian faith. He returned to Norway about 1015, and, after a few years of struggle, established his kingdom. Then came a second royal progress, and forced convulsions not a few. St. Olaf's "harrow" was rougher than Tryggveson's. Of his sincerity there can be no doubt; but as little doubt that his methods of conversion were barbarous. It seems probable that the impartial severity with which he enforced his laws, punishing equally both great and small, was one of the chief causes of rebellion. The Danish king, Knut the Great, who claimed Norway, and demanded tribute of Olaf, which was scornfully refused, stirred up rebellion among the people, sailing along the coast and holding "Things" among them, and finally, returning to England, left his nephew Hakon vice-regent. Flying from Hakon's forces, after defeat and desertion by his people, Olaf took refuge in Sweden, and then in Russia whence he returned two years later, after the death of Hakon. He was influenced by a dream, in which Olaf Tryggveson appeared to admonish and encourage him. "He had no sooner appeared than multitudes flocked to his standard; but he rejected all who did not comply with the one condition of service—the reception of baptism. The helmets and shields of all who

fought on his side were distinguished by a white cross, and the battle-cry was to be ‘Forward! Christ’s men! Crossmen! Kingsmen!’”*

With this army, of about three thousand men, he fought the fatal battle of Stiklestad.†

When the army was drawn up in fighting order, and after religious services had been observed and heroic skalds sung by Olaf’s troops, there was still some delay while the Bonders were arranging their forces, and the king, resting his head on the knee of Finn Arveson, his trustiest man, fell asleep. As the enemy approached, Finn awaked him. “Oh, why hast thou awakened me from such a dream?” said Olaf, in a deeply solemn tone. “I dreamed that there rose a ladder here, reaching up to very heaven. I had climbed and climbed, and got to the very last step, and shouldst have entered there, hadst thou given me another moment.” “King, I doubt thou art fey,’ said Finn. “I do not like that dream.”

The date of this battle is fixed by a total eclipse of the sun, which is recorded as taking place shortly after it began; Olaf’s death occurring during the period of obscuration. The Saxon Chronicle fixes it at July 29, 1030.

Snorre Sturleson insinuates that St. Olaf’s only title to sanctity was that “he was slain by his own subjects in his own kingdom.” To fall in battle in one’s own dominions was the favorite wish of the old pagan kings of the North. A prince or chief who

* Maclear, “Apostles of Mediæval Europe.”

† Stiklestad is not far from Steen Kjaer, on the Throndhjem Fjord. A cross marks the spot where Olaf fell, and there is an ancient stone church.

fell on his own estates was called "heilagr," or holy; if he fell elsewhere, "unheilagr," or unholy. Harald Hardrada, who was killed at the battle of Stamford Bridge, "could not be called holy," says Snorre, "because he fell while in the act of invading a foreign country."

Perhaps Olaf did more for Christianity by his death than by his life. No sooner was his saintship established (by the remarkable preservation of his remains, found unchanged in 1098, and miracles attributed to him) than his cruelties were forgotten; and such was the reverence paid him as a hero and martyr, that he might almost be said to have filled the place of the ancient idols in the affections of the nation.

Sven, the son of Knut, governed Norway so despotically that the Bonders sent to the Russian court for Magnus, the son of Olaf, and welcomed him as sovereign. Magnus is the first of the name among the Norse kings, and the story of his christening is peculiar. He was the son of a serving-maid at Olaf's court (Queen Astrida had no sons), and at the time of his birth he seemed so puny and feeble that it was thought needful to baptize him at once. The king was asleep, and no one dared to waken him; so Sigvat, the skald, poured water over the babe and called him Magnus, after Charlemagne. The Norsemen believed that by giving a child the name of some great man, especially one of his forefathers, the soul of the name-father was transfused into the child.

When Magnus returned he was accompanied by Queen Astrida, as well as his own mother; and both were treated with honor at his court, though Alfhilda held a subordinate place.

He was called Magnus the Good, and in his reign the law book was written, called the "Gray Goose" (probably from the color of the parchment on which it was written), one of the most curious relics of the middle ages. It treats of weights and measures, police of markets and sea havens, inns for travellers, wages of servants and support of them in sickness, provision for the poor, protection of women, illegitimate children and domestic animals from injury, roads, bridges, vagrants, beggars, etc.

After a reign of twelve years, Magnus was followed by his uncle Harald Hardrada, half-brother to St. Olaf, who had fought at the battle of Stiklestad and been wounded at the age of fifteen, and had gone back to King Yaroslaf in Russia. St. Olaf and the Russian king had married sisters, Astrida and Ingegerda, daughters of Swedish Olaf.

Harald is another striking figure among the early kings. From Yaroslaf's court, at Novgorod, he went to Constantinople, became captain of the Varangian Guard of Norsemen, not long established there (having been sent by Yaroslaf's father, Vladimir the Great, to the Greek emperor, with the advice to keep them occupied), visited the Holy Land, undertook expeditions against Moorish pirates in the Mediterranean, and after other romantic adventures returned to the Russian court, married the Princess Elisif (or Elizabeth), and made his way to Norway with much booty, which he shared with Magnus, when he found the latter disposed to yield him, peaceably, half of the kingdom.

His death at the battle of Stamford Bridge, by an arrow wound in the throat, deprived Norway of a good sovereign; though his discipline of refractory Bonders,

as well as his treatment of enemies, had earned him the title of "Hardrada," the stern or severe. Snorre says his disposition was like St. Olaf's; "both were men of the highest understanding, bold in arms and greedy of power and property; of great courage, but not acquainted with the way of winning the favor of the people; zealous in governing and severe in their revenge."

He was heroic in aspect; over seven feet in height (Snorre calls him five ells, whence Pontoppidan reckons it ten feet; but the old ell was less than the present); "a handsome man of noble appearance; his hair and beard yellow; a short beard and long moustaches, one eyebrow somewhat higher than the other; stern and severe to his enemies, avenging cruelly all oppositions and misdeeds." His skald, Thiodolf sings—

"Severe alike to friends or foes
Who dared his royal will oppose;
Severe in discipline to hold
His men at arms, wild and bold;
Severe the Bonders to repress,
Severe to punish all excess;
Severe was Harald—but we call
That just, which was alike to all."

"What will you give Harald?" said Tostig, when his brother offered to share the kingdom with him, before the battle, of fatal event to both the allies.

"Seven feet of English earth, more or less, as he may be taller than other men," was the reply.

In the disastrous confusion and flight which followed Harald's death his soldiers could not recover the body, and he lies to this day in his unmarked English grave.

On the south side of the cathedral are some remains of the old palace, now occupied as a military and naval

arsenal, where one may see the throne of these old kings. Harald Hardrada's son, Olaf Kyrre, founded the city of Bergen and built a palace there, which was the royal residence for many years.

At present the Stiftsgaard, or residence of the Stiftsamtmand (magistrate of the bishopric), serves as a royal palace on the rare occasions when the king visits Throndhjem. It is an immense wooden building with wings, built by a private citizen in the last century, and purchased by the Government. This is on the corner of the Dronningensgade (Queen Street) and the Munkegade (Monk Street), a broad avenue running from the cathedral to the shore, its course varied by several large, open squares and intersected by other wide streets. The Kongensgade (King Street) runs from end to end of the city, and with the Munkegade divides it like a cross. Parallel to this is the Dronningensgade (upon which our hotel is situated), and beyond is the Strandgade, where we find the principal shops. Nearer yet to the shore lies the Sögade, or Sea Street (Water Street, we should call it), with warehouses and fishy old buildings. Near the custom-house is supposed to be the spot where the ancient "Things" were held; where kings were proposed, elected and proclaimed. In early years this was all the coronation required; but after Throndhjem became the metropolitan see the kings were often crowned in the cathedral.

Lying in the mouth of the river Nid, the town is nearly surrounded by water. The roadstead is not considered very safe, as it is unprotected to the north and west; and the river is too shallow to admit vessels drawing more than ten or twelve feet of water.

Throndhjem is a picturesque and cheerful city, with its white houses and red roofs; the houses rarely over two stories in height, and fronting directly on the street, which the wide windows, filled with flowers, tend to enliven. The pavements, I am sorry to say, are a weariness to the flesh, laid in round cobble-stones with a very narrow edge of flagging by way of sidewalk. The old monks, if they had a pavement like this, needed no peas in their shoes. It reminded us of the Piazza di Spagna in Rome.

Horses are seldom seen, and passers are not numerous. There was a quiet, sleepy air about the place, very different from Christiania.

The public buildings are neither numerous nor striking. There is a cathedral school; and in the same building are the rooms of the Royal Norwegian Society of Learning, founded in 1760. It dates from a time when three great scholars were living in Throndhjem: Schöning, author of several works on Norwegian history and archæology; the Danish historian, Suhm, and Bishop Gunnerus, famous for his researches in natural history. The library of the society, containing about thirty thousand volumes, is open to the public, as are also the collections, some of which, the antiquarian and the zoölogical, are said to be quite interesting. Near the cathedral is the institution founded by Thomas Angell, called the Angell-stuben.

In the middle ages there were fourteen churches in Throndhjem, besides the cathedral and five monasteries, three of them at a little distance from the city. The present Frue-kirke, next in size to the cathedral, retains the walls of one of these old churches, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, perhaps the one

built by Harald Hardrada. Remains of a church and abbey, which belonged to the Benedictines, founded by Knut the Great, may still be seen on the rocky island, then called Nidarholm, now the Munkholm.

There, in the seventeenth century, a fortress was built out of the ruins of the monastery. This was employed as a residence for prisoners of State, and Count Peter von Griffenfeld was confined here for eighteen years. He was cabinet minister of Christian IV., and is said to have been one of the ablest politicians of Europe; but he gained the king's enmity by persisting in measures for peace, when the king desired war. He was accused of treason and condemned to death, but at the last moment the sentence was commuted to that of imprisonment for life. "This mercy is more cruel than death," he exclaimed, upon hearing the change of sentence. The walls of his cell were covered with inscriptions, written with an iron nail; and he is said to have worn a deep channel in the floor by pacing up and down; but new planks have been substituted for the old ones. He lived but a few months after his release.

The best views of the city are from the walls of the former fortress, Christianstein, on the east side, not far from the bridge, and from the old road over the hills, on the west side. Near the latter place the foundations of an old tower were discovered, during excavations made in 1873, called "Sverresborg," and dating from the twelfth century. Ruins of a nunnery, founded about 1230, are shown near the city, and remains of the old monastery of Tuterö, on a little island in the fjord, about a mile to the north of Throndhjem.

A quarter of a mile east of the city is Lade, where the great Jarl Hakon had his castle, and ruled over all the western coast of Norway, while Olaf Tryggveson was in exile.

This old heathen was the son of Sigurd Jarl (brother-in-law to Harald Harfager, being uncle of Hakon Adelstein), who had been entrusted with the government of the province of Throndhjem or Thrandia, after Harald had subjugated the eight chieftains in as many battles. Sigurd stood by King Hakon with real though somewhat crafty friendship; persuading him to moderate measures in his attempts at conversion, and allaying the anger of the people, who had burned Hakon's churches and killed the Anglo-Saxon priests. After Hakon's death in battle, Sigurd was murdered by the sons of Erik Bloodaxe; and his son, Hakon Jarl, had many a bloody conflict with their forces, before he was allowed to reign in peace over his father's territories. After Harald Grayskin's death and his brother's flight, Hakon was invested by the Danish king with the government of seven provinces, and assisted him with his forces, in war. At one time he was compelled, with his men, to be baptized, and to receive a company of priests on board his ships as missionaries. But he watched his chance to escape, set the monks on shore, and steered to Gothland, where he landed and offered sacrifices to the gods. Returning to Sweden he burned his ships and made his way home across country, laying everything waste before him. This ended his friendship with the Danish Harald; and his son Sweyn attacked Hakon with a fleet, but was entirely routed; those who escaped the sword perishing in the waves. Hakon's success was attributed to

his having sacrificed his youngest son to the family goddess, Thorgerda Horgabrud, whom he consulted during the battle, and who would promise victory on no other terms.

He rebuilt the pagan temples, renewed the sacrifices, and restored the old superstitions. Under his reign the country was blessed with peace and plenty for a time, and this was ascribed to the favor of the appeased deities; but, after a few years, his unbridled excesses became too outrageous to be borne, and the people rose against the tyrant, and welcomed back Olaf Tryggveson as a deliverer. Hakon had fled from his enemies, and was concealed by his old mistress, Thora, with one of his servants, Karker, in a hole under the swine sty, covered with earth and litter, where he was murdered by this servant, who hoped to receive a reward from King Olaf when he brought him the head of his enemy; but he lost his own in just recompense.*

In reading the old sagas, one is constantly reminded of old Jewish history; here of David's reception of the messenger of Saul's death; by Hakon's sacrifice, of the king of Moab who offered his eldest son for a burnt offering upon the wall; and the one who built Jericho, "laying the foundation in his eldest son, Abiram and setting up the gates thereof, in his youngest son Segub."

Civilization among heathen is much the same in all ages and nations; and the Christian heroes of the North

* Oehlenschläger, the leader of the romantic school in the North, and the first to avail himself of the rich materials in the old sagas and ballads, has made Hakon Jarl the subject of one of his finest historic dramas, extracts from which may be found in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe," and Howitt's "Literature and Romance of Northern Europe."

were not greatly in advance of King David and his mighty men of war.

Human sacrifices were common, though not frequent. At the great national festival at Upsala, every ninth year, ninety-nine human victims were offered. Captives and slaves were usually selected; but in times of imminent danger and distress, fathers sacrificed their children, kings their subjects. Sometimes a chief himself was slain, as when Olaf Traetelia, in Wermeland, was burned, to appease Odin, during a famine. Aun or On, a prince of Sweden, is said to have sacrificed nine of his sons, at different periods, to obtain extreme old age. These practices continued as late as the eleventh century, until the establishment of Christianity. One can almost forgive the strenuous measures of the Olafs and Swedish Erik.

We found some very attractive shops in Thron-dhjem; especially Brun's establishment, where we saw beautiful skins of all sorts, eider-feather rugs, reindeer mats, feather capes, superb sealskins, Russian sables, otter, silver fox, glutton, and squirrel and ermine linings. In another shop we found a variety of pretty silver work; though we saw a better assortment afterward in Bergen. The silver filigree ornaments are as neatly executed as the Genoese, though with less variety of design. They are more substantial, and do not tarnish so readily. I noticed gold thimbles, with tops of amethyst and cornelian; something I had not seen elsewhere, though they may not be of Norwegian manufacture. Passing a shop where umbrellas were displayed, I bought one to replace my London umbrella, lost at Stören. These were of German manufacture, and higher priced than the English, though of inferior

quality. Another purchase was a couple of kerchiefs, of silk and woollen materials, to show our friends at home the Norwegian fashion of headgear. At a book shop on the Strandgade, we found photographs of costumes, views of the cathedral and a variety of curiosities, carved wood and "tolle knive."

The falls of the river—the Leer fossen—not far from the city, are worth a visit. The lower fall has a perpendicular descent of about seventy feet; the upper is higher, but not so abrupt. This water power is turned to advantage by several sawmills and copper-smelting furnaces; one of the latter a manufactory of sub-oxide of copper.

An excursion up the fjord to Levanger may be made by steamer running four times a week; and from there, by the highroad to Stockholm, one may post about forty miles to Skalstugan, a station beyond the Swedish frontier, near which is a settlement of Lapps, owning twelve hundred reindeer. "To ingratiate yourself with the former," says Mr. Bennett, "it will be right to take a little tobacco, sugar, coffee, some knives, scissors, looking glasses, or such things. To visit the Lapps, you have to walk about two English miles across a morass, and then row half a Norwegian mile across a lake. The reindeer are always on the fjeld in the summer, about a two-hours' climbing from the encampment of the Lapps. If you are satisfied by visiting a Lapp family of a father, mother and two children, with four hundred reindeer, you may save much trouble, as this small family is only a two-hours' walk from Skalstugan, and is always to be found there, whereas the others wander about very much."

We had not time to make this excursion, requiring

three or four days, as our passage was engaged on the steamer going North July 7; but we talked a good deal about it. Considering the circumstances, we ladies thought we should be contented with the small family of a "father, mother, two children and four hundred reindeer"; but Will, with lively memories of Adelsberg caverns, declared that nothing would satisfy him short of "an illumination of twelve hundred reindeer."

Tuesday was our last day on land, and we improved it by writing letters and eating three good meals at Frau Quillfeldt's bountiful table. John and Jane had decided to give up the steamer trip North, to remain a few days longer in Throndhjem, and await us, perhaps, at Bergen. The steamer was advertised to sail on the 7th, meaning any time after midnight of the 6th July; so we went aboard about 11 P. M. The pier was at quite the other end of the town from the Victoria Hotel—a long walk; but we expected to foot it, and our baggage was sent down on a handcart. Just then two gentlemen drove up in carioles, threw the reins to the skydsguts, and went into the hotel. They had finished their journey, and the postboys agreed for a consideration to drive two of us down to the steamer.

Miss M. preferred walking; so Blossom and I mounted, tucking our skirts well about our feet, the skyds sprang up behind us, and we were off. They drove very fast; the carioles were old ones, with springs long ago worn out, and the pavements of Throndhjem I have already described. The motion of a new cariole over a smooth road may be very delightful; but I suspect, under any circumstances, it must be very good for dyspepsia. When the springs are worn out, the springing is done by the

passengers. I could quite believe the anecdote we had heard of a gentleman who had lost his rugs and even his cushion (generally chained to the seat), without knowing how or where. "Rattle his bones over the stones," was the refrain suggested by our rapid progress; we could do nothing to moderate it; and the skyds had the effrontery to demand extra pay for having driven us so fast.

The steamer was a scene of confusion, and we retreated to our quarters in the ladies' cabin. Perhaps Mr. Bennett had sent that telegram for state-rooms; but as there were only two on board, beside the captain's, and these had been engaged for weeks in advance, it might as well have been left on the floor. Berths were reserved for us ladies in the ladies' cabin, and one for Will in the cabin under the saloon.

The steamer got off about 1 A. M. Up to that time, an incessant trampling of feet, rolling of casks, and working of the donkey engine had prevented sleep. A sound of pumps, long continued, filled us with horrible apprehensions; could it be possible there was so much water in the hold? And in such a state of things, how long could the old steamer keep afloat? It was comforting to reflect that we were not going far out to sea, and if the leak should get the better of us, we might put in somewhere and wait to be taken off by another steamer. Amid such pleasing reflections we fell asleep.

X.

ON THE "HAKON ADELSTEIN"—UP TO THE MID-NIGHT SUN.

THE steamer did not founder in the course of the night, and we opened our eyes in the morning none the worse for our narrow quarters; for we had kept the port-holes open. The ladies' cabin was about ten feet by twenty in size, and contained a double row of berths, twelve in all. The six on the outside were occupied by English and American ladies, who appreciated the necessity of fresh air—Mrs. G. and her niece, Miss M. and myself, and, beyond us, two ladies who had not appeared in public; but as they had rigged a little tent of shawls about their end of the cabin, and a vigorous splashing was audible, they were unquestionably English. Two long tables filled the centre of the cabin, under and upon which were stored our bags and wraps and clothing. They were in tolerable order over night, but when we tried to dress in the morning, there was a miscellaneous pile, from which each of us fished out her private property as best she could! The reason was obvious. The stewardess had overhauled them, to prepare our washing accommodations, which were revealed by lifting up on hinges one end of each table. Two basins for twelve people! Not having waked early enough to secure a first mortgage on these water privileges (which

was our endeavor henceforth), we lay and waited for a chance. It soon became evident that there were more ladies on board than could be accommodated in the ladies' cabin. When I first opened my eyes they rested upon a pretty girl, who sat combing her hair. She looked up and said, "Good morning!" and we began to talk. It appeared that she was one of the passengers who had arrived on the steamer from Hull, at midnight, and come on board just before we started. She and her father, Mr. H., were from New-castle-upon-Tyne. There were a number of English passengers, who, with those not otherwise provided for, had found berths in the large saloon; a double row being made up all round, and a curtain in the middle separating the ladies' half from the gentlemen's. The air was better there, perhaps; but it was inconvenient to be roused so early. The gentlemen were waked first, to be out of the way of the ladies; and then the ladies must vacate their share of the premises, to make room for the tables to be set for breakfast. (We hoped the saloon would be thoroughly aired, first!) All these ladies came into our little cabin to wash, at the two bowls provided; but we did have a clean towel apiece, for which we were thankful.

Breakfast was served from 8.30 onwards, till all were satisfied. (Coffee on deck, earlier, if one desired it, before the saloon was cleared for action.) The table, I may say once for all, for the subject is not an agreeable one to dwell upon, was abundant and good, but not very neat. Everything was piled on at once, like the table at Mme. Ormsend's hotel; raw ham and smoked salmon, tongue, smoked beef, sardines and other little fishes in oil (*delicatessen*, the Germans call

them), with cheese in variety, appeared on all occasions; and beefsteak fried with onions was an invariable breakfast dish. A late comer found it difficult to clear a place among the *débris* of previous customers. The stewards were running a dozen ways at once, and only one of them spoke a little English. Tea and coffee were cold; milk ditto; cream sometimes to be had, if you were in season. Supplies of milk and cream were obtained at the stations, where we stopped frequently. We had napkins, but—! When we returned to the ladies' cabin for our wraps, the stewardess had taken down the upper row of berths, and was "redding up" the establishment for the day. A horrible question occurred to us then, What became of all the bedding? It is best not to think of such questions, not to let such trifles vex you,—if you can help it. But we saw where it was kept—piled up in a heap, in a dark closet, and the napkins went in there too—common stock, and put on "promiscuous." One evil resulted, which we could not ignore; we were devoured by fleas, suffering more than even at Rome or Naples. Like the mosquitoes, when you do find them in Norway, these fleas have a ferocity of their own—they are vikings, berserkers!

It may be inferred that the steamer was crowded, overloaded with passengers. There were at least fifty first-class passengers and over three hundred in the steerage.

We lived on deck for the most part, unless rain drove us below. The companion-way was no refuge for us, for it was occupied with smokers. We had clear, bright weather most of the first day out. For a little while, about noon, the sea was rough, as we

were crossing the Namsen Fjord. Miss M. lay on a settee, in silent misery; too wise to go below, but expecting an increase of suffering. I could scarcely hold up my head; but there was no place for me to lay it down. In the midst of our depression we noticed, and were heartlessly amused by the deeper misery of an English gentleman, who had retreated to the extreme stern of the boat; the very place, over the screw, where the motion was most trying. His distress shunned observation, and we felt sorry for him; but we had heard him that morning talking to the captain about the North Cape. He was booked for the entire voyage, it appeared. "Do you go outside the North Cape?" "Oh, if the passengers desire it," said the captain. "We save some rough weather by going through the straits." "I notice the guide-book says [he had a Murray, of course,] that if even *one* passenger desires it, the captain is obliged to go round the cape. Now I particularly wish to go." "All right," the captain said; he had no objections. We wondered if this gentleman's courage would hold out. But directly we passed the mouth of the fjord, and began to get up among the islands towards Namsos, where we were to stop for an hour, the sea grew smooth; we all felt better; and when the dinner bell rang most of us felt able to go down. The cabin was full; many had to wait for a second table, and I noticed one gentleman who had a salmon fishing on the Namsen River, and must go ashore at Namsos, sitting on a camp stool with his plate on his knees.

After leaving Namsos the scenery grew finer. We passed among countless islands and high, sharp peaks, and had no more rough weather, for the steamers pass

inside the chain of islands, and make frequent stops at the Government stations along the coast, and up the fjords. Our steerage passengers landed by degrees, at these stations. Most of them were fishermen, who had gone down to Hamburg or Bergen to sell their stock of codfish and were returning with winter supplies. We had showers towards evening, and next day the weather was cloudy, with heavy rain towards night. We were approaching the arctic circle, and it would be a grievous disappointment if these rainy nights were to continue, and after all our efforts to see the midnight sun we should go back without that satisfaction, as not a few had done before us.

The scenery was wonderful, all day. We passed close to the high mountains, going among the rocky islands, through narrow channels, sometimes so very narrow that the rocks seemed to meet before us, and gradually to open as our bow pushed through.

Sometimes the shores would be green and lovely, with cattle feeding on their slopes, and houses scattered about over the hills; sometimes the islands were just masses of barren rock, thrown together and piled up, as if by Titans, but of the richest colors—red, green and purple.

These mountains have their legends, too; here, right across the arctic circle, is a curiously shaped cliff, looking like a horse swimming, with a rider on his back. This is the Hestmand, or horseman, about eighteen hundred feet out of the water; and when you get abreast of another rocky spire, towering a thousand feet above your head, you see a curious opening through it, a natural tunnel in the rock about five hundred feet from the sea. Torghatten, this is called (Torge's hat?),

and the hole through it was made, we are requested to believe, by the Hestmand's arrow. Still stranger stories are told of the Seven Sisters, sharp peaks from three to four thousand feet high, which are clustered near each other. There were seven fair sisters, daughters of a king, who, no doubt, held their heads high, and refused to marry the Jotuns, the Hestmand and the rest, and were changed to these rocky snow-topped cliffs.

Now they stand together in frozen solitude, and Torge has a perpetual hole in his hat, and the Hestmand urges forward his swimming horse in vain! He never can get beyond the polar circle. Mountain heights rise all around us, on the islands or the mainland, from one to three thousand feet above the sea.

The tunnel through Torghatten is described by Mr. Campbell, who visited it in 1866, to be six hundred feet long and forty-five to sixty feet wide, with smooth, vertical walls and jagged roof, the height varying from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet, and the floor a succession of stony waves. The cliff is composed of gneiss, like almost all the rocky coast, and the tunnel is accounted for on the supposition that a layer of softer rock was destroyed by the action of water (evident from the wave-like floor), when the cliff was partially submerged. The old beaches farther up the coast, near Alten, show a water line two hundred and forty feet above the present sea level; so there may have been a time when Torghatten was only half its present height. Were there human inhabitants of these shores in those remote ages, or only the Trolls and the Jotuns, fit companions of the great elk and the mammoth, the sea serpent and the kraken?

We stopped at Bodo for several hours, during the night, but did not go ashore, for it was rainy, and we were in bed. We did not do much sleeping, however, when the steamer stopped; for the donkey engine was working, and casks and timber and bales of various goods were being landed, with no small noise and confusion.

The "Hakon Adelstein" proved himself a staunch old fellow. By this time we had given up all fear of going to the bottom, unless his coat of mail should be pierced by some unlooked-for rocky spear.

Which of the Hakons was he, and why Adelstein? He was the son of old Harald Harfager, about A. D. 920, who took refuge in England, after his father's death (when Erik Bloodaxe was slaying his brothers), with the Saxon king Athelstane, who adopted him, had him baptized, and educated him as a Christian.

Snorre Sturleson tells a more romantic story. Hakon was the son of a slave in his father's house (nobly born, but a prisoner of war), and born in the king's old age, and sent by him when a child to Athelstane, in return for the crafty present of a sword, splendidly mounted with gold, which an English ambassador had brought him. Harald drew the sword from the scabbard, when the Englishman laughed scornfully. "Thou art now the feudatory of my king! Thou hast accepted the sword, and art now his man!" (The acceptance of a sword being the symbol of investiture in those days.) Harald makes no trouble, but next year sends off little Hakon to England, in care of a trusty servant, Hauk, who penetrates to the royal palace, and places the little fellow on King Athelstane's knee. "What is this?" asks the king. "This is King Har-

ald's son, whom a serving-maid bore him, and whom he now sends thee, as foster child." Athelstane is indignant, and draws his sword; but Hauk says, "Thou hast taken him on thy knee (common symbol of adoption); thou canst kill him if thou wilt, but thou dost not thereby kill all the sons of Harald."

However it came about, Hakon was educated in England, and through his efforts the first gleam of Christianity shone into Norway. He came to his kingdom while Erik Bloodaxe was reigning in Denmark; fitted out by Athelstane with men and ships, when he was fifteen; went first to his old friend Jarl Sigurd at Lade (father of the famous Jarl Hakon), and was proclaimed king in Throndhjem. He promised to restore the udal rights which his father had taken from the Bonders, and persuaded the people in Jemteland to resume their allegiance to Norway. Some of his brothers retained their kingdoms, sharing the revenues with Hakon; but Erik sailed to Orkney, and Athelstane gave him the province of Northumberland.

Hakon first lived in the Throndhjem district; then, for better defence of the country, in the fjorde districts, or Rôgaland; for he had a stormy life resisting Danish and Swedish invasions; but the land was free from intestine strife.

"As long as Hakon was king, there was peace between the Bonders and merchants, so that none did harm either to the life or good of the other. Good seasons also there were, both by sea and land," meaning, the harvests and the fisheries were abundant. "He was a man of great understanding, and bestowed attention on law-giving. He gave out the

Gula Thing laws, on the advice of Thorleif the Wise and the Froste Thing laws, on the advice of Jarl Sigurd and other Throndhjem men of wisdom."

These Things were two of the four great Law Things or assemblies for framing laws; the other two being the Eidsvold Thing or Eidsvia Thing, for the inland districts, and the Borgar Thing, at the old borg of Sarpsborg; near the Sarps Fos, on the Glommen River. Smaller district Things were held for local administration of law, and the "Ore Thing," held at the ore or isthmus of the river Nid, was the only one which could confer the sovereignty of all Norway. All these Things were not representative but primary assemblies of all the Bonders of the district udal-born to land. No other class appeared with any power. Kings themselves were but Thing-men at a Thing, and instead of proclaiming the law talked over their ideas and wishes and got them adopted in a reasonable way. Even in their expeditions and sea fights a Thing of soldiers would be called together to advise upon the plan of attack.

Thus upon all occasions in which men were embarked, in common interests, a spirit of self-government was established. It is thought that the English Parliament owes its origin rather to these Things of the Norsemen than to the Saxon Witenagemote.

The Bonders were called together by "bod," that is, " bidding "; the " bud-stikke," a stick of wood with a spike at the end, was sent from house to house, as a signal for the people to assemble. An arrow split into four parts was the signal for going armed. A token in the shape of an axe denoted that the king would be present; later, one in the

form of a cross, that Church affairs were to be considered. The Scotch signal of the fiery cross is probably of Norsk origin.

Hakon brought missionaries from England, and tried to introduce Christianity, but with little success. At a great Thing held in the region of Throndhjem, he told the people what he desired of them: to give up their heathen idols and sacrifices, to worship the true God, and His Son Jesus Christ, and to keep holy the Sabbath day by abstaining from labor, and spending the day in fasting and meditation. That was too much for the Bonders.

“Take away our old belief, and also our time for labor!” “We cannot work without food,” said the laborers. “It lies in King Hakon’s blood,” said another; “his father and all his kindred were apt to be stingy about food, though liberal enough with money.” Finally an old Bonder named Asbjorn, of the Guladal, made a speech, in which he put matters very plainly before the king, promising that they would sustain him in his kingdom if he would go fairly to work, and not demand things that were impossible; but threatening to desert him and swear allegiance to another unless he desisted from this purpose. Whereupon Hakon abandoned his plan, not being prepared for the forcible methods adopted later by the Olafs. But he introduced Christianity at his court, built churches, sustained bishops, and did what in him lay peaceably to forward the good work.

His death was worthy of a Norsk hero. Let me abridge Sinding’s account of it, in his quaint English:

“After nineteen years the sons of Erik Bloodaxe laid claim to the throne, and Harald Grayskin came

with a fleet to attack Hakon, when he was at a festival, on the island of Stord, near Bergen. ‘What shall we do?’ said the king, ‘remain or flee?’ They all cried that they would rather die than betake themselves to their heels. At this answer the king’s mind abandoned itself to ecstasy, and with a gilded helmet on his head, and the costly sword at his side, called Quern-biter (because it was so sharp that it could cut a hand millstone through, right to the eye, a present from the English king), and a javelin in his hand, he went to meet his foes, who were drawn up on the shore. The victory gained was decisive; but when, in the heat of his passion, he was following up his conquest, the noble Norwegian king was mortally wounded by an arrow, and died.”

The Danes had fled to their ships, thoroughly routed. The wounded king was helped into his ship, and made sail for Alrekstad, which was his chief residence, but had to stop at a smaller place, which had been his mother’s, and where he was born, a place called Hella, still known as Hakon’s Hella.

Having no son, and only one daughter, he left his kingdom to these unnatural nephews, begging them to spare his friends and kindred. He was full of penitence for his sins, and especially for yielding, as he had sometimes done, to the observance of heathen feasts and sacrifices.

“If I should live,” he said, “I would make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.”

They asked about his burial, and he answered, “I have lived like a heathen, and like a heathen I must be buried.”

Friday, our third day out, was clear and the weather

milder than it had been before, though we still needed our wraps. We went through grand scenery all day; mountain peaks and snowy ranges and fjelds, four or five thousand feet high, with the Lofoden Islands on our left, their beautiful mountain summits gilded by the sunlight. All this scenery needs sunshine and a background of blue sky; though grand, it is terribly stern and dreary in cloudy weather.

We stopped occasionally at stations, leaving a boatload or more of our steerage passengers, and sometimes one or two from the cabin. A bright young lady, who could speak German and a little English, got off this morning, to go in a small boat fourteen miles up the fjord, to visit her uncle, a pastor in one of these Northern parishes. She told us how the people come to church, in boats, from all the islands and mainland settlements in the region. Sundays are great occasions; almost their only chance for sociability. They bring their provisions, and if they live very far away, come on Saturday and return Monday. The pastor's family must entertain them over night, I suppose. We noticed that the "Prestegaard" or parsonage was always a large building, and he must be like the bishops of the Primitive Church, "given to hospitality." Sometimes a congregation of three hundred will be present, and they do not stay away unless for very rough weather.

How dismal life must be here in the winter! Summer is lonely and solitary enough, but when the long, dark nights come, with scarce a gleam of sunlight for months, it seems as if a sensitive nature would be depressed to the verge of insanity.

A young doctor of laws from Christiania gave us an

account of the school system in Norway, which extends even to these remote islands. The teachers are supported by Government, and kept here for several months in the year, and all the people living in the school district are obliged to send their children. They are taught reading and writing, a little arithmetic, and the catechism; and at a certain age all are obliged to be confirmed. If parents neglect to have their children instructed, and they reach the age of confirmation without the requisite amount of learning, they are taken away to an establishment where they are taught until able to pass the examination required. So their parents lose the benefit of their help for that period, and it is for their interest to have them well brought up.

We began to get acquainted with our fellow passengers, this pleasant day, having had little to do with any of them before, except those we had previously met—the Irish major's party and the Cornell student, or those who shared our cabin, Miss L. and her niece, Miss W. and the pretty English girl from Newcastle. There was a Scotchman from the Hebrides, or the Orkneys, now an analytical chemist in London, with an appointment under Government, and three other Scotchmen, travelling in company; two young Irish captains, whom we had passed on the Dovrefjeld, footing it through the finest scenery, in knickerbockers, who now pedestrianized the deck in the most vigorous manner; the reticent Englishman, who intended to go round the North Cape; three German gentlemen, whose intentions were not announced, but who appeared so much bored that we were not surprised to find them landing at Tromsöe, next day; and the Norwegians.

These were Dr. Aal, who was on his way to visit his brother-in-law, a pastor near Hammerfest; next, the magistrate of some amt in this region, whose wife and children occupied berths in our cabin, and were treated with the greatest respect by the stewardess and all the servants; a queer little man, who was bringing home a bride from Hamburg, and was constantly coming to the door of the ladies' cabin and calling "Kone!" (the title of a wife in Norway,) and the young lady who bade us good-by this morning. With all these we felt more or less acquainted. Last, but not quite least (for the amtmann's wife had a baby), was the captain's little boy; a fine, frolicsome fellow of five years, who would have been a pet with everybody; but whenever he could attend to him, his father had him constantly in hand, or held him by the little belt of his blouse. He had a nurse; but I think the child was not allowed on deck, unless the captain were at liberty to take care of him. The captain himself I should have introduced before; but, unfortunately, I have forgotten his name. He was a favorite with us all; a quiet, courteous gentleman, whose cheerful face inspired us with confidence. There would seem to be little danger in sailing on these fjords in summer; but fogs sometimes veil the rocky points, and put the seamen out of their reckoning. Not long before, one of these coasting steamers had been wrecked off Christiansand. We had not heard of it, then; fortunately for our peace of mind.

It was a cloudless evening, and all the passengers were on deck, waiting for the long-desired spectacle of the midnight sun. Somebody asked the Norwegian gentlemen to sing us some of their national airs. Dr.

Aal and three others were so kind as to entertain us for a long time, singing "Gamle Norge" and other patriotic airs, student songs, church music, and songs of the peasants on the saeters; these last were something like German volk songs, but with sweet minor strains and cadences peculiar to themselves. The gentlemen sung four parts, and their voices harmonized finely. The Swedish songs also are said to be very sweet. Singing is taught at all the public schools, as it is in Germany.

We stopped a long time at a station called Sand—an island, in north latitude 69°, longitude 34° 17'—where the sun was concealed from our view by a high mountain; and it was so nearly midnight that we began to fear, we should lose the critical moment, though there could be no question that the sun was above the horizon, for the distant peaks were gilded and the clouds were gorgeous.

The sea was as clear and still as a mirror, reflecting all the lovely tints of mountains and sky. By and by we steamed out of the shadow; and as we passed beyond the dark mountain, a few minutes before twelve o'clock, the sun was shining in dazzling splendor, apparently about two degrees above the horizon line of sea. It dropped no lower, but soon began to ascend gradually, appearing above the summit of the next mountain that interposed. The gentlemen greeted the sight with three cheers, adding another for "Gamle Norge" (old Norway). Some of them tried to burn holes in their hats with glasses; and I think one of them succeeded after long labor, but there was not much heat in the rays. The effect of the golden light was wonderful, and the glowing reflection on the

glassy surface of the sea. From the North Cape itself it could hardly have been more glorious.*

I know nothing finer, unless a sunset on the Nile, with the afterglow; perhaps even that is less wonderful than the midnight sun, under favorable circumstances. But personal comfort has a good deal to do with our enjoyment of natural beauty. It was extremely, *intensely* cold (I think we were near enough to icebergs and glaciers to feel their chill), and when the spectacle was over, we were all glad to retire to the cabin and get warm under blankets. I made interest with Caroline, the stewardess, to procure me a bottle of hot water as a foot-warmer, one of the ladies having kindly instructed me in the necessary phrase, "Vil de bring mig en störe flask kogende

* The North Cape, under the midnight sun, is thus described by Bayard Taylor:

"Far to the north the sun lay in a bed of saffron light, over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him; and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose color into blue, hung like wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly opaline flushes of pink and golden gray. The sea was a web of pale slate color shot through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled with the soft, mysterious glow; and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. The headlands of this deeply indented coast—the capes of the Laxe and Porsanger Fjords, and of Mageroe, lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory. Far to the northeast was Nord Kyn, the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming rosily and faint in the full beams of the sun, and just as our watches denoted midnight, the North Cape appeared to the westward—a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of nine hundred feet in height to the polar ocean. Midway between these two magnificent headlands stood the midnight sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunrise nor sunset, but the blended loveliness of both."

vand?" This poor stewardess was of a stupidity incredible and unaccountable, until we noticed one day the black hole from which she emerged, whenever called for in the daytime—a dark, unventilated cabin, in which she spent all her spare time, asleep or in a state of stupor produced by the carbonic-acid gas she was constantly inhaling. We had a disturbed night, for our beds, as usual, were hard and narrow, and we stopped at several stations, where the discharging of cargo was very noisy work. We were all glad when Tromsöe was reached, at noon of Saturday, and the steamer stopped until midnight. The scenery continued to be very fine, but we were told that we had seen the best of it. After Hammerfest the shores are lower and the rock forms and colors less wild and beautiful. We would gladly have gone on to Hammerfest and seen the most northern town of Europe, although there is little of interest to be found there, for it was only a day's journey farther; but we had lost all desire of seeing the North Cape at the cost of prolonging our voyage by a week, and we had as little inclination to wait the same time for the Hakon at Hammerfest.

XI.

T R O M S O E.

THE steamer anchored out in the fjord, and little boats came out to take the passengers ashore. We had to go forward between decks, and clamber down from a hole in the ship's side into the boat which we had bargained for; and our luggage went before and followed us in a delightfully promiscuous manner. The boat was so heavily laden that we were glad to get safely out of it on to the long staging which stretches out from the shore. This was crowded with people, who gazed at the strangers with interest.

Nearly all the cabin passengers landed, as the steamer was to stop until midnight, and there was much inquiry after hotels. Several of the Englishmen had telegraphed for rooms to a widow lady who entertained strangers, and they kindly told us they thought there was no other hotel in the place, and it was very doubtful if we could obtain accommodations; but the porters who had appropriated our luggage told us there was another, even Schmidt's Hotel; and, finding the widow's quarters full, we kept on up the hill, to see what Mr. Schmidt could do for us. There were fourteen of us seeking dinner, though five or six were going on in the steamer. We entered

the house, were requested to walk upstairs, and asked for Mr. Schmidt. A stalwart negro, black as the ace of spades, appeared in response.

"Oh, he is a *blacksmith!* " exclaimed one of the Scotchmen. But Sambo was the only English-speaking person in the establishment, and as such was put in the fore-front. He made all the arrangements. We could have rooms; oh, yes! plenty of rooms. And dinner? To be sure, dinner for everybody. He waited at table in a clean white jacket and apron, and was the most homelike object our eyes had rested upon for a long time. It was a luxury to sit down to a table neatly laid and properly waited on, though the fare was no better than on the steamer.

Sambo was from Jamaica. How did this tropical specimen find his way to these frozen shores? Was he drifted by the Gulf Stream, like the casks of palm oil which came ashore at Hammerfest in 1823, and were traced to a wreck off Cape Lopez, on the coast of Africa?

Schmidt's Hotel was a square wooden building, with a large billiard room on the ground floor, and the guest-room above it—a pleasant apartment, both sitting and dining room. The other side of the house was divided into four bedrooms, and there were smaller chambers in the attic above. The kitchen was a small room in the centre of the house, and was nearly filled by an immense cooking range.

Nearly all the gentlemen started, after dinner, for a walk to the Lapp encampment, three or four miles distant up the Tromsdal, a pretty valley among the hills; but it was voted too much of an undertaking for the ladies, so we spent the afternoon wandering

about the village, with Miss H., who had found herself the only lady at the widow's, and came over to Schmidt's for company. She was full of harmless gossip about our fellow passengers; it was quite wonderful how people had confided to one another their own histories and what they knew of other people. The G.'s, for instance, lived in the south of Ireland, and Miss G., their niece, was one of a large family, all very nice girls, but poor, you know, though of an excellent family—county people; so their uncle contrived to take one of them at a time, and give them an outing. Then Miss L. and her niece were still more highly connected; Miss W. was actually a sister of Lord W. d'E—, an Irish peer. And the Scotch people: poor Kilmarnock, we had noticed him, of course? Well, and he used to be so clever, taking high rank in the university, when he was attacked with epilepsy, which had reduced him to this sad condition. Mr. M. was his guardian; he was a fine fellow, and so kind to poor K. And the other Scotchman, red-headed and impetuous? Oh, he was heir to an immense property; his father had made a fortune in marmalade. Dr. R., the chemist, we had ourselves heard relating the story of his life to pretty Miss H., and begging her to call on his motherless daughter, at his cottage in Kensington. He was a very amusing man, possessed of an immense fund of information on all sorts of subjects, and with the simplest manners. So we chatted, as we sat on the rocks at the end of the village, where the hill sloped off to the shore.

We had a following, as we walked through the streets, like the tail of a Highland chieftain; small

children for the most part, who occasionally ran ahead and stared at us. Was it a compliment, or the reverse? We could not quite determine. We went into a little shop where watches and jewellery were exhibited, to purchase some souvenir of Tromsöe, but found that the articles were mostly of English manufacture. We began in our limited Norsk, but soon found that the pretty girl who waited on us understood English. Where did she learn to speak it so well, in England?

No; in America. She had lived two years at a place called Freeport, near Chicago. Which did she like the best—Norway or America? Oh, Norway: she was glad to get back, and thought the winters no colder here than in Chicago. She could not deny that they were longer and darker.

But the influence of the Gulf Stream greatly modifies the climate on the coast. They say the winters are not colder here than at Hamburg, and we can quite believe it. The average temperature at Alten, a little farther north than Tromsöe, is 33.66° Fahrenheit. Drift ice is never seen here, at 71° north latitude, though common on the American coast at 41° off Labrador and Newfoundland. The summer, though so short, is unusually rapid, the continual stimulus of sunshine bringing forward vegetation in a wonderful manner. The neighborhood of the Alten Fjord is favorably situated, being sheltered on all sides by mountains. At Kaafjord, the innermost branch of the Alten, peas, beans, cauliflower, radishes and lettuce are raised; and though planted six weeks later than in Christiania, come to maturity at about the same time.

We found flowers growing in the fields near the vil-

lage; large, double ranunculi, wild pansies, pink heather, buttercups and dandelions. Miss L., who carried a sort of portable garden, done up in india-rubber cloth, found some choice ferns, which she hoped in this way to carry safely to her fernery in the south of Ireland. She and her niece (the lord's sister) were provided with some unusual articles of luggage, in the shape of two large crockery washing basins, which they had purchased at Throndhjem. In landing at Tromsöe we heard an ominous crash; and it appeared afterwards that these useful articles had come to grief, to the great distress of their owners.

On returning to Schmidt's Hotel we found the party who had visited the Lapp encampment in a state of disappointment and disgust, because they had found no reindeer (they were off, feeding on the mountains), and had had a wet, tiresome walk, with nothing in particular to reward them for their exertions. The Cornell student brought back a pair of reindeer-skin boots, which were tastefully made, but very offensive in odor. We had seen Lapps on the steamer and about the streets of Tromsöe and were familiar with their costume and appearance. They are a small folk, about the size of Chinese, and not unlike them in complexion and features. If dressed in the same fashion, I think the family likeness would be perceptible.

Those that we saw were dressed in long, blue cloth tunics, bordered with red and yellow stripes, and square caps of the same material, with similar ornamentation. They wore boots of reindeer skin, turning up at the toes in a sharp point, stitched with bright colors, and laced with the sinews of the reindeer. In winter they wear tunics and leggings of the skin, with the hair

inside. A belt of skin, perhaps eight inches wide, is sometimes worn around the waist. The women wore cotton dresses and little shawls; but instead of the kerchief they had a curious head-dress, which comes close about the face, like a cap, and is tied under the chin, but sticks out behind like a hemlet, put on almost horizontally. It is made over a wooden framework, and covered with bright woollen materials, red, blue and yellow. In cold weather they dress in tunics and full trousers of reindeer skin, with skin or fur caps.

Mr. Edward Rae, who visited this Lapp encampment at Tromsöe, gives the following description of it:

"We were ferried across the fjord in a small boat, and walked up a beautiful wooded valley, among silver birch-trees, past mossy banks, and over rippling brooks, through carpets of lovely oak and beech fern, and blueberries, harebells and anemones. At length, after an hour and a quarter's walk we came to the encampment of the Laplanders; six or eight rude huts or wigwams; half were store-houses and half human dwellings. The Lapp occupants were poor and dirty; and we wellnigh asphyxiated ourselves by entering a hut where a woman was baking rye cakes by a wood fire. Chimney there was none; a hole in the roof admitted the draught, which carried the smoke into our mouths, arousing choking coughs, and into our eyes, which filled with bitter tears.

"There was a magnificent Lapp baby, in a red-leather cradle, lined with soft, white fur, that took our fancy, and was handed round and kissed. It was the only cleanly object we saw in the huts. We loitered about for an hour or two, waiting for the herd of rein-

deer—which only arrived on the following day—and, becoming tired, bade the Lapps good-by.”*

Mr. Charles Brace of New York visited the same encampment twenty years ago, in company with the amtmand of Tromsöe, who had sent word in advance to have the reindeer driven in from the mountains. “The first glimpse we caught of them was as of a flock of little black animals, on the snow at the top of the mountain. Gradually they drew nearer, and we could see that they were driven by some little Lapland dogs, and two boys with whips. Every straggler from the herd was at once brought in by the dogs, and the whole mass was directed towards us. Finally they came, tramping and snuffing, and with a low grunting noise, into the valley, and passed us, some two hundred of them—the bucks bent down under their grand antlers, the does very thin and scraggy, the little fawns, dun-colored and graceful—all running into an enclosure. They are a small deer, and at this season peculiarly ugly. Their motion is a kind of quick trot—not a bound, like that of our deer—and it is said that they will keep this up for ninety miles a day. Their milk is very rich in quality, and not disagreeable. Their food, beside the reindeer moss, which the Lapps keep and dry for winter use, is a lichen with a broad, pale-green leaf which grows on the rocks. They also eat the lemming rat. They are greatly troubled by flies and insects in summer, and to escape these, or to procure their favorite moss, they draw their masters down at this season to the hills near the sea.”

These migrations of the reindeer almost occasioned

* “Land of the North Wind.” Murray. London, 1875.

a war between Norway and Russia. The Finnish fishermen used to frequent the Norwegian fishing grounds, and the Norwegian Lapps were allowed to cross into Finland, during the winter, to obtain moss for their reindeer. This was settled by a treaty between Norway and Sweden in 1751. When Finland was ceded to Russia, the Government demanded great privileges for fishermen, and even stations on the coast. These were refused, and in return Russia refused the Lapps the privilege of entering Finland with their reindeer, and when the animals forced their way to their usual food, they were killed by the Russian agents; and as the Lapps attributed their troubles to their own Government, there were several insurrections among them.

The Norwegian Government appointed a commission to visit the Lapps and demand satisfaction of the Russians. This was in 1853. Since that time the Lapps have been obliged to confine themselves to their own quarters in Norwegian Finmark. About the same time there was a strong religious excitement among the Lapps, and in an outbreak of fanaticism they murdered the Lensmand of Kautokimo and cast his body into the flames of his own house, killed a prominent merchant, and dragged the good pastor Hvoslef and his wife by the hair of their heads, and, but for the interference of some well-disposed Lapps, would have put them also to death. In spite of the fanaticism attending it, this religious movement was productive of good. There was much less intemperance among the Lapps, and a better standard of morals, generally, afterward.

The romance of Mügge, "Afraja, or Life and Love in Norway," comes naturally into mind at Tromsöe,

where the wicked vagt, or amtmand, resided, and where poor old Afraja was burned to death as a sorcerer. It must be a long time since any such event has occurred; and though Mügge's descriptions of Norwegian scenery are very graphic, and his representations of Norwegian life and character, in general, true to nature, his work must be read as a romance, after all, and not as history. There is a prejudice against the Lapps among the Norwegians, as there is a prejudice among our Western people against the Indians, perhaps with less reason. That they have been treated with great injustice there can be no doubt. Heaven forbid that the Lapps have been *more* unjustly dealt with than our Indians!

Mr. Rae quotes a history of Lapland, written by "John Schefferus, professor of law and rhetoric at Upsala in Sweden, and printed in English, at the theatre in Oxford, 1674." With reference to the early belief of the Lapps: "They worshipped a god called Jumâla, likewise the god of victory Tunisas, or Thor, prince of the Asiatics (Scythians), also the sun. These are the chief gods. They worship to this day Rongotheus, god of rye; Pellonpeko, of barley; Wier-ecannos, of oats; Uko, of tempests; Nyoke, of squirrel hunting; Hyttavanes, of hunting. Jumâla has power over the air, thunder and lightning, health, life and death of men, and such like." Their idols are very rude, mere stumps of trees, sometimes, or stones of grotesque and almost human shape. "In a cataract of the Tornea, there are found seitæ, just in the shape of a man, one of them tall; and hard-by, four others, something lower, with a cap on their heads. But because the passage into that island is dangerous,

because of the cataract, the Laplanders are forced to desist from going to that place." The readers of "Afraja" will remember the circle of saita stones, on the rocky plateau. These are described as hewn square and marked with curious lines and furrows, something like a Druid circle.

Professor Schefferus goes on to observe, "It hath been a received opinion that the Laplanders are addicted to magic. They have teachers and professors in this science, and parents in their last will bequeath to their children, as the greatest part of their estate, those spirits and devils that have been any way serviceable to them in their lifetime. Some of the more obsequious spirits will not engage themselves without great solicitation, while others more readily proffer themselves to young children. When the devil takes a fancy to any one in his infancy, he presently haunts him with apparitions, from whence he learns what belongs to the art." Schefferus describes the boundaries and climate of Lapland, and speaks of "mountains called Doffrini, upon whose naked tops, by reason of the violence of the wind to which they are exposed, never yet grew tree"; and adds, of the climate, "It is so extreme cold here in the winter that 'tis not to be endured but by those that have been brought up in it."

Up to the seventeenth century the Lapps were left undisturbed in their ancient belief and practice. No definite boundary separated their country from the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. As early as the time of Harald Harfager, the nomadic tribes along the coast, beyond the North Cape, paid tribute to Norway. They were called Finns, or Cwenas (whence

Quanes), and their country Finmark, while the tribes in the north of Sweden were called Lapps, and their country Lapland. If not of the same race originally which seems probable, they were of similar origin; all these tribes, Finns, Lapps, and Quanes, or Russian Finns, belong to one great family, the Tsjudes, an Asiatic race allied to the Mongolians, according to Swedish ethnologists. The Lapps about the head of the gulf of Bothnia, were oppressed by the fur traders, who had been granted a monopoly of the commerce of that region, and who went so far as to style themselves kings of the Lapps. Gustavus Vasa expelled them, and exacted tribute of the natives. His son, Charles IX., assumed the title of "King of the Lapps of Norrland," and having founded the city of Gottenburg, granted to the inhabitants the privilege of fishing on the northern coasts of Lapland. He was the first to build churches in Lapland, which he did at his own charge; one at Tenotekis in 1600, and three others a few years later. Gustavus Adolphus established schools among them. At the present time the Lapps are on terms of equality with the rest of the population as regards civil and religious liberty. Schools and churches are supported among them, and they are entitled to suffrage and to representation in the Storthing. Although they live so simply, and with a delight in their wild, free life equal to that of a Bedouin Arab in the desert, many of them are intelligent. Mr. Brace conversed with the chief of the little tribe at Tromsöe, through an interpreter, and was surprised at the wisdom of his answers. He and a young herdsman both spoke of the superstitions of the Lapps as a thing of the past; only the poorest persons had any fear of

demons or evil spirits. Jumâla, they seemed to identify with Satan. They learned of the schoolmasters; they could read the Bible; they believed in Jesus. Both spoke with great affection of the good missionary Lestadius—the originator of the remarkable religious movement among them—who died in 1841. His son had emigrated to America. Did Mr. Brace know him?

"He was asked, 'Do you believe you will live after you die?'

"'Every one will live,' he answered, very seriously; but whether he should attain the blessed life, he was not sure; he was trying very hard, but sometimes he was in doubt.

"'Do you think you will live above, or below?' The answer was remarkable: 'God is everywhere, above and below. He will do with me what is good.'

"He seemed a savage, when I first addressed him; but I shook hands with him at parting, as if we belonged to more than the brotherhood of humanity."*

We had a dish at supper which was new to most of us—molteberries and cream. These berries are said to be like the Scotch cloudberry; but as I am not familiar with that species of fruit I cannot vouch for the resemblance. They are of a buff color, about as large as Antwerp raspberries, of a pleasant acid taste, and when you put a spoonful in your mouth you feel as if it were full of small shot. They were worse than cherry stones, because they were more numerous. I think Sambo was disappointed because we left our saucers of berries and cream unfinished, but we couldn't help

* "The Norse Folk." By Charles Loring Brace.

it. It is a fruit of which the natives are very proud, and one might say it is all they have to be proud of in that line. Mother Nature is not bountiful at Tromsöe. They grow in great quantities, and are kept through the winter by being buried under the snow, and jam is sometimes made of them. If one began by getting rid of the seeds, the jam might be very nice.* (I wonder if it was the marmalade young man who suggested our having molteberries for supper!)

We bade good-by to our steamer friends, who were courageous enough to go on, at midnight, and then strolled up the street to a little shop where we had that afternoon made an appointment with a photographer. We wanted our "fotografs" (they spell it so in Norway!) taken by the midnight sun. We went through a gate in a high board fence, into a little yard, where an instrument stood ready, and took our seats under a little shed prepared for the purpose. It was to be a group; so the two older ladies were seated in front, and the young folks stood behind our chairs. Tromsöe is shut in by mountains, so that the sun was not visible; but it was above the horizon, and the sky was perfectly clear. It was very cold; we had on thick jackets and wanted our shawls too, but these were artistically arranged as drapery. The artist had his plates ready and did not keep us waiting, but the process was a long one and our gravity was not equal

* The entire absence of scurvy during the voyage of the *Vega* is attributed by Professor Nordenskjöld to the free use of a little berry that springs out of the ice and snow during the summer. It bears profusely, and has a taste like the raspberry, but more acid. The fruit is dried and mixed with the milk of the reindeer, and can be carried in a frozen state for thousands of miles. This must be the molteberry.

to the occasion. I am sorry to say, in plain language, that we giggled and spoiled the first negative; but we behaved better at the second trial; the clock struck twelve at the exact moment, and the picture was a success. So the artist said, and we were to have proofs early Monday morning. As it was now Sunday morning, we went back to our quarters and retired to rest.

Sambo had promised us rooms, but at our first arrival there had been only one at our disposal. The others were occupied by people who were going on in the steamer, and would vacate before midnight. We found them prepared for us; one on the ground floor was assigned to Miss M., Blossom and I had a large room in the second story, and Will ascended to the attic. Our beds were unique; spiral springs covered with sacking, and nothing else. We had thick, wadded coverlids, which we used to soften the springs, and took all our rugs and wraps for blankets. It was not luxury exactly, but, after the steamer, it was comfort.

We slept late, to make up for lost time, and breakfasted about half-past eleven. All our party were of the same mind, and the table was full. An Englishman, who was staying at the hotel, informed us gravely that "they could not produce eggs in Tromsöe," and that the rather doubtful ones we were eating, or letting alone, had been brought from Hamburg. We were slightly surprised, as we had seen fowls on the street, and told him so; but he insisted that they had been lately brought here, and would not live through the winter. (We had seen pigs on the street too, running about, and eating grass, just as they did in the Romsdal.)

Dinner was at two o'clock, and we devoted the short interval to our usual Sunday work of writing letters. There was no stove in our room, and we suffered from cold, this 11th day of July, 1875, while our friends were roasting at home.

In the afternoon we went to the service at the large wooden church in the centre of the village; the service was at 5 P. M. Morning service, I think, had been at 9 A. M. The church was painted outside, but showed the timbers within; it was in the form of a cross, with the entrance on two sides. We found it well filled with people, plainly dressed, the women nearly all with kerchiefs; now and then a hat on some member of the Tromsöe aristocracy, or young girl who had been to America. The women were on one side, and men on the other. I believe this division of the sheep and the goats is customary in Norway. The pulpit was at an angle of the cross, and the choir behind was occupied by the altar, on a raised platform. A very good organ, for that latitude, led the singing, which was congregational, much like the German chorales. The priest wore a long, black robe, with a wide, white ruff round his neck, very becoming to his blonde beauty; for he was handsome, and very fair, and looked very young. He preached a long sermon, of which we made out now and then a word, from its resemblance to the German—"Sundlösigkeit," for example. The air became so oppressive, from the crowded audience and utter want of ventilation, that we left before the sermon was over.

There was a little croquet ground on the green near the church, and children were playing there. Shops are not open, and people go to church; but beyond

that, I fancy they do not keep Sunday any more strictly in Norway than elsewhere on the continent. People visit, and give parties and balls, and amuse themselves generally. The day has nothing like the solemnity it possesses in England, and especially in Scotland.

We wanted to mail letters, and found the post-office open. Not knowing just where it was, we had inquired of a lady, who was sitting with friends on the porch in front of her house. "My husband will go with you and show the way," said she; and he very kindly did so, talking in English with us. Afterwards we walked down to the landing, and found the wharf crowded, as it had been the day before.

The steamer from Hammerfest was just in, the Lofoten, on which we were to sail next day. Will took a boat and went out to her, to find at what hour she would leave; we feared it would be at midnight. But it appeared there were people on board who wished to visit the Lapp encampment; so her departure was fixed for noon on Monday. We could have another night's rest on our spiral springs.

Tromsöe has about fifteen hundred inhabitants.* We wondered at first where they all lived, for it seems a small village; but we had no doubt of the fact after going to church, and (leaving the church full) finding the crowd on the wharf. There were Lapps there and we saw Lapps in church.

The Norwegian pastors are said to have the best salaries and the easiest work of any Government officials. Twenty years ago, when Mr. Brace was here,

* According to Murray—Nielsen says four thousand: but that must mean the parish, or amt. On Sundays they come in, from all the adjacent region.

the Tromsöe pastor had a salary of \$2,500 and a house. This salary was made up in the following manner: Twenty dollars came from eider down, \$400 from lands belonging to the parish let out to farmers; the rest was paid by the parish taxes and by the State, from a fund established for the purpose when the Lutheran Church became the State Church of Norway and the Catholic establishments were suppressed. Besides this salary the pastor has fixed fees for baptisms, marriages and funerals. In the fishing districts it is usual for every fisherman to contribute a portion of his catch, and in a good season the pastor will often have three or four hundred dollars' worth of fish. When one considers the cheapness of living in Norway, this furnishes a very liberal support.

XII.

ON THE STEAMER LOFOTEN.

WE did not join the party from the steamer, in the excursion to the Lapp encampment, being deterred by the experience of the Irish ladies on Saturday, who had found the walk very long and wearisome. Word had been sent to the camp, and the Lapps had driven in some of their reindeer from the mountains, for the inspection of their guests. These were the party of Parisian travellers, whom we had encountered at Mr. Bennett's house—Dr. E., with his wife, her mother, and two ladies from New York.

When we boarded the steamer Lofoten, which sailed at noon on Monday, July 12, we were the only passengers from the Hakon Adelstein; the others remaining in Tromsöe, to take a smaller steamer for a trip to the Lofoden Islands, or to wait the Hakon's return. We turned our backs on the North Pole, not without regret; for it would have been a fine thing to tell of at home, if we could have beheld the midnight sun from the North Cape, as did Bayard Taylor: but we were too much in sympathy with the German gentleman, who had disembarked with us on Saturday; "we could no more of that steamer." We little thought that we should have cause to regret the Hakon in the far greater tribulations we endured on the Lofoten.

This steamer was smaller, and seemed, at first, more

comfortably arranged than the *Hakon*; but it was not less crowded in proportion to its size. There were more state-rooms; but the ladies' cabin was smaller. The berths on the outside, controlling the portholes, were occupied, and we were driven into a corner; but there was a good-sized ventilator in the roof, and we had hopes of fresh air. Our new friends had state-rooms, and, by making a point of it, had been able to keep the same places at table, and secure a fair share of attention. They had been on the steamer since she left Throndhjem, about the first of July, except that they got off at Hammerfest while she went round to Vadsoe; and finding little to interest them in that fishy town where, the principal manufacture is that of cod-liver oil, they had gone up the Alten Fjord to Bosekop, where they had been agreeably entertained at the house of a widow lady while waiting the return of the steamer. From their account she must have been almost equal to Mme. Quillfeldt.

Bosekop is on a lofty headland which separates the inner branches of the Alten Fjord, the western being called the Kaa Fjord; the highest peaks are three thousand feet above sea-level. A fair is held here, in March and November, which is attended by many Finns and Lapps, as well as by Swedes. The boundary lines between Sweden and Russian Finland are not far distant; and a horse path runs up the valley of the Alten River, and across the mountains, crossing a strip of Russian territory into Sweden. In winter the route is practicable for pulks—a sort of sledge drawn by reindeer—as far as Tornea and Haparanda, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia; a journey of about four hundred and thirty English miles, usually

performed in six or seven days. There is good sleighing, you will observe, when the fair is held at Bosekop. Bayard Taylor made this journey in the winter, and endured cold of forty and fifty degrees below zero. Mr. Edward Rae took this route in the summer, going up the Alten River, and down the Muonio and Tornea rivers in boats; the rest of the way on horseback. But he was nearly devoured by mosquitoes, which, in July and August, are said to be much worse here than in India or Australia. How they compare with American mosquitoes I cannot say.

Were it not for the extreme cold, a pulk journey would be great fun. This vehicle is like a canoe, narrow and rounding, with the stern cut off and turned up, to fit the back, and the front covered with sealskin, to keep out the snow. A reindeer is attached to an iron ring at the front of the pulk by a single trace of strong leather, which is fastened to the bottom of his collar, and passes between his legs, under a band of cloth. A strip of sealskin goes round his head, tied in a knot under the left ear; to this the single rein, also of sealskin, is fastened. This is held in the right hand of the traveller, or wound about his wrist. There is "some knack required to keep it on the right side, as it is continually getting over to the other." There is more knack required in keeping one's self right side up, as the beginner always begins by being rolled over and over and over. No harm ensues, however, unless the reindeer runs away, and leaves you to follow on foot.

The Alten Copper Works, in a valley south of the fjord, belong to an English company, and the gentlemen connected with them make themselves both agree-

able and useful to travellers, in the absence of a regular station-house. A tribe of Finns or Quanes (*Kvæner* in Norsk) are settled at Alten. Murray says, "They are admirable boatmen; but they are not famous for the love of truth and honesty which generally distinguishes the Norwegian peasant." They must have deteriorated since Mr. Laing's residence in Norway in 1835; for he speaks of the Finns as a "harmless, innocent little folk, with many good points, and scarcely any evil in them. From North Cape to Roraas it is universally said of this despised caste, 'A Finn never says what is not true, nor takes what is not his own.'" Contact with civilization has not improved them, apparently.

The steamer, like others of the line, had been round the North Cape, or through the straits, to Vadsoe, the extreme point of the route, and had brought thence, as passengers, a Norwegian pastor, with his wife and family, seven small children, and a yellow dog, rejoicing in the name of Vammsen. We did not learn the name of the family, but we saw enough of them. The pastor himself was a quiet little man, forever sucking at a short German pipe, and looking as if the continual enjoyment of the same had stunted him, mentally as well as physically. His wife was "a fine figure of a woman," as big as two of him, the daughter, as we learned, of a prominent man, somewhere above the Arctic Circle. She was treated with great consideration by the Norwegian ladies on board. With her youngest child, a baby of ten months, she occupied a berth in the ladies' cabin, from which she rarely emerged. The baby was a sickly little thing, coughing and wailing pitifully; and the mother felt terribly

aggrieved if the ventilator or portholes were opened in the slightest degree, by night or day.

We woke the first morning in a state of partial asphyxia, from the frightful atmosphere of the cabin; and finding it was to be a serious matter—for all the Norwegian ladies supported the pastor's wife in her opposition to fresh air—we appealed to the captain for orders to the stewardess that the ventilator should be kept open several inches through the night. He consented at once, and we rejoiced in spirit; but when we retired to our berths about 11 P. M., behold the cabin hermetically sealed! and, having been inhabited all day by a sick baby, and now by fourteen sleepers, in a space eighteen feet by eight, the state of the atmosphere can be better imagined than described. We went at once to the steward, told him of the captain's order, and sent him to see it executed. He went and returned, saying that the captain was sitting on the ventilator drinking his toddy, and he did not like to disturb him, but would open it later. If he did, it made little difference, for the stewardess closed it promptly.

The second night was worse than the first; and it became a struggle for life between America and Norway. Even in the daytime no air was admitted to the cabin, and the pastor and his boys kept diligent watch of the ventilator—which, projecting some eighteen inches above the deck, formed a convenient seat—lest any of us should surreptitiously open it. If the baby should die on the passage—and we feared it would—that whole family and all the Norwegian passengers would lay its death to the charge of three unreasonable American ladies; if *we* died, as seemed rather likely

than otherwise, they would all have been glad to be rid of us.

The other children—six boys and girls—slept with their nurse in the second cabin, and subsisted partly upon home-made provisions and partly from the mother's plate. We observed her one day eating her dinner in the cabin with all of them grouped around her, putting morsels alternately into their open mouths, like an old mother robin feeding her young. The eldest was but ten years of age, and they were under foot most of the time, with their faithful Vammsen, either here or on deck; though they were less of a nuisance than might have been expected. In the second cabin, however, their pillow fights and other antics were such a disturbance to an American woman, who had taken passage on the steamer from Hamburg for the entire trip, that the captain came to her relief and installed her in a vacant berth in our cabin. We found in her a zealous adherent to the fresh-air party; and under the influence of her active tongue several of the Norwegian ladies, who had kept quiet hitherto, began to speak English fluently. She described our ocean and river steamers, eulogized the state-rooms with their comfort and privacy, and dwelt emphatically upon the subject of ventilation. "You should come to America, and learn how to treat people who come to visit you," said she. "We do not ask the Americans to come to Norway," replied these ladies; "we do not need nor wish the patronage of English and American travellers."

It is quite true that they do not; and their steamers are very poorly adapted for summer travel, being intended only for the ordinary coasting traffic. Would it not pay to put a few extra steamers on the line dur-

ing the three months when travel prevails, and let people see the midnight sun with some degree of comfort? The passage might be greatly shortened by omitting the long stops for discharging and taking in cargo, or calling at small stations far up the fjords; and many more would take the journey if they were sure of comfortable accommodations.

The first two days of our return voyage were rainy, and we could spend but little time on deck. We sat in the saloon, talked and read, and made the best of it; but the time seemed long. Towards night, Tuesday, the weather began to clear; and when we reached Bodo, where we were to stop for several hours, some of our party went ashore to see the village, and walked several miles to visit a curious old church in the interior of the island, coming back about midnight with great bunches of lovely flowers.

They had found the little church locked, and waked up the sacristan, who lived near by, and, far from being vexed at this disturbance to his slumbers, seemed delighted to do the honors. Around the communion table sat figures of the twelve apostles, in oddly carved chairs. On the outside wall of the church was a monumental tablet to a clergyman who died in 1660. The sacristan refused the money they offered him, and gave them, as mementos, wafers of unleavened bread, stamped with a crucifix and the monogram I. H. S., prepared for the sacrament. I suppose they had not been consecrated by the pastor, but it seemed a sort of sacrilege on his part, considering his belief.

The Lutherans, since the time of Luther's contest with Zwingli, hold the doctrine of consubstantiation—so nearly like the Romish doctrine of transubstantia-

tion that it requires a metaphysical mind to detect the difference,—believing in a “spiritual and ineffable union of the divine nature with the elements.”

“This *is* my body,” said Luther, as obstinate in defence of this opinion as he was before the Diet at Worms. “Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me!” But oh! for more such giants, with such inability to flinch from convictions of right and duty!

While we waited at Bodo, the captain and other officers who were not engaged in the labor of discharging cargo were having a friendly time with the officers of a smaller steamer, which had come alongside to take on board passengers and freight for the Lofoden Islands. We had a fairly good captain; not such a cultivated gentleman as the captain of the Ha-kon Adelstein; but a pleasant, genial man; only he was rather too fond of his toddy. The fun grew uproarious, and finding myself the only lady on deck, I went below; but the stifling atmosphere of the cabin drove me back. It grew very cold; but I got an extra wrap and waited for my friends.

When we came on board at Tromsöe, we had recognized, among the passengers, two old acquaintances, a gentleman and his nephew, with whom we had made the excursion from Naples to Pæstum a few months previous. Mr. A. had resided in the West Indies and South America, and was educating his nephew, according to a system of his own, by travel rather than schooling. Wherever they went, the boy picked up enough of the language to talk rather fluently, but without the slightest grammatical knowledge. I doubt if he could have read a page understandingly, or written a sentence correctly. Naturally, each language thus

acquired rubbed out the one preceding, and the boy's mind, after a year or two of such education, would resemble a slate upon which sentences have been written and partially erased by the hand, one over another.

Mr. A. had decided to take the steamer for the Lofoden Islands. The nephew was tired of the water, and anxious to get back to Bergen, so he conspired with the captain to keep his uncle drinking until the steamer had gone. They were almost successful; at the last moment, however, Mr. A. sprang up, seized his portmanteau and made his way to the boat. Then he missed his overcoat; the boy, who had purposely forgotten it, tried to make him go back for it. No, he would send for it; and he retained enough self-control to carry out his determination.

The Lofoden steamer was off, our own was ready to start; all the passengers had returned except the second-cabin American lady, who had left the other pedestrians and gone on explorations of her own. "I won't wait for her," said the captain, whose potations had not increased his good-nature. Just in time she appeared, having found a boatman to row her out to the steamer. This person was not a favorite with the captain, though he treated her kindly.

At Vadsoe, hearing that whale's blubber was considered very nutritious, she procured a quantity and brought it on board—the second-cabin passengers are allowed to provide a part of their sustenance, but expected to get one meal daily on the steamer, provisions being an extra expense for all—but the blubber proved so unpleasant to her fellow passengers that they complained of her, and the captain made her throw it overboard.

From her account, we missed nothing in not going round to Vadsoe. It is a wretched little place, with a few hundred inhabitants, who enjoy a summer of six weeks and endure a winter of ten months.

Vardohuus is a little fort, built by Christian IV., two hundred years ago, as a protection for the fisheries, and to resist Russian encroachment in the Varanger Fjord. The Russian frontier is at the mouth of the fjord, and the sea is frozen here in winter, so the Russians are supposed to be very anxious to obtain a seaport on the western coast, near Tromsöe, in the Lyngen Fjord, which never freezes.

The scenery around Bodo is very wild and grand; the Biri Fjeld, with its picturesque peaks, snowy ravines and black precipices lying to the southeast, while to the southwest the mountains tower above each other into the far distance. Through the day we had been passing the chain of the Lofoden Islands; but the rain had prevented our enjoying the view, pronounced so magnificent by those who see them with the sunshine gilding their jagged peaks, which rise three and four thousand feet above the sea. We had rainy weather also, in coming north, and had stopped at Bodo while we slept.

The view from the Sandholm, the highest mountain in the neighborhood, is spoken of as one of vast extent and surpassing grandeur. "The long range of the Lofodens, seventy or eighty English miles distant, seem like the jaws of a great shark, so many and so jagged are their grand points. In the foreground the islands, bays and lakes are countless."

In this neighborhood, from the middle of January to the middle of April, are caught the millions of cod

which form the staple article of trade on the northern coast of Norway. It is estimated from official returns, that in an average year the cod-fisheries off these islands are carried on by between four and five thousand boats, employing nearly thirty thousand men, the produce varying between fifteen and twenty-five millions of fish, from twenty-five thousand barrels of cod-liver oil upwards, according to the catch, and six thousand or more barrels of cod's roe. This is salted and exported to France and Spain, where it is used as bait for taking sardines.

If you were to visit the fishermen's huts along the coast soon after Christmas, you would find all busy in preparation for the winter's campaign, men and children mending the nets and renewing the cords and lines; women sewing and washing the woollen and leather garments, or baking large rye loaves and "flad-brod" of barley and oatmeal, and packing butter, cheese and dried and cooked meats for three months' provisions. With the first favorable weather after the 15th of January, the boats are made ready and the fishermen start for Lofoden.

The permanent population of these islands is scarcely over twenty-five thousand; but besides their dwellings there are, in every sheltered bay, numbers of rude huts, which are let out to strange fishermen during the season. These huts, made of rough boards and covered with turf, consist of two rooms each, one fitted up with bunks for the fishermen, the other a place of storage for their nets, lines, clothing, provisions and barrels of oil and roes. From six to twelve people occupy each hut, and if more are crowded together in any place than can find room in the huts,

they pull their boats on shore, turn them over, and sleep under their shelter; but they are often obliged to camp out in the open air and on the snow. The larger boats, equipped for taking cod with nets, have a length of thirty to forty feet, a width of ten feet, with a mast about twenty-four feet high, to which is attached a large, square sail. Each boat has ten or twelve oars, and a crew of five men and a boy. One of the crew is chosen as the captain, and implicitly obeyed by the rest. His energy, coolness and knowledge of the channels are his claims to his position, which is only one of honor; the crew sharing equally with him in the produce of the catch, though all purchases and sales take place in his name.

The boats for fishing with lines are usually smaller, and the crews consist of only three or four men. The cordage for these nets and lines comes from the rope manufactories of Bergen and other towns, except the finer lines, which are spun by hand in the fishermen's houses; while the nets are made exclusively by the fishermen, their wives and children, their employment in the long winter evenings; and the hempen yarn of which the webs are made is also spun by them.

The first shoals of cod usually appear in the month of December, on the banks outside of the Lofoden Islands, where the catch continues until some time in March; but as the ports are few and unsafe the fishing can only be carried on in good weather. In the West-Fjord, sheltered by the chain of islands, there is safe refuge for boats, the masses of fish come later and remain longer, returning to the open sea in April. Farther north, the fishery in Finmark is of even greater importance, including not only cod but the capelin,

which are caught for bait. At the end of February, the appearance of millions of gulls in the horizon and the blowing of whales in the vicinity of the North Cape announce that shoals of these little fishes are approaching the coast, and the cod follow in immense masses. The capelin are taken in sweep-nets, and as soon as the bait is obtained the cod-fishery begins, chiefly with set and hand lines.

Until about ten years ago, this fishery was carried on only by the scanty population of Finmark, and a total catch of five or six millions was considered good; but now thousands of fishermen flock to Finmark, after finishing their Lofoden fishery, and over fifteen millions of capelin are taken. About the end of May they retire towards the North Sea, followed by the masses of cod. Here, as in Lofoden, most fishermen work on their own account, sharing the expenses of boat, nets, lines, etc., and the produce of a season, which averages for each not over one hundred specie dollars. Nearly all the boats' crew sell the codfish to the merchants on the coast, or to the vessels which prepare rockfish and oil at the fishing places. Only those who live in the neighborhood hang up the stockfish to dry on their own account. After cleaning and cutting off their heads, the fish are tied by the tails, two and two, and hung over bars on frames, to dry in the open air. In Lofoden, they remain exposed until the middle of June, when they are dry enough to keep for years; in Finmark, where the catch is later, the drying continues until July. Rockfish is the salted cod, which is cut open, rubbed with salt, and packed in layers, in the little vessels which come to buy fish. The carp is taken to the interior fjords of the province of Nord-

land, where the weather is more favorable for drying than in Lofoden or Finmark, landed, carefully washed, and spread out on the rocks to dry. Every evening it is put into large heaps in order to press out the water. In good weather, ten or twelve days suffice to dry the fish; it is then reshipped to Bergen, Aalesund, Christiansund and Throndhjem.

Another cod-fishery of importance is carried on between the mouths of the Throndhjem Fjord and Cape Stat, by the fishermen from Romsdal, Nordmore and Sondmore; but as the banks are farther from shore, this fishing is more dangerous and laborious than in Lofoden and Finmark. They go out about three o'clock in the morning to set their nets, taking out the fish caught and casting the nets anew, and return with their catch to the shore, where they seldom arrive before afternoon. In April, when the nights are clear and the cold is less extreme, they frequently remain out several nights together.

These fishermen risk their lives daily; for the weather changes often, and their open boats offer little security against wind and wave.

Beside the cod, the coal-fish, ling, tusk, haddock, halibut and various other kind of fish are taken in large quantities; and the herring-fishery has been, since the ninth century, one of the most important sources of revenue to the country. There are two kinds—the winter herring and the summer herring; and the fish appear and disappear, and frequent different places in a singular manner. Between 1850 and 1860 there were rich harvests of the winter herring. On a fine day in February one might view the sea, for an area of a square mile, covered with one

thousand to fifteen hundred boats; thousands of fishermen occupied in taking up the nets and bringing the herring on shore; hundreds of small vessels conveying the fresh fish from the landing place to the salting houses. These rich fields are now desolate, and the annual yield, which averaged from six to eight hundred thousand barrels, amounted in 1874 to less than twenty thousand.

In later years, shoals of large red herring have appeared farther to the north, and in 1871 nearly seven hundred thousand barrels were taken. The shoals of summer herring are found all along the coast, from April to September. They are very irregular in their appearance, and seldom come in such masses as the winter herring, but as the fishery extends over such a length of coast and for seven months of the year, enormous quantities are taken; on the average nearly two million barrels annually, of which about two-thirds are exported.

Are you tired of a fish diet, or shall I tell you "a tale of potted sprats"? Over one hundred thousand barrels of these little fish are taken with sweep nets, salted and exported every year. Anchovies are prepared from fresh sprats, with spices, salt and oil; and forty to fifty thousand kegs are exported yearly, chiefly to Denmark and Hamburg. The mackerel-fishery is one of great importance, and lobsters are exported in large quantities. Sea crabs, prawns and oysters are also taken; and artificial production of the latter is being introduced; sharks are taken for their livers, from which oil for burning and for tanners' use is prepared, the yearly produce amounting to eight thousand or ten thousand barrels.

The fisheries most interesting to tourists in Norway are those of the salmon and salmon-trout. These are protected by law; the fish may not be taken from the middle of September to the middle of February, neither in the rivers nor in the sea; the use of set lines is forbidden; the fjords and mouths of rivers must not be so obstructed with nets that the fish cannot pass. The minimum size of the meshes of nets is fixed at six centimetres between the knots, and every fish that does not measure eight inches in length must be immediately returned to the water. Rivers and lakes in which trout and salmon were not formerly found have been stocked with them; and in many waterfalls ladders have been arranged to facilitate the ascent of the fish.

The salmon and sea-trout rise in the spring from the deeps outside the coast, which they inhabit during the winter, to run up the rivers, and spawn in the fresh water as soon as the ice has disappeared from the rivers and lakes. Towards autumn they return to the sea.

They are taken in the fjords with ordinary nets set like cod nets, with drag nets, and in large cruives, floating on the surface of the water and fastened either to poles or to the shore; in the rivers, with the same implements, and also with the hook by professional fishermen and sportsmen, especially by Englishmen, who rent the right of fishing in many rivers.

A favorite and picturesque method of capture is spearing the fish by torchlight, illustrated in one of Tidemand and Gude's paintings, in the villa of Oscars-hald, at Christiania.

The produce of the fresh-water fisheries of Norway

is estimated at \$500,000 yearly; that of the salt-water, including cod, herring, lobsters, oil and blubber, fish roe and fish guano, at over \$12,000,000.

The seal-fishery is one of the great industries of Norway, carried on in the Arctic Sea and on the island of Jan Mayn by ships specially fitted for the service, cased in double armor of planks and iron plates to protect them from the ice and enable them to break through it. Their crews consist of forty to fifty men, and each ship has eight or nine boats, in which the hunters pursue the seals, killing them with guns and clubs. Each man receives a fixed part of the profits, which amount in all to about \$500,000 yearly. Other ships go to the island of Spitzbergen, in pursuit of walruses, polar bears and porpoises, as well as seals; and on the island they hunt the wild reindeer, and rob the nests of the eider duck. These Arctic expeditions are full of danger, for sometimes the ships are caught in the ice, and the crews pass the winter there, with little provision and great misery, or their ships are shattered by the ice, and they perish of hunger and cold.

The famous Maelström is in a narrow passage between two of the Lofoden Islands—Moskenaes and Vaeroe. It used to be called the Moskoeström, and in his "Natural History of Norway," written in 1750, Bishop Pontoppidan alludes to the error, common even "among the learned," of "a bottomless sea-abyss, growing in the Moskoeström, penetrating quite through the globe." Jonas Ramus identified it with Scylla and Charybdis, believing that Ulysses sailed to the coast of Norway. He refers to Pliny and Plutarch, who speak of Greeks living in the North, where the sun was

visible for thirty days together; and infers that these Greeks were descendants of Ulysses and his sailors. Going farther still, and with less warrant, he proceeds to identify Ulysses with Outin or Odin, the founder of all the Scandinavian dynasties. Jonas Ramus was a pastor in the parish of Norderhoug, district of Ringeriget, and diocese of Aggerhus (*Christiania*), and published a "Description of Norway" in 1715.*

* "Dr. Charlton ('Notes and Queries,' April 3, 1858) says of the Maelström, 'Its real perils are produced by the tremendous current that rushes in and out of the great West Fjord, that lies between the Lofodens and the western coast of Norway.'

"When the wind blows from certain quarters, particularly from the northwest, and meets the returning tide in the strait, the whole sea between Moskenaes and Vaeroe is thrown into such agitation that no boat could live in it for a moment. In calm weather it is only at three quarters of an hour before the flood tide that the boatmen venture to cross; for, with the stillest and most glassy water outside, the Maelström is dangerously agitated except at the period above mentioned.

"The stories of ships being swallowed up in the vortex are simply fables; but any ship that became involved in the current would probably be driven on the sunken rocks and reefs in the strait, if it did not founder from the fury of the waves. The Maelström is quite out of the track of the Nordanland "jaegts," with their odiferous cargo of dried fish, and no other vessels are called upon to take this course. Nor are whales ever sucked down by the greedy whirlpool, though the following circumstances may account for this part of the legend. On the island of Flagstadt, which lies a little to the north of Moskenaes, there is a narrow inlet, called Qualviig, between the rocks, opposite to the farmhouse of Sund. This inlet, or passage, is at first extremely deep, and then suddenly shoals to about sixteen feet. In this narrow cleft a very considerable number of whales have, within the memory of man, run themselves ashore. We know not what attraction draws these generally wary animals to this narrow creek, for, once in the canal, it is impossible for the whale to retreat, as he requires a large space to turn his body; and, grounding with the falling tide, the huge monster is left there to struggle with his fate. Large whales are known to have lived eight days in this narrow trap, and the people say their struggles are fearful to behold. About the beginning of the present century an enormous male fish

All along the coast, on the Lofoden Islands and in the smaller islands in the fjords, are the haunts of the eider duck, the pillaging of whose nests for eggs and down is one of the important industries of this region. The birds make their nests on the ground, of seaweeds, and line them with the exquisite down which the mother-bird plucks from her breast. She lays usually four eggs, of a pale olive green. Then cruel men and boys come and rob the nest. The poor mother repeats her toil, again to be despoiled. This is done three times. After that, if further molested, the birds desert the place. How stupid of them not to go after the first outrage! But they probably become accustomed to it, and take it for the natural order of things that down and eggs should disappear three times in succession. It is said that the mother-bird will sometimes steal the eggs and young of others after her own have been destroyed, which looks as if she had taken a lesson from man. When she has utterly stripped her breast of its down, the male comes in aid with his down, which is white. The female's is pale drab. Since the law passed, in 1847, for the protection of game, wild fowl, etc., these barren islands and rocks have become valuable property. But how much do you think is obtained from a single nest by this system of robbery? About half a pound of down, which, when picked and cleaned, is reduced to a quarter! And it sells for five specie dollars the pound. We

was fast embayed there, and ere the sun was set he was followed by his mate, who shared his imprisonment and death. This happened at the time that Mr. Sverdrup occupied the farm of Sund, and from the good luck that befell him, from twenty whales and more being stranded here during his occupancy, he obtained the surname of the 'King of the Lofodens.'"

have been purchasing it at Throndhjem to make *duvets*. Shall we be able to sleep comfortably beneath them?

Wednesday was fine and we enjoyed the day on deck, passing Torghatten and the Hestmand and the Polar Circle through beautiful scenery all day. Thursday also was fine, and we were happy in the prospect of reaching Throndhjem and enjoying a night's repose in a comfortable bed and with plenty of air to breathe. Our nights had been purgatory or worse, though we began to be on better terms with the Norwegian ladies after we discovered their ability to speak English. Most of them resided in homes on the fjords, north of the Polar Circle, and we tried to get some idea from them of the long winter and of their occupations and amusements.

"What time does the sun rise?" I asked, forgetting for the moment that in their latitude its appearance was not a thing of daily occurrence.

"We begin to see it in January," was the reply.

"Then when does it *set*?" was the next question.

"About the middle of November."

"But you have daylight—how many hours?"

"About three hours of daylight, in the shortest days."

To the question whether the winter did not seem very long and gloomy, these ladies replied, "Not at all; we have very social, pleasant times; a great deal of visiting, evening parties and other social gatherings."

"How do you dress in the winter?" we asked, with a feeling that the only comfortable clothing must be coats of skins and fur-lined garments like those worn

by the Lapps. "Oh, indeed! we dress as well as the English or American ladies," was the rather indignant reply. "We wear silks and muslins at our parties."

This lady was educated and somewhat accomplished, speaking English and French, and playing on the piano. She did not feel herself in the least an object of pity because of her polar habitation. She had droll ideas of American customs, derived from the reports of Norwegian servants who had lived in America and returned. "They say they like living in America. They are treated as 'one of the family.' You must have queer tastes in America. We don't treat a servant here as 'one of the family.' The pige keeps her place. I should be sorry to associate with my servants."

We explained to her that it was only among farmers, or plain people, in America, that servants were so treated. Yet, I think, even among such classes, in Norway, the distinction between mistress and servant is more marked than with us. Although titles have been abolished in Norway, there remains still the feeling of caste, so universal in Europe.

We reached Throndhjem about ten o'clock Thursday evening, stopping out in the harbor and going ashore in a small boat. We landed at the foot of the hill, not far from the Victoria Hotel, and found Herr Quillfeldt waiting for us, with a porter and handcart for our luggage.

"Where is the major?" he inquired (pronouncing it in the German fashion, *mai-ore*, so that we had to stop and think what he meant), and he was disappointed to find that the pleasant Irish party had not returned with us.

Our comfortable rooms and nice table at the Vic-

toria seemed even pleasanter than before, after the week of steamer life.

Brother John and his wife had taken the steamer to Bergen, but left word that they would probably wait for us there.

On Friday we visited the bankers and obtained a fresh supply of cash, tried on our garments at the fur shop, and arranged for their being expedited to Dresden, picked up a few more photographs of scenery and costumes, enjoyed three hearty meals at Frau Quillfeldt's bountiful table, and sadly returned to purgatory about 11 P. M. The ladies' cabin was filled to overflowing repletion, mattresses being laid upon the floor, to accommodate a new party from New York. It is not always true that "misery loves company"; in our present situation we were sorry to see these ladies; yet they were decidedly preferable to an equal number of Norwegians, since they shared our weakness for ventilation.

In the morning, to our surprise, appeared our friend, Miss H., whom we had left at Tromsöe, having come on board with her father, at the mouth of the Thrond-hjem Fjord, from the little steamer upon which they had visited the Lofoden Islands. She was engaged, as upon her first appearance, mermaid fashion, in combing her long hair, and told us pathetically that they had arrived too late to find any berths—every inch of space being covered with sleepers—and had been obliged to remain on deck all night.

"Be thankful there was no room for you here!" said we.

"But it was awfully cold on deck."

"Did Dr. R. come with you?"

No; the chemist had gone off on some exploring expedition, having deserted his companions, rather to Miss H.'s disgust, we fancied. Her father told us an amusing story of their adventures with a blue fox, which Dr. R. had purchased at Tromsöe and considered a great acquisition; but he had been delighted to get rid of it a few days later.

We reached Christiansund about noon on Saturday, and went ashore for a walk, as the steamer stopped several hours. We strolled along the beach, climbed a rocky hill beyond the town, where we had a pretty view of the fjord, and picked heather, stone-crop and harebells among the rocks. The town is built on three islands, forming nearly a circle around the harbor, and the ground is so uneven than very few houses stand on the same level. They are mostly of wood, painted red, and being scattered about, up hill and down, the place is quite picturesque. The population is about four thousand, and the trade consists chiefly of stock-fish, exported to Spain and Italy. (This must not be confounded with the city of Christiansand, on the south coast of Norway, which has a population of ten thousand, and is the fourth city in the country. Like Christiania, this was founded by Christian IV., in 1641.)

We continued along the coast, and passed between the islands into the mouth of the Romsdal Fjord, as far as Molde, which we reached about 7 P. M. Here we were detained for an hour and a half, landing the party from Paris, with their two carriages, Italian courier and Norwegian interpreter, and their luggage, which had been stacked up under tarpaulins on deck. The embarkation of these carriages and our own trille had

been a work of much time and trouble at Throndhjem the night before. As the steamer rarely goes up to a landing, vehicles of any description have to be put on a barge and towed out to the steamer, to which they are transferred by means of tackle worked by the donkey engine.

We were not sorry for the delay, for we enjoyed a lovely view, across the fjord, of the snowy peaks of the Romsdalhorn and the Troll Tinderne. With the sunset glow resting upon it, this view may be almost as beautiful as the Bernese Oberland, seen in the Alpenglühens, to which Mr. Bennett compares it. Our friends who landed here, including Mr. and Miss H. and the party who came on board at Throndhjem, were intending to take a small steamer up the fjord to Naes and go up the Romsdal. We were sorry to lose their society; but there is no loss without some gain: we succeeded to the vacant state-room. Can you believe that we had difficulty in persuading the captain to grant us this indulgence for one night? He thought at first Will wanted it for himself, and made no objection; but when he understood it was to be occupied by three ladies, he said we must be very quiet about it, or the gentlemen on board would complain. The ladies' cabin was the place for ladies.

There is a hospital for lepers at Molde, and Miss G., the blubber lady, wished to go ashore and visit it. But the captain objected; at least, he told her if she went he should not allow her to return.

About midnight we reached Aalesund, where the steamer stopped for awhile. Through the day we had been passing through lovely scenery. There was a photographer on board, who placed his instrument

near the stern, and took a picture of the boat and passengers, with the wooded shore of the fjord as a background. Our party occupied prominent positions; but Blossom was absorbed in her novel, and did not put her umbrella down until the critical moment was over; so she appears in deep shadow beneath it, like a toad under a mushroom. The captain shows to advantage, and the mail-agent, with a band around his cap; and before the house, in a tall, round-top hat, stands the organist from Tromsöe. This gentleman has been instructing us with reference to the sights of Bergen, impressing us especially with the necessity of visiting the museum.

"What is to be seen there?" we inquired, meaning what is its peculiar attraction; for we were slightly weary of museums.

"What is in the museum? *Everything* what is in museums," he answers, with accents of disapproval at our supposed indifference.

We were greatly amused in watching the children on board. Besides the pastor's flock, there was a lovely little girl, who had come on with her parents at Throndhjem, who played with the two youngest little girls from Vadsoe. She had some nuts—curious, three-cornered things, resembling beech-nuts—which had been given her, I think, by the captain's daughter, a jolly and "smukke pige"; Russian nuts, they called them, and she bestowed some of them upon her little companions. It was comical to see them put out their little hands to shake hers, and drop a courtesy, exactly as the grown-up women do in Norway, while saying "Mange dak," or "Tak skal de have." Some of their expressions are curiously similar in sound to the same

thing in English. This little blonde maiden of perhaps three summers, when Will tried to allure her, tossed her head coquettishly and said, "Go 'way from me!"

"Where did you learn to speak such good English!" he asked, in surprise.

"She is not speaking English," said her mother, laughing: she spoke it very well herself; "that is Norsk—Gaae vei fra mig."

A little south of Aalesund, on the island of Vik, was the Borg, or castle, of Hrolf Gangr—Rollo, or Rolf the Walker, so called because he was so tall and stout that no Norwegian horse could carry him. This giant—outlawed for "strandhaug," or cattle robbery along the coast, by Harald Harfager—was the conqueror and founder of the duchy of Normandy, ancestor of William the Conqueror. After several years of hostility, Rollo came to terms with the French king, Charles the Simple, became a Christian and was baptized as Robert, married Gisela, the king's daughter, and was invested with the fief and title of duke of Normandy.

Somewhere between Aalesund and Bergen, we passed the lofty precipice of Hornelen, twelve hundred feet high, said never to have been scaled since the time of Olaf Tryggvesson. The legend relates that the king climbed it, in company with a peasant, who became so frightened that he could go neither forward nor backward, so King Olaf took him up and brought him safely down. I do not remember this precipice, and presume we must have passed it during the night.

We luxuriated in our state-room, enjoying its exclusiveness, though we found the quarters very close for

three people. We were not so much troubled as our predecessors had been by the sun shining in at the port-hole. North of the Arctic Circle they had been obliged to sleep under parasols, though chilly under all their wraps.

Sunday was a fine day and the scenery very beautiful. In the afternoon one of the gentlemen read a long sermon in Norsk to the assembled passengers, who formed a very quiet and attentive audience. I hope they were more edified by it than we were. The most pleasing incident of the day was the departure of the pastor and his family, who were all packed into a small boat, including the yellow dog, and landed at some place not far from Bergen, to which he had been appointed pastor. We congratulated *them* on the change from cold and gloomy Vadsoe, to this lovely and fertile region, and *ourselves* on seeing the last of the stout Frau Pastorin and her sick baby. Somewhere in this region we took a pilot on board. I should not have noticed the circumstance but for its mention by the captain's daughter, who pointed out what she called "the pil-yote's boat."

"Is that the way you pronounce it in Norsk?" asked Will, when he had fathomed her meaning.

Not at all; she supposed herself to be speaking English.

As we drew near the end of our voyage, and had packed up our bags and bundles, we went once more into the ladies' cabin to say good-by to the faithful stewardess and give her the customary fee.

"Far vel, Hannah. Tak skal de have!" the Norwegian ladies were saying.

I must not leave the Lofoten without a parting

tribute to Hannah's worth. Faithful and efficient, always active and ready, kind and good-natured, now in her own domains, now helping the steward or the cook or the waiters, she did everything except navigate the steamer; and I am not sure but she was capable of superseding the captain, at times when he had taken too much toddy; in short, she was the one efficient person on the steamer Lofoten.

XIII.

BERGEN AND BISHOP PONTOPPIDAN.

THE harbor of Bergen is surrounded by mountains, seven in number, varying from eight hundred to two thousand feet in height, and giving to the city its name, Björgvin, the meadow between the mountains. The town itself is built on seven lower hills, grouped about the head of the fjord, and the harbor is divided into two creeks by a promontory, on which stands the ancient castle of Bergenhus. The square tower, which is the most prominent object as you sail up the harbor, was erected on the foundations of the old citadel and palace of Olaf Kyrre, who founded the city about eight hundred years ago, A. D. 1070-75. In a hundred years it had become a place of commercial importance, much visited by Dutch and English traders.

A treaty of commerce was concluded with England, in 1217, by King Hakon IV., which was the first of the kind made by England with any foreign nation.

After the establishment of the Hanseatic League, in 1250, several thousand German factors and artisans settled here, in an institution like those afterward founded at Bruges and Novgorod. This gave a peculiar character to the city, which soon became a place of the greatest commercial importance. In 1435

a monopoly was granted to the Hanseatic merchants, and the English were driven out; but in the middle of the last century the monopoly was abolished, and the port thrown open to all foreigners.

Bergen retained its pre-eminence among the cities of Norway until within a few years, and has even now more trade than Christiania, though the latter city has double the population of the former.

There is no landing place for large steamers, so we were put off in a small boat, with the usual confused piling in of luggage and passengers. (I was sure our precious rubber bundle of wraps had gone to the bottom of the fjord, having heard an ominous splash, and being unable to discover it in the boat; but when we reached the shore it turned up.) People are landed at different parts of the town, according to the hotels they propose to patronize; so a decision was forced upon us at once. It was rather puzzling, for we had no idea where to find our friends, and had hoped to meet them at the landing. Knowing the situation better than we did, they had no idea where to find us; and so made no attempt. We followed Mr. Bennett's recommendation, and decided for Holt's Hotel; so we were landed at the market place, within walking distance, and found a porter to bring up the luggage. Fortunately, we had hit the right place; our friends were there, and had engaged rooms for us. As a Cook's party of twenty-five tourists occupied the house, the accommodations were limited, we three ladies sharing the same room; but after our narrow quarters on the Lofoten, this seemed palatial, and we accepted the inevitable with a meekness astonishing to our friends.

We had reached Bergen about 7.30 P. M., and, after being settled in our rooms, the next question was supper. We found a good and plentiful table, and owing to the lateness of the hour we were not troubled by the tourists, though an English gentleman complained bitterly of them, "overrunning everything, like a swarm of locusts." It was the first invasion of the kind in Norway, where the conditions of travel are peculiarly unsuited to large parties. After supper, we sat out of doors, in a sort of loggia over the porch, overlooking the square called Engen, and the Torve Alminding, or Market-place. The streets are frequently interrupted by squares, planted with trees. These have been found very useful in limiting the progress of the fires which have often injured the city, so largely composed of wooden buildings. The gentlemen busied themselves in superintending the removal from the steamer of our trille, and its bestowal in a shed near by; since Murray warns the traveller that the people here are "sadly clumsy," and injury to the trille meant not merely expense, but detention.

We had three days in Bergen, as the steamer up the Hardanger Fjord was not to leave until Thursday morning; so we did our sight-seeing leisurely. Our first visit was to the Museum, about which our Tromsöe friend had been so enthusiastic. There is a small but interesting collection of Northern antiquities, found in tumuli, chiefly near Vosse; some Runic inscriptions and a quantity of Norwegian coins, going back to Hakon Adelstein, in the tenth century. A few paintings were scattered about in an upper room. With few exceptions, we indorsed Murray's opinion: "The pictures here are rubbish." A large painting of Inge-

borg, heroine of Frithiof's Saga, by a Norwegian artist, whose name I forgot, was one of the exceptions.

But we were interested in the Natural History department, especially in the stuffed animals—comprising numerous specimens of reindeer, seals, sea calves or walruses, and the great elk or moose, now nearly extinct in Norway—and in the collections of marine zoophytes and fishes. Some of the stuffed elk were seven and eight feet in height, and of an ash or hoar-brown color, which varies, like that of the reindeer, with age and the season of the year, being lighter in winter. The horns weigh about fifty pounds. They are palmated, with short points around the edge, and are used in winter by the elk to remove the snow from their feeding grounds. Though in general timid, yet when closely pressed, the elk will defend himself with both horns and hoofs, and one stroke of the latter is sufficient to kill a wolf. They were formerly employed in drawing sledges; but their use was prohibited on account of the facility their speed afforded to criminals escaping justice. They cannot endure the cold of a higher latitude than sixty-four degrees, and are disappearing before civilization.

In walking through the Museum one is reminded of Bishop Pontoppidan, not only by the curious birds and fishes, but also by the animals, of which he gives so many amusing particulars. Here are gluttons, with beautiful fur, but unlovely habits, eating to repletion, and then squeezing themselves between two trees to disgorge their food (this is called a slander by later observers); and beavers, of whose ingenuity so much is told. When building their dams, one of them will lie down and hold up his paws to be loaded with tim-

ber, like a little cart, and his companions drag him along the ground till he looses all the fur from his back. Otters, also with beautiful fur, are made useful in other ways, being trained by the fishermen to go out and catch fish for the family.

Reineke Fuchs is the same crafty animal in Norway that he is in Germany, or that he was in the days of Æsop. When the otter is catching fish, he hides behind a stone, and snatches the prey from him. A fisherman saw a fox, near his house, placing a parcel of cods' heads in a row, and concealing himself behind them. He watched, to see what would happen, and the first crow that came to eat the fish became the booty of the fox. Sometimes he goes fishing himself, dipping his long, furry tail in the water, and catching crabs. Most ingenious is his method of ridding himself of fleas. He takes a wisp of straw in his mouth and goes backwards into the water, deeper and deeper, till all the fleas, retiring to the dry places, reach his head, and then as he dips it in the water, settle upon the straw, which he drops, and then runs away.

The wolves, fierce as they are, are daunted when they meet with resistance, and are only bold and daring against those who flee. Even a goat, when it has turned and butted a wolf with its horns, has put him to flight. "In this case the wolf is not unlike the evil spirit, whom the Word of God represents to be a coward, and only to appear bold against the unbeliever's fear, as it stands in Scripture: 'Resist the devil and he shall flee from you.'" He is bolder in winter, however, and will sometimes take a horse from a sledge.

The bear is a nobler antagonist, and has many almost human traits; and credit is given him for almost human intelligence. He dislikes the cow-bells, which give warning to the shepherd where his cattle are straying, and will pick out the bell cow, tear the bell from her neck, and, if it be made of soft metal, strike it flat with his paw. He can fire off a gun, when he has taken it from the huntsman; and when attacked by several hunters, he will seize one who has already fired, hug him, and roll with him down a bank, leaving the man disabled or dead. Sometimes, when himself mortally wounded, he "endeavors to rob the huntsman of his hide, which he knows he has come for, by laying hold of a large stone and plunging into deep water." He is a good swimmer, and will go into a river and catch fish.

Jonas Ramus says that the white bears in Finmark are of Greenland extraction, having crossed on ice fields and by swimming. When they are tired of swimming, and see a boat, they will climb into it, and "sit in the stern quite quiet and peaceable." The peasant will not allow this if he can row fast enough to avoid it; and, if he has an axe, the bear's paws suffer. If hit by a ball in the chest, or under the shoulder, or in the ear, he falls; any other wound makes him fierce. If the huntsman has not a bayonet on his gun, he must thrust his knife down the bear's throat.

Soon after Michaelmas, the bear seeks his den, makes himself a soft bed of moss, and hides the opening with branches, and lets himself be snowed up. In spring, his paws, which he has sucked, are soft and lame, and his stomach weak from long fasting. He seeks an ants' hillock, which he swallows whole;

"this scowers his inside, and cleanses and strengthens his stomach."

The old Norwegian statutes decreed that "the bear and wolf shall be outlaws in every place"; but even Bruin had his judicial privileges, and if he had committed robbery or injury, a court was summoned, and he was declared liable to punishment. In the ancient Saga of "Finboga Rama" the grizzly offender is challenged to a duel, and slain by Finbog with all the courtesies of chivalry. Werlauff, the editor of this Saga (Copenhagen, 1812), says, "The opinion that bears have a reasonable knowledge of Danish is still prevalent in Norway."

(The names of Björn and Björnson, so common in the North, are traced to a legendary king of Sweden, whose father was a bear, or some rough outlaw in a bearskin, who had carried off a beautiful maiden to his den. Thorpe gives the story in his "Northern Mythology.")

The polar bears do not seem to hibernate, and when pressed by hunger, are very daring in their attacks. A story is told of two Russian hunters who were playing checkers in their hut at Spitzbergen, when a great white paw pushed through the window pane, and seized one of them by the neck to drag him out. Fortunately, the man escaped with the loss of a handful of hair.

The good bishop was a born naturalist, and as he had much spare time on his hands during his circuits in the diocese of Bergen, which occupied two or three months at a time, he spent part of it conversing with guides and drivers, talking over their information with the pastors, whose homes he visited, and collecting "stones, ores, fossils, sea-trees, corals, snails, mussels,

uncommon birds, fishes, and the like." There was a difficulty about the fishes; for the superstitious natives called any monstrous or unusual specimens "trolls" or "devils," and threw them overboard directly, thinking that unless they did so their fishing would be unsuccessful, or something amiss would certainly befall them. In his enormous folio,* he gives illustrations of the fishes and birds he had been able to procure, as well as of "sea-trees and corals," and some unusual plants. He gives a list of two hundred and forty flowering plants, with their common and botanical names (he was acquainted with the works of his contemporary, the great botanist, Carl Linnaeus), describes the berries and small fruits, and enumerates some twenty species of trees, with their uses and virtues. For example, elm bark, dried, ground and mixed with meal, is used as food by the peasants, for themselves and their animals. The birch is used for fuel, and its bark for covering roofs and tanning skins; while from the sap and the young buds is distilled a healing balsam. The Norway oak excels all but the Danish for ship-building, and a decoction of oak leaves in beer is good for gout or rheumatism. The broad-leaved willow is called by the peasants "the tree under which the devil flayed the goats," whether because the goats are fond of stripping off its leaves, or from their woolly under-surface, he is not quite certain. He gives some instances from which he thinks there is reason to believe that barley degenerates into oats, and oats improve to barley, as wheat changes to tares, good oats to wild, and *nutmegs* to *walnuts* in Europe! Among

* A copy, published in London in 1755, may be seen in the Astor Library, in New York.

the illustrations is one of the method of drying grain —six or eight sheaves fastened to a pole, and frames for hay (“*hoef-giers*”), exactly like those seen to-day in the Romsdal.

He complains of the superstition which leads the peasants to use sledges instead of wagons, because their fathers did. “They will not remove a stone which their fathers have suffered to lie,” and in such stony places “use a crooked stick with an iron at the end, instead of a plough.”

Although he can be amused by the mistakes of other people, who call barnacles “ducks growing on trees,” the bishop tells some pretty tough stories of his own, but with firm faith in their verity. “The reader will meet with many strange, singular and unexpected things here, but all of them strictly true.” He believes in sea animals resembling human beings —the missing link between them and the fishes, which the gorilla appears to be between man and quadrupeds —which have given origin to the stories of mermen and mermaids. Mr. Peter Angel, minister of a parish in Sundmoer, told the bishop that, in 1719, he saw at Alstahoug, in Nordland, what was called a merman, lying dead, which had been cast ashore by the waves.

It was about three fathoms long (six feet), of a dark gray color, the lower part like a fish, and tail like a porpoise; face like a man’s, with forehead, eyes, flat nose, mouth; arms joined to the side by thin membranes, and paws like a sea-calf. Torfaeus relates instances of mermen being seen on the coast of Iceland, and in 1670 mermaids were reported at the Faroe Islands. In 1723 three ferrymen were examined before a magistrate at Elsinore, and testified to seeing

a merman between Hveen and Südland. He appeared like an old man, strong limbed, and with broad shoulders, small head, with short, curled black hair, meagre and pinched face, and black beard. Little animals, seeming like a mixture of child and fish, are sometimes caught and taken home by fishermen, who give them milk, which they swallow eagerly; but they are always put back within twenty-four hours, precisely in the place where they were caught, for fear of misfortune.

The sea-serpent in the Miosen Lake is alluded to by the bishop, upon Peter Clausen's authority; but of one seen near Molde, in 1746, he gives a particular description.

Captain Lawrence de Ferry, who had command of the Norwegian fleet cruising off the coast, himself related this experience to the bishop. The head, two feet out of water, was shaped like that of a horse, gray, with black eyes and mouth and a white mane; and several folds or coils of the body were seen. He shot at it, when it sank and was not seen again. Hans Egede, of the Greenland Mission, reported a sea-serpent nearly six hundred feet long, in 1734. Bishop Pontoppidan thinks this animal the leviathan of Scripture, and believes also in the existence of the kraken, greatest of sea monsters, to which he refers the stories of floating and disappearing islands.*

All these monsters, including the mermen and mermaids, seem to have retreated into unexplored regions, before that modern leviathan, the ocean

* There is a manuscript affidavit in the British Museum, made in 1775, by the master of a vessel, named Jameson, that he saw near Rothshire what seemed to be an island, a mile and a half in length, rising and sinking in the water.

steamer, as the crocodiles of the Nile now keep themselves above the first cataract. Perhaps the crocodiles of Egypt and India may become, in time, as apocryphal as the serpents and krakens of the northern seas.

Pontoppidan's authorities, besides his own experience and the "observations of intelligent persons," were "Writings Relating to Norway." The works of Jonas Ramus and Peter Clausen have already been quoted. Another work is the "True Description of Norway and the Adjacent Islands," by Peter Nicholas Undalin, or Undal (the translator of Snorre Sturleson's Sagas from the Icelandic, or Old Norsk, into Danish), who also wrote a "History of the Beasts of Norway," which was accidentally burned, in manuscript, while in the hands of a friend. The "True Description" was published at Copenhagen, in 1632, after the death of the author. The bishop gives an extract from a letter of Mr. Jens Spidberg, a clergyman at Christiansand, who was also interested in natural history, and preparing a work on Norway, to which he was impelled by reading Scheuchzer's "Natural History of Switzerland." He says, "In 1745, Count Reuss, then governor here, ordered the *literati* to send in an account of every particular, in their several countries, which might contribute to the melioration of the soil, or the improvement of agriculture." Such accounts were prepared, but he is ignorant what use was made of them. "Baron Lowendhal, commander-in-chief during our last war (1750), ordered me to prepare a map of the country, and the frontiers between Norway and Sweden."

All of Spidberg's papers and his library of "six thousand volumes in all languages and sciences," were

destroyed by fire, in Christiansand, in 1734. He had published "two little pieces," one in Holland, "*De Causa et Origine Ventorum*," the other at Hall in Saxony, "*Of the North Light*."

The good bishop seems to fear that the devotion of so much time to the natural sciences may be deemed unfitting to his profession, and takes pains to assure his readers that his "principal motive is to promote the glory of the Creator by a contemplation of his works." Believing, as he does, that "Norway surpasses other countries, not only in its inanimate treasures, such as metals, minerals and vegetables, but in various kinds of beasts, birds and fishes, particularly the last"; that it has the most healthful climate in the world, the loftiest mountains, and that the inhabitants are in every way most blessed of Heaven, he labors to impress that belief upon his readers. Even the extreme cold of the long winters, which last from the middle of October till the middle of April, has a beautiful effect on the system. "It drives the heat inward, and especially strengthens the stomach, so that the people can digest dried and salt fish, smoked flesh" and other tough edibles, "better than any other nations." The "benefits of the snow" are twofold. "I. Convenience of travelling on snowshoes and in sledges," under which head he describes the two sort of snowshoes—those made of withies, broad and rounded, and long, thin pieces of wood, called skris. On these the skriders pass swiftly over the snow and ice, and a regiment of six hundred men were stationed at Thron-dhjem, "in war time," equipped in this manner. The second benefit of the snow is its service to the soil as manure.

Of the moderate weather along the coast, where "the North Sea is open and navigable as far as 82°, except in the creeks and along the shore," and "the harbors of Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Hamburg and Lübeck are frozen ten times oftener than ours," he speaks not only as a benefit, but an "absolute necessity," giving the reasons on account of the fisheries, "first to catch, and next to cure, both of which would be impossible in frosty weather." Even the rainy weather in Bergen, the wet days averaging nearly two out of three, has its benefits; "it assists vegetation, and gives good draughts of fish." "One of my chief views in this work is to show that all the works of God are full of loving kindness."

The Gulf Stream was apparently not understood; but he suggests that the warmness of the water was caused by "warm springs at the bottom of the sea, continually boiling by means of the central fire." However produced, the moderate climate at Bergen is a matter for gratitude. "When Bergen harbor freezes, the Seine freezes at Paris," and in exceptionally cold winters inland there is little difference on the coast. Two weeks of sledging in succession is very unusual. Although it was thought by some that the dampness was unwholesome, "issuing from off the sea, and settling between the mountains, from whence it cannot be easily dissipated," it appears that in 1730 there were only two physicians in Bergen to thirty thousand people, and they seemed to be quite sufficient.

Physicians in the chief towns had "a public salary as provincial physicians, and, in general, but little employment. People owe their good health more to the air than to medicine."

Some famous instances of longevity are given. The most remarkable, quoted from Jonas Ramus, is Anden Evindson, bishop of Havanger, who died about 1440, in the 210th year of his age. Adrian Rotker, for seventy years alderman of Throndhjem, died at the age of 120. The minister of Holtvalen at the age of 150, and Hans Aasen, who first erected copper works at Röraas, died in 1683, age 116. Peasant women are mentioned, in different parts of Norway, as attaining the ages of 112, 127 and 137 years. The healthiness of the Gudbrandsdal, from which people who were tired of life "got themselves removed, in order to die the sooner," has already been mentioned.

The winter of 1719 was one of terrible cold. In February, a body of seven thousand Swedish soldiers, endeavoring to make their way back to Sweden across the mountains, after the death of Charles XII. at Fried-richshald, were overwhelmed by a snowstorm, on the mountain of Ruden, and discovered by a body of Norwegian runners who pursued their retreat, frozen to death, "some sitting, some lying down, some in a posture of prayer."

In Pontoppidan's time there were Scotch settlers near Bergen, in a district called "Skotte-Byen," and the "Strile farmers" were thought to be of Scotch extraction; probably dating from the days of the Scotch marriages of Erik, or the conquests of Magnus Barefoot and Hakon IV. There were a good many Scotch and English settlers at Christiansand. He describes the fisheries, and speaks of the genius of the peasants in wood-carving. "In former times, the Norwegian youth were trained to wrestling, swimming, riding, rowing, throwing the dart, skating, climbing rocks and forging

iron, writing Runic characters, blowing the horn and composing songs and odes." One of their musical instruments was called the "langleek"; it was made by stretching six brass wires over a sounding-board four feet long and six inches broad. The violin was most admired, and was played at funerals, the musician sitting all day at the head of the coffin; and was also played when the coffin was carried in a boat to the place of burial.

There was an old custom in the diocese of Christiansand of asking the deceased "why he died? if his wife was not kind to him, or his neighbors civil to him?" In some places in Laerdal, every one that comes into the room where the corpse is, falls on his knees at the coffin and begs forgiveness from the deceased if they have offended him. The minister has told them it is very foolish and too late to ask forgiveness at such a time, but he can hardly break off such an inveterate custom.

He speaks of the hospitality of the people, keeping open house for three weeks at Christmas, and the pretty custom of hanging up a sheaf of grain for the birds; commends them for their civility and courtesy, and their faithfulness and honesty, and unwillingness to remain in debt. "Every Norwegian peasant, especially the freeholder that can pay his taxes, governs his house and possessions with as much authority as a nobleman; nobody directs or governs him. This gives them a certain freedom and generosity of mind."

After leaving the Museum we visited the Art Union Gallery, where we found some fine landscapes and other good pictures; but, like those in Christiania, the

prices were higher than we cared to pay, although we desired such a memento of Norway. We shopped for photographs and fancy articles, dolls dressed in peasant costumes, and silver, both ancient and modern. Old spoons, like the apostle spoons one sees in Germany, but of less elaborate workmanship, are sold to the dealers by the people who emigrate to America, as well as ornaments, brooches, buckles, knives with carved handles, etc. Prices are high, but perhaps not above the value of these antiques, which are heavy and solid, as well as curious. The modern silver was very pretty, and moderate in price.

On Wednesday we visited the fish-market as Murray advises; but I think we were late, for the trade was not very brisk. It is carried on directly from the boats, the fishermen holding up their wares for the inspection of customers standing on the wharf. We saw no fish of the size illustrated in photographs, where a man carries one with the head on his shoulders and the tail trailing on the ground.

We were not in season to see the curious, square-rigged "jaegts," which have been built on the same model for centuries, with great breadth of beam, and huge, square sails. It has been supposed that they resemble the piratical ships of the old Norsemen; but it is established that their "dragons" and other war ships were long galleys with twenty or thirty benches of oars; more like the Greek and Roman war ships than these clumsy jaegts. In March and April, when they arrive with their cargoes of fish from the Lofodens and Finmark, the harbor is crowded with these picturesque vessels, sometimes six or seven hundred in number. The old warehouses, formerly occupied by

merchants and artisans from the Hanse towns, are now used for storing the stock fish.

These buildings occupy the whole eastern side of the harbor, and form what is known as the Tydske-briggen, German Bridge or quay. They are built in the style of the North German towns, from which the merchants came, Lübeck, Hamburg and Bremen, and although reduced to ashes in the great fire of 1702 were rebuilt in the same style. There are sixteen "gaarde," each divided into apartments, which contain a central hall and sleeping rooms.

Here lived three thousand merchants and artisans, in an enforced celibacy, which resulted in a deplorable state of morals; so that, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the reputation of Bergen was something dreadful.

In other ways this foreign population was a curse to the native inhabitants. They not only had a monopoly of trade, but were governed by their own statutes, independent of local jurisdiction. In 1455 the king's bailiff, having provoked their resentment by attempting to check some overstrained exercise of their privileges, was pursued by an enraged multitude and compelled to take refuge in a church. This was set on fire, and, with an adjoining convent, was burned to ashes, the bailiff and the bishop of Bergen both perishing in the flames. This outrage was not punished by the State, but was afterwards avenged by the relatives of the victims.

Many descendants of these Germans live in Bergen—the northern part of the town being still called the German quarter—and keep up the language and customs of their fatherland, as much as possible, to this

day. Until within a few years they had German services and preaching in their old church—the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. It is the most ancient in Bergen, and is spoken of by Snorre Sturleson as existing in 1181. It is now in process of restoration, and we found it occupied by workmen; but were allowed to wander about at our pleasure. It is of mixed orders of architecture; the nave Roman, the choir Gothic; having been constructed and reconstructed at different periods. There are wood-carvings in the chancel, the most curious being a flying angel, the size of life, holding the baptismal font suspended in front of the altar.

In the middle ages, Bergen was a city of churches and convents, containing thirty-two, of which only three remain—the cathedral, belonging in the middle ages to a Franciscan monastery, the church of the cross, and this old German church. The great Christ Church, with the tombs of several kings; the beautiful Church of the Apostles, finished in 1302, a copy of the *Sainte Chapelle* at Paris; with churches dedicated to St. Olaf, St. Columba, St. Martin, St. Nicholas, St. Michael, and St. Halward, have all vanished, as well as the convents. A fire in 1488 destroyed eleven churches in Bergen, and the greater part of the town. As the Reformation was introduced into Norway not long after, it is not likely that many of these churches were rebuilt. Destructive fires have often raged in Bergen, as in the other timber-built cities of Norway. In 1855, one hundred and eighty houses were burned, and nothing but the large market-place checked the progress of the flames.

In Pontoppidan's time, 1750, only four of the build-

ings on the Tydske-briggen belonged to Germans, the others being the property of Norwegian merchants, who employed German clerks; and in 1763 the last was sold to a Norwegian.

The largest of the convents was the Munkeliw, founded by the Benedictines, but afterwards passing into the hands of the Brigittines. The "Lunge gaard," near the city gate, was a convent of Cistercian nuns. After the Reformation, which was peacefully introduced under Christian III., in 1536, all monastic establishments were suppressed, and Church property made over to the crown, forming a fund of about three million dollars, which is employed for the payment of pastors' salaries and educational purposes. Until 1845 only Lutheran places of worship were allowed in Norway; but in that year an act of religious toleration was passed which gave religious liberty to all Christians. A Roman Catholic mission had been established a few years earlier at Alten-gaard, beginning with a school, which was not prohibited by the law; but the fathers have made but few converts. The first Catholic Church in Norway—that of St. Olaf, in Christiania—was consecrated Aug. 24, 1856. The one in Bergen, recently erected, is a stone building in Roman style, near the Museum.

Jews were excluded from Norway until 1851, when an act was passed admitting them on conditions of equality with Christians, since which time they have rapidly increased in number.

Mormons are an exception to the act of toleration, and most of them have emigrated to America.

Bergen is celebrated for its charitable institutions, asylums for old citizens, old wardens, old sailors, wid-

ows, and the insane, besides hospitals for lepers, and for those suffering from ordinary diseases. Beside sustaining these public institutions, the city appropriates the sum of thirty thousand dollars annually to the benefit of the poor and sick. Vagrant and criminal children are sent to homes in the country. Public inspectors of the poor serve, without pay, for a term of four years.

There are sixteen "people's schools" in Bergen, supported at an expense of \$6,000 annually, and attended by nearly two thousand scholars. The salary of an upper teacher is \$200; of an under teacher \$100. Boys are taught in the morning, and girls in the afternoon, three hours each.*

From the German church we walked to the old square stone tower, like a Norman keep, the stronghold of the old citadel, which has recently been restored and is now used as an armory. It is about sixty feet by forty in size, and perhaps a hundred in height. We mounted to the roof and obtained a fine view of the city. The soldier who escorted us over the tower took us afterward to a large hall, built of massive timbers which had lost its roof. Mr. Bennett speaks of it as being "in the old English pointed-arch style, and very similar to an English mansion in its interior arrangements." It was built, he says, by King Hakon Hakonson, 1247-1261, and is the oldest of secular buildings in the three Scandinavian kingdoms. The tower was built by the same king but enlarged by Scotch builders in 1565.

* I take these statistics from Mr. Brace's work, "The Norse Folk," published in 1857. Changes may have been made, during the twenty years since. Perhaps the teachers have larger salaries!

These buildings doubtless occupy the site of the old castle built in the citadel by King Olaf III. when he founded the city. The fortress is still occupied, consisting of three bastions and a ravelin towards the town and three bastions and two batteries toward the sea, and, with a strong fortress on the hill across the harbor, protects the town from assaults by water.

As Bergen played an important part in the civil wars which raged in Norway during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when rival parties contended for its possession, and it was often the scene of fierce conflict, so the harbor and the fjord were, from yet earlier times, the scene of naval engagements. The Baltic Sea had swarmed with pirates, from the time of the Jomsburg vikings and the Wends to that of the Vitalians, against whom the ships of the Hanse Republic maintained vigorous warfare. These invaders attacked Bergen, at different times, in 1181 and 94, in 1393 and '95, and the Vitalians, under their famous leader, Bartholomew Voit, in 1428 and '29.

The last sea fight in Bergen harbor of which I find mention was in 1665. During the war between England and Holland, the English fleet, commanded by the earl of Sandwich, pursued the Dutch under Admiral Von Bitter, into the harbor, where they took shelter under these fortifications, and the English were forced to retire. Some of their shot are still to be seen in the walls of the fortress and the square tower.

The climate of Bergen is remarkably damp, as well as mild. As on the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, there is almost constant rain for nine months of the year—two hundred rainy days is the average number. There is everything in one's way of looking

at things; like good Bishop Pontoppidan, we may feel that the rain is good for the soil and the fishing, or we may realize only that it interferes with our pleasure. To us, seeing it only in sunshine, Bergen was a picturesque and pleasant city, and its situation seemed charming; but a recent visitor records a very different impression. "The little town is perched, in a most uncomfortable situation, on a rocky steep, incessantly beaten by terrific rains, and at the mercy of all the storms which gather and break on the North Sea. Why the town is not washed away seems a marvel." Decidedly, this writer must have visited Bergen in very rainy weather.

A similar experience must have befallen the English ladies who, after a stormy passage, were roused from sleep, the first night in Bergen, by the unexpected horror of the watchmen's cry:

"I woke suddenly, my heart beating wildly with fright, to find the room quite dark, and filled with a sound so unearthly that for an instant I dared not move. The cry ceased and rose again,—long, weird, melancholy, discordant. Before it died away I was at the window with Janet, who was equally startled, and had hurried to my room that we might meet the catastrophe together. Again it came; this time louder, nearer,—was taken up at some distance, swelled into a horrid chorus, and ceased just as all the clocks struck twelve. Imagine a number of donkeys, lunatic, heart-broken and gifted with articulation, parading the streets at dead of night, to awake the inhabitants with the information that the clocks are soon expected to strike, that the wind is blowing (generally) southwest, and consequently rain pouring from a cloudy sky, but that

otherwise ‘all’s well,’ and everybody may go to sleep again—imagine all this, and you have an idea what the Bergenese endure, every hour of every night, all the year round. I never hear it without thinking of the dead-carts plying through the streets of a plague-stricken city, to the doleful cry, ‘Bring out your dead!’”

That cry, too, has been not unfamiliar to the streets of Bergen. The plague called the black death, which made such ravages in Norway in 1349, was introduced into Bergen by an English ship which had been driven into the harbor. In the years 1600, 1618, 1629 and 1637 Bergen was again visited by this fearful scourge.

Lord Dufferin, in his “Letters from high Latitudes,” gives a poetical version of the first arrival of the black death. He makes the ship a Norwegian vessel, which had been missing for several years, and the people, recognizing it, crowded on board to welcome their friends, and found the ghastly corpses of the crew, and the fearful visitor who returned with them to devastate the whole country. In Throndhjem, the archbishop and the whole of the chapter died, with the exception of one canon. Solomon, bishop of Oslo, was the only bishop who survived in Norway. The city of Hamar, on the Mjösen Lake, was nearly depopulated, and some inland towns entirely so.

Domestic animals were also smitten with the plague; the peasants, deprived of their cattle, could not cultivate the land, and plague was followed by famine. Many districts became waste, and forests sprang up where cultivated fields and even villages had once been. Several hundred years ago a hunter, following his game, came upon walls overgrown with weeds and bushes, and a deserted house, with a grove of

young trees, springing from the roof. He entered and found skeletons. Other houses were found near. The oldest men in the neighborhood remembered a tradition of a settlement here, near the Mjösen Lake. The dead were buried, the forests cleared, and new houses erected, and the place was called Mustad. It is about half way between the head of Rands Fjord and the Mjösen Lake. A church was discovered in Valders, called Bear Church, from the incident of a hunter tracking a bear into a dense thicket, and finally shooting it inside the ruined church, where it had made its winter lair. The bear's skin is still preserved in the church, which may be visited at Ildjarnstad, not far from Lake Spirillen.

Similar incidents, of churches discovered in the forests, occurred in Sweden, in Wermeland and Skaganäs; the plague having arrived there the following year, and thence travelled to Western Russia, in 1352. Jonas Ramus, in his "Norges Beskrivelse," relates that Justedal, in Bergen Stift, was settled by people flying before the infection, who all perished, except one little girl; who grew up in solitude, wild as a bird, and when she was discovered, received the name of Ripa, the Grouse. She grew up, and married, and her descendants were called the Ripa family.

XIV.

OLD NORSE KINGS IN BERGEN.

THE founder of Bergen, King Olaf Kyrre, "The Tranquil," is so called because his reign of twenty-one years was a peaceful one; an unusual thing in Norwegian history. He appears in English history, at the battle of Stamford Bridge, having accompanied his father, Harald Hardrada, in an invasion at the solicitation of Earl Tostig, brother of the English Harold. Both Tostig and Harald Hardrada were slain in this battle, and Olaf fell into the hands of the conqueror, with the whole of the Norwegian fleet; but he was set free, and allowed to depart with twenty ships—the fleet had numbered five hundred—after swearing to maintain friendship with England. Only three weeks later, Harold fell at the battle of Hastings, and Norman William, descendant of Norwegian Rollo, became king of England.

The oath of friendship counted for nothing after Harold's death, or else it was construed as requiring allegiance to Saxons rather than Normans; for Olaf joined Knut of Denmark and Count Robert of Flanders in equipping a great expedition against William to assist the Anglo-Saxons in throwing off the Norman yoke. A fleet of nearly a thousand sail was collected at the Lym Fjord; but the English king had intrigued

with the different nobles connected with the expedition, and the project was abandoned. The Norwegian auxiliaries returned, and, except for the customary expeditions against Baltic pirates, which were measures of self-defence, Olaf warred no more.

In selecting Bergen harbor as the site of a town, he may have been influenced by its advantages for ship-building, as Olaf Tryggvesson was in founding Nidaros. The ships of the Norsemen, at this period, were perhaps superior to those of any other nation. From the rude boats of the Suevi, described by Tacitus, which were without sails and with a prow at each end, so as to move without turning (excellent for the narrow channels in the fjords, and anticipating the modern ferry-boat), or those of the first Norse invaders of England,—broad bottomed, with keels of light timber, and upper-work of wicker, covered with hides,—they had advanced to the construction of large vessels, built of oak, manned by numerous rowers, and carrying several hundred men.

Snorre Sturleson gives descriptions of Olaf Tryggvesson's "Lang Ormen," or Long Serpent,—with thirty-four benches of rowers, the "largest ship built in Norway," with prow and stern carved into likeness of a dragon's head and tail, and overlaid with gold,—and the "Bison" of St. Olaf, not inferior in size or splendor; and Harald Hardrada's royal ship, with thirty-five benches of rowers, the size of the Long Serpent and like it, with gilded dragon's head and tail, "with three masts and everything of the best, sails, rigging, anchors and cables." The large, square sails were adorned with stripes of red, green, and blue, and the red and white shields of the warriors were

hung around the rail, overlapping like scales. On the high decks of the forecastle and the poop were the places of the fighting men, clad in red tunics and shining chain armor. A fine appearance such a war ship must have made, gliding through the fjords!

Under the feet of the rowers, in the waist of the vessel, were stowed arms, provisions, clothing, stones for slinging, etc., under movable hatches; here, in battle, were laid the wounded, in ghastly heaps; "backs up and faces down, under the the row-seats." The crew slept on this lower deck, under a tent, if they did not land at night, but oftener under tents on shore. In these ships, the vikings were sometimes buried, a mound of earth heaped above them.

The origin of the Scandinavian marine is ascribed to Odin, whose wonderful Skidbladnir, made by the dwarfs, though large enough to hold all the gods, could, when they had landed, be folded up and put in the pocket. Modern improvements in ship-building have not yet rivalled the convenience of this arrangement for transporting an invading army; though the other magical property of the Skidbladnir,—of directing its own course wherever the gods desired to go—has been substantially afforded by the invention of steam.*

* In the Royal Museum at Christiania are the remains of a viking's ship, found in 1871, in the parish of Tune, on a branch of the Glommen River. The keel is about forty-five feet long, of a single piece, and thirteen feet wide amidships. A square beam of oak lay across five ribs, in the middle, and above this was a larger beam, with a square hole through both, in which the stump of the fir mast was still standing. The rudder, of the same wood, lay across the vessel, behind the mast. Near this were found unburnt bones of man and horse, snow-skates, and fragments of a carved saddle. A smaller ship has been found at Nydam, in 1863, and quite recently (in 1880), a larger

The coasts were divided into districts, each of which furnished a certain number of ships, and these were manned by conscription. If the yearly tribute of ships were not required, its value in money was exacted. This must have been the principal source of revenue when the plunder from piratical expeditions failed.

Having a peaceful reign, Olaf could turn his attention to improving the condition of his people. He founded several guilds of arts and trades at Bergen, and made it a centre of traffic with other countries. He is said to have introduced chimneys and glass windows; even royal palaces before his time having been destitute of these luxuries. Most of the houses in Norway were rude cabins of timber, with a hole in the roof to let the light in and the smoke out. Up to the middle of the last century, we are told by Bishop Pontoppidan, it was unusual to see a dwelling house, even among rich farmers, with glass windows. The square hole in the middle of the roof, called a "ljur," was stopped, in bad weather, with a "siaa," a frame covered with a transparent membrane, like bladder. Specimens of these may still be seen in saeter huts, in wild parts of the country.

Norway was not far behind the rest of the world in point of civilization. England could not show much

one has been discovered at the tumulus called King's Hill, at Sandefjord, seventy-four feet long by sixteen broad, with twenty ribs, and drawing five feet of water. This is supposed to date from about 800 A. D., and it is thought that when the tumulus was raised, the sea, now a mile distant, washed its base. Fragments of sails and tackle were found, the greater part of the mast, about twenty-two feet in height, bones of a man, horse, and dog, drinking cups and other utensils, but not the costly ornaments which were expected, from the tradition that a mighty king had been buried here. Perhaps the tumulus had already been rifled of its treasures.

more, in the way of comfortable dwellings. Before the Conquest there were very few buildings, even churches or convents, of stone. Winchester, then the capital, consisted of sixteen streets of low huts, closely packed together. London could not have been superior, and was perhaps not equal, to Winchester. The wooden houses were one-story high, plastered within and without, and with thatched roofs. Even the castles of the Norman barons were wooden towers upon stone foundations, or mounds of earth defended by wooden palisades. The mud floors were strewn with rushes; the windows closed with boards. The oldest of the stone towers, or "keeps," now remaining in England, that of Malling in Kent, built by Bishop Gundulph in 1070, shows the rude masonry called rubble work (stones of different size and shape imbedded in mortar), which is found in some of the oldest stone buildings in Sweden: church towers, which are supposed to be the remains of heathen temples. Bishop Gundulph was the architect of the "White Tower" in London, and began to build the Cathedral of Rochester. The bishops were the architects in those days, and the monks were the gardeners, introducing the culture of vegetables. Even now, if a garden be particularly fertile, in Norway, you are apt to find that it is on the site of an old monastery.

Another advance in civilization was the attention to costume. Snorre Sturleson says, that in the time of Olaf Kyrre, the Norwegians "took up with many foreign customs and dresses, such as fine laced hose, high-heeled shoes, stitched with silk, jackets buttoned on the side, with sleeves ten feet long, very narrow, and plaited up to the shoulders."

Arnold of Lübec, in his chronicle, written about

1200, speaks of the Danes as being no longer clothed like mariners, but wearing the dress and arms of other nations, using rich stuffs of various colors, and even purple and fine linen. Only at the court, however, could such luxury be found in Norway.

In their warlike habits, constantly making or resisting invasions, the kings had spent little time in their palaces, such as they were, but had lived much on islands, or on board their ships, sleeping under tents on the shore. The wooden houses were never secure from attack; and in many cases the rich Bonders and chieftains were surprised by night and burned in their houses.

Olaf kept a large retinue to guard his palace; one hundred herdmen or courtiers (of the *udal* class), sixty *giesters* or men-at-arms (of the *unfrie* class, employed as common soldiers, seamen, or followers), and sixty house carls to do the labor (probably slaves or thralls —those taken in battle and their descendants, not employed under arms in any way).

He introduced new court ceremonies. For each guest at his table there was a torchbearer to hold a candle. The butler stood in front of the table to fill the cups of deer's horn. These were ornamented with golden bands, at regular distances; and in the daytime it was customary to drink by measure, from one band to another; but at the evening feasts men drank without measure as much as they pleased, and found themselves under the table in consequence, one may suppose.

King Olaf spent much of his time on his large farms, and was called "Olaf the Bonder," as well as "The Peaceable," "because he sat in peace, and gave no cause for others to plunder his dominions."

One of his good deeds was the enactment of a law for the emancipation of slaves taken in war. Every district was obliged to set free one bondman annually. This was very gradual emancipation, but it may have been the best he could secure. It was a beginning, at least; and under Magnus Hakon's son, the lawgiver, two hundred years later, slavery was finally abolished, as it was, about the same time, in Sweden, by the good regent, Torkel Knutson.

Of slavery in the time of Olaf we have a very good idea from Snorre's account of the household of Erling, Olaf's brother-in-law. Erling was a powerful Bonder, had always ninety free-born men in his house, kept a ship of thirty-two banks of oars, and when he went on a viking cruise, or attended the king on a levy, had at least two hundred men with him. He had always on his farm thirty slaves, besides other work-people; and he gave them a certain task as a day's work, and leave to work for themselves after that was accomplished. He gave them land to sow, and the benefit of their crops; and he put upon them a certain value, so that they could redeem themselves from slavery, which some could do the first year, some the second, and "all who had any luck could do it the third year." He settled these freed slaves on the newly-cleared land, or found them employment in the useful trades, or in the herring-fishery, for which he furnished them with nets and salt.

Slaves thus freed would belong to the *unfrie* class, neither Bonders nor thralls, but liable to serve in war, to which class belonged the trades-people, fishermen, laborers, cottagers paying rent in work on a farm, etc., from whom the same class of people in Norway

are probably descended. Now, as then, they are considered inferior to Bonders (udal proprietors), and there is a strong caste feeling, as we have already observed.

Erling's treatment of his slaves may have been exceptionally kind and judicious. The dark side of slavery comes out in an act of the queen-mother, Thora (during the next reign), who ordered the tongue of a slave boy to be cut out, because he had stolen a piece of meat from her beef or pork barrel. He averred that the cook had given it to him, because it was unfit for the queen's table; but the cruel woman insisted upon the barbarous punishment. It is gratifying to know that St. Olaf established his own sanctity and the boy's innocence by restoring him to speech.

Magnus Barefoot (or Barelegs), the son and successor of Olaf, inherited the fierce nature of his mother Thora, as well as his father's bravery, and was one of the most warlike kings of Norway. He owed his surname to his habit of wearing the Scottish kilt. He reconquered the Shetland Islands, the Orkneys, Hebrides and the Isle of Man, and afterwards invaded Ireland; where, after reducing part of the country to subjection, he was killed in a skirmish on the coast of Ulster. His valor endeared him to his army; but he was not such a favorite with the people, who were heavily taxed to defray the cost of his expeditions.

He died at the age of thirty years, leaving three sons to divide the kingdom, Eistein fifteen, Sigurd fourteen, and Olaf, four years old. About this time a company of Northmen returned from the East, with stories of Jerusalem; and it was thought very desirable that one of the young kings should go there in command of an expedition. The choice fell upon Sigurd (whose share

had been the southern part of Norway, Eistein taking the north and little Olaf the middle); so Eistein remained at home and governed the whole country, while his brother set out on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Eistein had good advisers, and was, like his grandfather Olaf, a wise and peaceable man. He built a large hall in Bergen as a lodging inn; a monastery at Nord-naes: a church and harbor at Agda-naes; St. Michael's Church in Bergen, "a very splendid stone temple"; and in the king's house, or citadel, the Church of the Apostles, and "a great hall, the most magnificent wooden structure ever built in Norway."

But for Mr. Bennett's confident assertion that the great hall in Bergen was built by Hakon Hakonson, who reigned 1247-1261, we should think it was Eistein's "magnificent structure" of the previous century. Perhaps it was built upon the same foundations. Of Eistein's establishment of mountain stations on the Dovrefjeld and Fillefjeld I have already spoken. He "built in Nidaros, in the King's Street, the Church of St. Nicholas, ornamented with carved work, and all in wood, and a church in Vaage, in Halagoland." By kind persuasion he won back the province of Jemteland, which had paid scot to Hakon Adelstein, and afterwards, until St. Olaf and Swedish Olaf had quarrelled over it, and it had been settled that "all east of the Keel belonged to Sweden."

Eistein is described as "the handsomest man that could be seen; he had blue, open eyes, and hair yellow and curling," of middle stature, with much knowledge of mankind, quick in counsel, prudent in words, very eloquent and generous. He improved in many ways the laws and privileges of the people, kept strictly to

the laws, and showed in everything great prudence and understanding.

Meanwhile, Sigurd Jorsalafarer had sailed, in 1107, with a fleet of sixty ships and several thousand men; wintered in England, where he was entertained by Henry I.; then ravaged the coast of Gallicia, encountered Saracen pirates and captured eight galleys; attacked the fortress of Cintra, at the mouth of the Tagus, and killed the garrison on their refusing to become Christians. At Lisbon and Alcazar he plundered the Moors of immense booty, and defeated a second fleet of pirates in the Straits of Gibraltar. In Sicily he was entertained by Count Roger, the Norman sovereign; and on reaching Palestine, he was welcomed by King Baldwin, brother and successor to Godfrey of Bouillon, who accompanied him to the Jordan, and gave him a piece of the true cross, to be deposited in the shrine of St. Olaf. He assisted Baldwin in the siege of Sidon, and received half the booty. In 1111, he returned home by way of Constantinople, where he was honored with a grand reception by the emperor, Alexius Comnenus. The famous golden gate was opened for his entry; there were games in the Hippodrome, and he received valuable gifts, which he distributed among his soldiers.

Snorre Sturleson, in recounting Sigurd's adventures, describes the Hippodrome as containing "monuments in bronze and other metals of the Aesor, the Volsungor and Giukungor, made with such exquisite skill that they appear to be alive, and joining in the games, or as if riding in the air"; confusing the antique statues of Greek deities with the Scandinavian deities and heroes, or thinking them the same under different names, which perhaps they were.

On leaving Constantinople, Sigurd presented the emperor with his ships, and the figurehead of his own, a gilt dragon twelve feet long, was set up in or upon the Church of St. Sophia, in memory of his visit. Alexius furnished him with horses and guides, to conduct him through the empire, with letters to governors of provinces requiring free quarters for himself and his men, and provisions for their journey. He traversed Bulgaria, Hungary, Pannonia, Bavaria and Suabia; was entertained by the Emperor Lothair and King Nicholas of Denmark, who furnished him with ships to return to Norway. He seems to have been rather set up by his adventures and to have thought lightly in comparison of the quiet virtues of his brother; and his quick and passionate spirit sometimes hurried him into violent measures and threatened to make trouble between them; but, owing to Eistein's wise management, they never came to open hostility.

In his graphic way Snorre relates a significant dream of King Sigurd's which he told to his brother for advice and comfort thereupon. He dreamed that the three brothers were sitting on a bench outside of Christ Church in Throndhjem, when St. Olaf came out with smiling, friendly mien, and taking young Olaf by the hand, saying, "Come with me, my friend," he led him into the church. He came again with graver countenance for Eistein, and led him away; but returned not for Sigurd. "Then I was seized with great sorrow, and great dread and anxiety fell upon me, so that I was altogether without strength; and then I awoke."

King Eistein interprets the dream to signify that Olaf shall die first, himself next, and Sigurd shall live

longer, but some trouble may come to him; and so it happened. Olaf died of sickness in the thirteenth year of his reign, aged seventeen; Eistein, in the twentieth year of his reign, aged thirty-five. Sigurd had fits of insanity in the latter years of his life; and another trouble arose, which was signified by another dream; of a tree, coming from over seas, breaking in pieces, and driving all about the land; which he thought betokened the coming of some man who would fix his seat there, and whose posterity should spread itself over the country.

So significant are some of these dreams in the old sagas, that irreverent criticism suggests that they were invented after their fulfilment.

The last years of Sigurd's reign were disturbed by the advent of the Irish adventurer, Harald Gille, or Gilchrist, who gave himself out for a son of Magnus Barefoot, and claimed a share of the kingdom. To prove his assertion he submitted to the ordeal of walking over nine red-hot plough-shares; and as the burns were healed in three days, his claims were established. King Sigurd stipulated that Harald should not lay claim to the throne during his life, or that of his son Magnus, to which Harald agreed; and he was allowed to remain at court, as an acknowledged heir to the crown.

Sigurd had married Malmfrid, daughter of Russian Harald Wladimirsson, whose mother was Gyda, daughter of English Harold.

Nestor of Kieff, the father of Russian history, also records this first English and Russian alliance.

Malmfrid had no sons; but her daughter, Christina, married Erling Shakke, and their son Magnus came to the throne some thirty years later.

Sigurd's son and successor, Magnus, was the son of a Norsk maiden, Borghilda, daughter of a Bonder in Dal. It is curious how many of these kings were the offspring of left-handed marriages: Hakon Adelstein, Magnus Olafson, Olaf Kyrre, his son Magnus, and the usurpers Harald and Sigurd, who claimed descent from him, with Harald's grandson, Sverre. Illegitimacy was no barrier.

In the last years of his life, Sigurd fell in love with a beautiful girl, Cecilia, and wished to marry her; but the bishop of Bergen refused to perform the ceremony, as Malmfrid was still living; then he went down to Stavanger, and found the bishop there more compliant, on condition of his paying a great sum to the Church.

Sigurd had built a castle in Konghella, "of turf and stones, with a ditch round it, and a king's house and church inside," where he deposited the piece of the true cross which he had brought from Palestine, and the tables of copper, silver gilt and adorned with jewels, before the altar, "brought from the Greek country," and an altar book, written with gold letters, presented to him by the Greek patriarch. It was "a Cross church, built of wood and carefully put together," doubtless not unlike the quaint little churches still remaining in Borgund and Hitterdal. Three years after the consecration of this church, Sigurd fell sick in Viken, and died, and was buried in Opslo, in St. Halvard's Church; "laid in the stone wall without the choir on the south side."

He had reigned twenty-seven years. These three brothers were the last Norse kings to die in their beds for many a long year.

It was thought by many that Sigurd should have placed his precious relic in the shrine of St. Olaf, at Throndhjem, where he had vowed to deposit it; though that opinion may not have been expressed until after the church and town of Konghella had been plundered and burned by Wendish pirates.

It was natural that Harald Gille and Magnus should be bitter enemies. From the first, Magnus had hated the pretender, with a presentiment of all he was to suffer at his hands.

Mangus was "the handsomest man in Norway, and distinguished in bodily exercises; but of a passionate temper and cruel, a great drinker, greedy of money, hard and obstinate." Harald Gille was gay and generous, willingly listened to good advice, and made many friends. After Sigurd's death he called his friends together, and at a Hauga Thing got himself chosen king of half the country, on the ground that his promise to wait for the death of Magnus had been forced from him.

Both raised armies, and Magnus refused to treat with the pretender, but waited in Bergen until Harald should come to attack him.

He defended the town by laying chains and wooden booms across the passage from the King's Bridge to the Nordnaes, and to the Monk's Bridge; erected a slinging machine out on the Holm, and filled a field with iron traps or caltrops, to lame horses or men who should cross it. Harald landed at Florevaag on Christmas Eve, but would not fight on holy time, and waited till the third day of the feast. There was news, then, that he was attacking at one end of the town; Magnus went thither with his troops, some nine hundred men;

then he is told the enemy is at another entrance, and he turns back in haste and disorder, his men forsaking him, his very defences a trap and a snare, as he wanders back and forth in Bergen streets, to be taken prisoner by Harald, and handed over to his slaves to be blinded and mutilated.

Magnus retires or is sent to the monastery, on the Munkholm, at Throndhjem. Harald reigns in Bergen; but the very next year he is attacked and slain in his bed, at night, by another pretended son of Magnus Barefoot: Sigurd, called Slembediaken, or the bad deacon, because, though brought up as a priest, he was more of a viking by nature. Sigurd's claims to the throne were not sustained by the people, though he had undergone the ordeal like Harald; and the latter had tried to procure his death; but he had slipped away and lay concealed in Bergen, until he found opportunity to execute his vengeance. He got himself proclaimed king, in Sogne; but Harald's young sons were also proclaimed by the people of southern Norway; and Sigurd went north to the Lapps, who made him canoes of bark, sewed with reindeer sinews, with willow twigs for knees; each boat holding twelve men. He went next to Throndhjem, and taking poor, blind Magnus out of the monastery, to inspire interest in his cause, he met the forces of Harald's sons in a sea fight. Magnus was killed, and Sigurd taken prisoner, as he was escaping, swimming under his shield, and put to death by the most cruel tortures, which he bore with the fortitude of a wild Indian and the patience of a Christian martyr.

Snorre's graphic story of these battles came either from first or second hand; from Hakon Mage's account, and Erik Oddson's, "who wrote concerning Harald

Gille and his sons, and Magnus and Sigurd," and what he himself heard from the lendermen who were in the war.

One of Harald's sons had the old viking blood in his veins. "While Stephen was king," between 1136 and 1154, he sailed to Caithness, plundered Aberdeen, and went south to Hartlepool, Whitby and Scarborough and other places, fighting and pillaging, returning in the autumn to Norway. "People spoke in various ways about this expedition," says Snorre; evidently not altogether in approval. It was the last Norse incursion upon English territory.

Nicholas Breakspear came to Norway in the time of Harald's sons, and consecrated an archbishop at Throndhjem. He introduced a law to prevent the Bonders from coming armed to the Things, and by his wise measures and gentle rule made himself beloved by the people.

"There never came a foreigner to Norway whom all men respected so highly, or who could govern the people so well as he did." After he became Pope Adrian IV., "according to the report of men who went to Rome in his days, he had never any business however important to transact with other people, but he would break it off to speak with the Northmen who desired to see him."

Harald's sons were all killed in battle; Sigurd at Bergen, Eistein on an island where he had taken refuge, and Inge in a battle on the ice near Opslo, fighting with another pretender, Hakon, son of Sigurd the deacon. The crown went back to the family of Sigurd, the Crusader, in the person of his grandson, Magnus Erlingson, who was crowned by the new archbishop

at Bergen about 1160. Snorre speaks of the decoration of the large hall for the festivities, with tapestry and costly cloth hangings. The primate improved the opportunity to secure power for the Church, making a bargain with Erling (who was the real sovereign during his son's reign) that upon the death of the king the crown was to be offered to St. Olaf, and a council, composed of bishops, abbots and twelve Bonders from each diocese, should appoint the successor.

The Church did not profit much by this sharp practice, for the very next king was Sverre, the excommunicated priest (son of Sigurd Haraldsson), whose mother at Sigurd's death had carried him off to the Faroe Islands.

In the confused and lawless state of society which prevailed at this time, a band of some two thousand outlaws and marauders had been collected under the lead of Eistein, a reputed son of Eistein Haraldsson, whom they proclaimed king. After his death Sverre became their leader, and these were the "Birkibeiners," by whose assistance he was placed on the throne. If the existence of such a band of men requires any explanation, it may be found in the fact that the last piratical invasion had taken place a few years previously, and these were the vikings, driven from the seas to the forests; their former occupation cut off by the progress of Christian influences, the power of law, and the naval, military and commercial arrangements of other countries.

It was a transition period, when, in most of the countries of Europe, there was an over-population in proportion to the means of earning a peaceful livelihood; and, as has been observed, the Crusades were

fed not more from fanaticism than by this want of employment at home.

Norway had sent, as we have seen, only accidental contingents to the Crusades. There had never been a standing army. Troops were levied, upon occasion, and ships required from the rich Bonders; and in many wealthy families the custom had grown up of keeping a number of men-at-arms, who were a step above the class of tradesmen, artisans, laborers and fishermen, and would not readily find peaceful employment when their warlike occupation was gone. Of such restless and turbulent spirits the Birkibeiners and Baglers were composed.

Sverre reigned twenty-five years—from 1177 to 1202,—and seems to have done his best for the country, in the way of improving the laws and customs. I do not find that he built any churches; but he erected castles—one in Bergen, in the citadel, on the spot now occupied by a garden, and another in Throndjem.

A curious scene was witnessed in Bergen, after the death of Sverre and his son; when, the birth of his grandson Hakon being disputed, the queen mother Inga submitted to the ordeal of wearing a glove of red-hot iron, to test the legality of his title. A great Thing had been convened at Bergen, and the ordeal was proposed by Archbishop Erik, King Sverre's old enemy. A Bonder in the council was greatly outraged by the suggestion, declaring that such an insult was never heard of in Norway, and that it would be fitter for Hakon to assert his claims against his foes by cold iron, as his grandfather Sverre had done.

But the council agreed with the archbishop, and Inga was shut up in a church alone for fasting and prayer,

guarded by twelve armed men, sworn to prevent fraud. When the burning glove was taken off, in the presence of the king, bishops and jarls, her fair hand was not only unhurt, but more beautiful than ever. The archbishop declared all persons excommunicate, who should dare to whisper a doubt as to the fairness and honesty of the whole proceeding.

Hakon's power needed "cold iron" also to establish it fully. After several years of struggle with his refractory subjects, he was crowned at Throndhjem on St. Olaf's Day, A. D. 1240, by the Cardinal Bishop of Sabina, legate of Pope Innocent IV. Before his departure, the cardinal abolished the ordeal by hot iron, declaring it unworthy of Christians to invoke the testimony of God in mere worldly matters. In the second year of Hakon's reign, occurred the death of the famous Snorre Sturleson, whose "*Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*" has been our guide thus far.*

* Snorre Sturleson, born 1178, at Hvamm, in Iceland, was descended from the royal stock of Odin, and held by hereditary right the dignity of Godar, inherent in families descended from the twelve Godars who came with Odin from Asgard. The office combined the functions of judge and priest, and the former continued long after the introduction of Christianity. A man of great political influence, whose history has been written by his enemies,—who accuse him of appropriating the property of his step-children, of appearing at the Thing with a large body of armed retainers, and obtaining by force such decisions as he wished, and of conspiring to reduce Iceland to a province of Norway—it is difficult to judge him impartially, and his cruel death excites the most lively sympathy. He visited Norway in 1221 as the guest of Jarl Hakon Galin (one of the husbands of Christina, mother of Magnus Erlingson), and later, in 1237, he attached himself to the party of Skule, who had claims to the throne, and assumed the title of king, in Throndhjem, but was slain during the next year. King Hakon IV. declared Snorre a traitor, and issued letters to bring him prisoner to Norway, or put him to death. On this authority his three sons-in-law came by night to his residence at Reikholt, and murdered him. As a chronicler, Snorre is unrivalled, not only by Scandinavian sagamen, but by any historian of his time.

In 1263 Hakon undertook his fatal expedition against the Scots, then ruled by Alexander III. Alexander II. in 1244 had tried to buy back the Hebrides; but Hakon replied that he was not so poor as to sell his birthright. In 1263, the jarls, who governed these islands, sent letters to Hakon, complaining that they were harassed by British chiefs, who burned their houses and churches, and slaughtered women and children, carrying helpless infants about on the points of their spears. The king equipped an expedition to chastise the Scots. Bergen harbor was full of his ships; and the royal ship, constructed there, was entirely of oak, with the dragon head overlaid with burnished gold.

He landed on the western coast of Scotland, and several of the island kings submitted. He claimed the cession of Bute and Arran and other islands, and when they refused, took forcible possession, reducing three castles, and laying waste their villages. He tried to land at the mouth of the Clyde; but when part of his troops had disembarked, a sudden tempest arose, and drove his ships out to sea. The troops on shore attacked a Scotch force near Largs, and were defeated with great loss. Hakon, unable to land the remainder, retired through the strait, between Skye and the mainland—still called Kyle Hakon—to the Orkney Islands, where he wintered, proposing to renew his attack in the spring. He was seized with a fever; and, after lingering some time at Kirkwall, causing the Bible and Norse sagas to be read to him daily, he died, about St. Lucia's Day, and his body was removed to Bergen.

Magnus, his son and successor, gave up the Scotch

Islands, except the Orkney and Shetland Islands, for which he paid the sum of 4,000 marks; and as a means of insuring peace between the two kingdoms, his son Erik was betrothed to Margaret, the daughter of Alexander III., then about four years old.

The barbarous right of wreck was abolished by treaty. Magnus is called "Lagabaeter," or law-mender, from his having collected the laws of the kingdom into a regular code, called the *Hirdskra*. His son Erik was proclaimed his successor, and primogeniture was now established, the prelates renouncing their claim to control the choice of a monarch. The early kings had been chosen among the nearest relatives, the eldest son being generally elected; but often all the sons had claimed shares in the kingdom, and great trouble had arisen from the custom.

Erik married Margaret in 1281, and they had one daughter, called by the Scots the "Maiden of Norway," who, on the death of her grandfather without heirs male, became heiress to the throne of Scotland. Erik asserted her claim, and entered into negotiations with Edward I. of England, who sought to effect a union of the British kingdoms by a marriage between his son and the Norwegian princess. It was arranged that she should be sent to England to be educated under the care of the wise and lovely Queen Eleanora of Castile; and she embarked for the purpose in October, 1290; but, after a very stormy voyage, the ship took refuge at the Orkney Islands, where the poor little princess died of exhaustion. She was not more than eight years old. Her own mother must have been dead; for I find that the king of Norway had married Isabel, daughter of Robert Bruce, and declined taking

part in the long struggle between England and Scotland which followed the accession of John Baliol to the Scottish throne. If poor little Margaret had lived to marry Edward II., how much happier might have been his fate than with the wicked Isabel of France.

Is this the "king's daughter of Noroway," mentioned in the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens"?—

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!'

"The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughéd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

"They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Woden's day."

After a week in Norway the Norsk lords begin to flout the Scotch sailors with spending their "king's goud" and "a' our queenis fee," and indignant Sir Patrick gives the word for their return:

“‘‘ Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’,
Our good ship sails the morn.’

‘Now, ever alake ! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

“‘‘ I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
With the old moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm.’

“They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

“The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves broke over the broken ship,
Till a’ her sides were torn.

“O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet.”

Erik left no son, and was followed by his brother, Hakon V. Ingeborg, daughter of Hakon V., married Erik, brother of Birger, king of Sweden (grandsons of the great Birger Jarl), and her son Magnus (after the murder of his father and the abdication of his uncle) became king both of Norway and Sweden in 1319; but in 1343 resigned the sceptre of Norway to his son Hakon. Hakon married Margaret, daughter of Waldemar IV. of Denmark; and their son Olaf, for a little while, united the crowns of Denmark and Norway. His mother, Margaret, after the death of her husband in 1380, was appointed regent, during Olaf’s minor-

ity, and after his death, at the age of seventeen, she was invested with the sovereignty of Denmark and Norway.

In right of her husband she claimed the crown of Sweden; and after several years of war with Albert of Mecklenburg (elected king of Sweden after the death of Magnus), she became, by the treaty of Calmar, queen regent of the three kingdoms, during the minority of Erik of Pomerania, who had been elected as her successor. A portrait of this remarkable woman, known in Denmark as the "Semiramis of the North," is engraved as the frontispiece of Sinding's "History of Scandinavia." An anxious and troubled expression wrinkles her forehead, beneath the jewelled coronet; and you are reminded that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." And the great Margaret had far from an easy life of it, although she retained the government until her death, and Denmark and Norway remained united under one king until the union of Norway with Sweden in 1814. But the German princes who succeeded had not her energy or wisdom, and the kingdoms were involved in almost constant wars and insurrections.

Under Christian II., Gustavus Vasa established the independence of Sweden in 1523, and his descendants occupied the throne until the accession of General Bernadotte, in 1818, under the title of Charles John XIV.

I think Margaret was the last sovereign who could ever have resided in Bergen. Oslo became the capital of Norway after its union with Denmark, and Christopher III. and Christian II. were crowned there, but the kings had their residence at Copenhagen. An-

other Margaret, daughter of Christian I., was married to James III. of Scotland; and as her father was unable to pay her dowry of sixty thousand florins, the Orkney and Shetland Islands were mortgaged for the sum. Denmark never being able to redeem them, and Scotland unwilling to give them up, they were lost to Norway forever.

XV.

FROM THE HARDANGER TO THE SOGNE FJORD.

BERGEN lies between the two grandest fjords in Norway—the Sogne, about seven Norsk miles to the north, and the Hardanger, the same distance to the south. Both reach the sea through a labyrinth of countless islands, and both penetrate from eight to ten Norsk miles into the interior, dividing into smaller fjords, which run up into the land in different directions. Thoroughly to explore the wild and beautiful scenery of these fjords would require weeks; but one may see the grandest features of both in a few days, by taking the route which we adopted, at Mr. Bennett's recommendation. Small steamers leave Bergen several times a week for these fjords, and by going to the head of one, and posting across country to the branches of the other, some of the finest scenery in Norway, or in the world, may be enjoyed, with very little difficulty or fatigue.

On Thursday at 9 A. M., we were on board the Hardangeren; our trille safely on deck, our luggage piled with a lot of similar bags and bundles near the gangway, our berths engaged in the tiny cabin, and ourselves established on the deck of the little steamer, ready to ascend the Hardanger Fjord. We had a sail of sixteen hours before us; but though we should ar-

rive at our destination at 1 A. M. the steamer would remain there until 4 A. M. So we could betake ourselves to our berths, when we became very weary, and occupy them until that early hour, if we chose.

We passed in and out among islands of varying size, and through passages of varying width, till we emerged into the main body of the Hardanger Fjord. These fjords may be compared to trees, with roots extending into the sea, and head and branches into the land. Sometimes we stopped at stations and villages, and saw the peasants in their bright, quaint costumes. One sees greater variety in costume in the Bergen-stift, or diocese, the southwestern division of the body ecclesiastic of Norway, than in any other part of the country. Some of the women and young girls wear bright scarlet bodices over plaited white cambric waists, with full sleeves, the bodice sometimes open in front showing the white to the belt, sometimes closed by a richly embroidered stomacher. Over a skirt of dark, serviceable, woollen material is worn a large apron; upon festive occasions this is white, adorned with embroidery or "drawn work," like old English or modern Kensington methods of ornamenting linen. Upon the head is worn a scarlet or black cap, and sometimes a curiously twisted white handkerchief, sticking out in great horns at the side. The koner (married women) have different kinds of headgear from the piger; but these picturesque arrangements are an immense improvement upon the dull, too often dirty, kerchiefs, one sees so constantly while passing through the interior of Norway. The large apron is invariably worn, even by brides, but for common use is made of cotton print or gingham.

In winter a tight waist, with long sleeves, of dark stuff like the skirt, is substituted for, or worn over, the white one, sometimes finished by a narrow border of bright trimming, and showing the white habit-shirt at throat, and neat white cuffs at the wrists.

Brides are adorned with a gaudy crown of tinsel and bright colors worn over a close white cap; and long sash-ribbons, or bands of scarlet cloth, gay with colored embroidery, hang over the white apron.

Old men wear knee-breeches and white stockings, coats turned back with red, with bright buttons; sometimes red woollen jackets and coats of thick white cloth and dark ribbed stockings. One, photographed in the latter costume, carries an alpenstock in his hand, and looks all ready to be one's guide to the Folgefond, or some other glacier.

Our seats were near the stern, and some sudden motion of the rudder startled Will from his perch on the railing and off went his straw hat, a recent purchase in Bergen. He had a silk cap in his bag, intended for use in night travel, and after ruefully watching the straw hat, dancing and swimming on the waves, he foraged in the heap of luggage for his private property, and produced the cap—a poor substitute. No chance of a hat this side of Christiania! There was one consolation—his sun umbrella remained.

He planned a change of route—going on with the boat to Odde, at the head of the Sor Fjord (one of the branches of the Hardanger) to visit the Buerbrae glacier and the Folge Fond. An English lady, with two young gentlemen, and two brothers, Americans, were bent on the same excursion, and they tried to persuade us to accompany them. But we knew our weakness, and

that the eight or ten hours of walking necessary for exploring these wonders were quite impossible for us. Beside our own party, these were the only English or American passengers; but there were the German baron and his wife and her mother, with the stout courier (whom we had seen at Jerkin, and afterwards, for a day, on the Hakon Adelstein) and some very pleasant Norwegians; among others, the lady with the little girl, whose English-Norsk had surprised us on the Lofoten, and who now proved more accessible. Their home was at one of the stations on the fjord, and we watched their landing, and the greetings of their friends. A tall, stout gentleman, with whom my brother made acquaintance, proved to be a superintendent of police, on a tour of inspection through the country, accompanied by his wife, who spoke a little English, and was very agreeable.

The day was a long one, and dinner and supper were events of interest to all. These were partaken of by the passengers in detachments, the cabin was so exceedingly small; but the supply of food was sufficient and of good quality. One regrets the necessity of eating on these little steamers, they are so pervaded by the odors of cooking.

Through the evening we sat on deck, talking, after it grew too dark to read, and involuntarily eavesdropping. The German baron was quiet and courteous; I heard him speak nothing but German with some gentleman whose acquaintance he had made, to whom he spoke of his residence in Germany, and the reasons for this summer campaign with his Frau and the Schweiger-mutter. The Baronin spoke English, and was full of curiosity, not only about our country, but our per-

sonal relations. When I took a seat near her, she endeavored to satisfy herself as to the latter. Which of the gentlemen was my husband? What! neither? What relation, then? And which of the ladies were their wives? What relation were we to Miss M.? And so on, till I grew tired of being catechised, and sought another seat. "Do these people not consider such questions impertinent?" I asked myself, "or do they think it unnecessary to use politeness in talking with Americans?"

The Schweiger-mutter was engaged in conversation with a sturdy, honest-looking man, who appeared to be a farmer. First she tried Norwegian; but her stock of phrases was limited, his knowledge of German was still less; finally, he asked if she understood English. Oh, very well; she had visited in England. Where had he learned it? In America. He had lived in Wisconsin; was at home on a visit; going back again; wouldn't live in Norway for anything; wondered anybody could stay; the country seemed so barren and forlorn to him, after the fertile prairies of the West. [The number of emigrants is some forty thousand annually.] This man's accent was that of a Wisconsin farmer; anywhere out of Norway we should have taken him for an American from the Northwest.

A glance into the ladies' cabin, early in the evening, had decided us to resign our berths to some Norwegian ladies, who gladly accepted them, and to wait until landing at Eide at 1 A. M. for comfortable beds at the station, where we might make as late a morning as we liked. Will had bidden us good-by, and retreated to his corner of the black hole, below. The German lady warned us that unless we had telegraphed

for rooms, our chances were small; she had telegraphed, and walked on in triumph; while we were detained at the pier, making some arrangements for landing the trille and gig. When we reached the station-house which was nearest, we found it full; and people were sitting out on the porch, apparently resigned to being up all night, or going on, as soon as horses could be ready. An inquiry at the other houses in the neighborhood proved that the German lady was right. All we could do was to spread our wraps on the floor of the dining-room, the kind landlady adding pillows and comforters, and we were weary enough to fall asleep.

I woke, chilled and aching, and hearing the noise of passers and the departure of the steamer, I rose and found it four o'clock. The door of the opposite room was open, and nobody about; so I investigated, and discovered a large, pleasant guest-room, out of which opened a small bedroom, the occupant of which had just gone to the steamer. I spread up the bed and found it decidedly softer than the floor; but my researches had waked me so that I could not at once go to sleep. A little shelf of books hung within reach, and finding Björnson's stories in *Norsk*, and Miss Bremer's "*Neighbors*" in Swedish, I puzzled over them till I lost myself in slumber.

At seven I was awake again; and, eager to go on, I roused the others and ordered breakfast. This was refreshing, consisting of good coffee, eggs and bread and butter, and the usual abundance of milk and cream. Then ensued a tedious delay while the trille was being put together, from the shafts and the harness being found wanting. Whether they had been carried off on

the steamer, or were locked up in the shed which served as an office on the pier, was the question.

Somebody was hunted up who had the key, and the latter alternative proved to be the case. Then, when the carriages were ready, where were horses? All those belonging to the station had been sent on, with earlier risers than we. There *were* horses, if we liked to take them, belonging to men who had brought them on the steamer, and who had waited for just such a chance to make them pay their passage. Anything was better than lingering at Eide; so we started with these horses. Two were attached to the trille and one to the gig, and there was yet another running alongside. Of course we three ladies, deserted by Brother Will, had to take one of these rough jockeys to drive; and the other perched himself behind our carriage, while they kept up noisy talk and rude laughter all through this stage of our journey.

They drove like Jehu, leaving the gig far behind; and whenever we came to an especially narrow and dangerous part of the road the loose horse trotted up, making the others skittish, and putting us in torture. We were driving around the beautiful lake-like basin which forms the head of the fjord, shut in by lofty mountains, but we could not enjoy the scenery. How thankful we were to reach that station, although it was a wretched place, and we had to wait some time for horses. The German people were here, and their courier confirmed our opinion of our rough drivers. We met also English tourists, on the way to Bergen; and after their horses had rested, we took them back to the next station, Vossevangen. I think horses are usually engaged from Eide through to Vossevangen, and al-

lowed to rest half an hour at this station, which looks as if no one could ever stop over night, or willingly eat in the house. There were children playing about; and in one of the rude cabins we saw a baby in a cradle, suspended from the wall by an elastic sapling; the cradle itself was not unlike a baking trough.

For the next stage we had a good-natured old fellow as driver, and were able to enjoy the beautiful scenery through which we passed. The road climbs a mountain by zigzags, and while the trille was slowly dragged up, we took short cuts from one spiral to another, filling our hands with flowers, and looking back on the lovely view. A mountain torrent rushed down, with numerous waterfalls, to join the waters of the fjord, which lay beneath us in smiling beauty.

On the other side, we descended through groves of pine and birch; and, finally, the lake and green meadows near Vossevangen opened out before us. We drove to Fleischer's Hotel, just beyond the village, highly recommended by Mr. Bennett. There were two houses, and good accommodations for a large number of travellers; but a party of English people had engaged the best rooms, and we were given quarters in the attic, rooms comfortably finished off and decently furnished, and were soon prepared to do justice to an excellent dinner. The English travellers proved to be the duke of St. Albans and his party, consisting of the duchess, an English gentleman and lady, and the maid and man who had come in his steam yacht, the "Ceres," up the Hardanger Fjord, and were posting across the country to the Sogne Fjord, where the yacht was to meet them. They were served in their rooms, while the maid and man sat down with the

rest of us to table d'hôte. We had trout from the lake, fresh meat and vegetables, and a particularly nice gooseberry tart. From our attic windows we had a pretty view of the lake and village, a handful of houses with a quaint old church, which we ought to have visited; but we felt the need of making up arrears of sleep, and our beds were irresistible.

Mr. Brace, who spent a Sunday here twenty years ago and attended service in the old church, describes it as built of stone, with unpainted woodwork, and the interior broken up by galleries, columns and recesses. It was built about A. D. 1200. "The prominent object on entering is an ugly wooden statue of Christ crucified; over the entrance to the chancel are two little wooden boys, holding a real hammer and whip, to represent the Jews and their instruments of torture. The chancel is filled with rude, old paintings, and the flat ceiling adorned with singular cherubic heads." The people came in carts and carioles, on horseback and on foot, or across the lake in boats, to the communion, before the ordinary service, which began at 11.30. The young girls sat on little raised forms in the aisles, the old women on high-backed wooden seats. Each as she entered her seat kneeled to pray, and then shook hands with all near her.

He describes the costume of the clergyman, the long robe and stiff ruff, as we saw it at Throndhjem and Tromsöe, and gives the Lutheran form of absolution, repeated by the priest, with his hands on the head of each communicant, as they kneeled before the altar: "Let thy sins be forgiven thee, in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit."

Vossevangen is a good centre for headquarters, from which to visit the Voring-föss, the glaciers in the neighborhood, and other points of interest; and Fleischer's is a good place to replenish the provision basket.*

We started about 10 A. M. on Saturday, with a skyd to drive the trille, and good horses, which we ought to have engaged for a double stage; for, on reaching the next station, Tvinde, we found no horses, and, when we proposed to the skyd to take us on, he at first refused, and then asked such a price that we would have nothing to say to him. So we waited for three hours, through the heat of the day, at this miserable station, where the cabins were too dirty to enter. We walked up, through grain fields and pastures, to the Tvinde Foss, a pretty waterfall, where we might have passed the time pleasantly; but we feared losing the chance of horses if we were not on hand to claim the first which returned, and we looked for them every moment. Fortunately we had brought lunch from Fleischer's, or hunger would have been added to our other discomforts. While we waited, two German ladies drove up in a stol kjerre, a sort of cart with seat wide enough for two, in which one horse is driven, and which is considered by many more comfortable than a cariole, while for two persons it is less expensive. They are to be had at most of the stations, and go only as far as the horses, one's luggage being shifted at each change. These two ladies were quite

* To show the increase of travel in this part of Norway, Mr. Bennett quotes from the daybook the number of travellers passing this station. In 1848 there were seven, seventeen in 1853, fifty-one in 1858, ninety-seven in 1868, and two hundred and eighty-three in 1870. He recommends spending Sunday here, in order to see the costume.

by themselves, but seemed very comfortable and independent.

At last the horses returned, rested, and we were off. We took the skydsgut as driver, to avoid responsibility in case of accident, and because it needs strong wrists to drive a pair of these hard-bitted Norwegian horses. The gig was made comfortable by some careful adjustment of the luggage.

At Vinje the buildings were the most wretchedly uncomfortable we had yet seen—perched on the slope of a nearly barren hill. We called for refreshments, but as they could give us nothing but a little boiled milk, in a pitcher far from clean, we turned entertainers ourselves, beginning by giving some of our Albert biscuit to the children, when grown men and women came up and put out their hands for a share.

After an hour's waiting two horses came in, and they were attached to the trille as soon as they had rested the regulation half-hour, the occupants of the gig waiting for the next chance, and hoping soon to overtake us. One of the boys was arrayed in his Sunday clothes, for the honor of being our charioteer, and a knowledgeable little skyd he proved. After dashing down a steep hill, a part of the harness gave way, and we fortunately passed a house where he could beg or borrow a rope to tie it up with, which he did very securely. (On reflection, I believe we paid for that rope.)

The scenery, after passing Vinje, became very fine. We drove around mountain lakes, past a pretty church and parsonage, and at the side of mountains where people were making hay on a surface so nearly perpendicular that they seemed to need some such apparatus as flies have in order to keep their footing. It

did not surprise us to learn that a young girl, hay-making on one of the precipitous cliffs which overhang the Aardal Fjord, fell off (in 1858), and was dashed to pieces. Some of the "gaards," in these inaccessible regions, are reached only by ladders, and others by roads formed of tree-trunks attached to the rocks. In Aurland there is a gaard so close to the precipice that the people hobble the legs of the little children to prevent them from going too near the edge.

When people die in such places, one would suppose that they must be buried on the spot, in such rude coffins as might be procurable; but it is the custom to pack the corpses in baskets, and carry them down on men's shoulders to the church, or some farmhouse, where a coffin is in readiness. A story is told of a dead man being lashed to a pony, and made to ride to his last home. These are the places which Bishop Pontoppidan tells of, where a priest or doctor, unused to climbing, risked his life in going on an errand of mercy.

At Stalheim we said good-by to our little skyd, receiving the usual hand shake and "Mange dak," and then waited another weary hour for horses. What made it very aggravating was the fact that the horses were there all the time, and the people kept us waiting for other arrivals, hoping we should bid higher than the lawful rates.*

* It is hardly necessary after relating our experience to endorse Mr. Bennett's statement that "the people on this road are grasping, lazy, and uncivil. Complaints are continually made of extortionate charges for posting between Gudvangen and Vossevangen." Travellers are partly to blame for yielding to these demands, but the temptation to get on at any price (and the prices are not very high, after all) is very great, especially if one has not a well-filled lunch basket. I am glad to say that we found these stations exceptions to the general rule.

We called for the daybook; the station-house was at the top of a hill, and we thought they could do so much for ladies as to bring it down. It was produced, and I wrote in it, and then insisted upon "Heste, strax."

(I afterwards discovered that "strax" has something the meaning of "by and by"; "oieblikkelig" being the word to express "immediately.")

The English party came up; and I think we were a little consoled at finding that dukes and duchesses, posting through Norway, had fared no better than common people, having been compelled to wait for horses, and to take up finally with two carts for the ladies; while the gentlemen took turns in footing it and occupying the spare seat in one of the carts. One of the gentlemen came up to us, who, as first arrivals, had the first claim to horses, to inquire if one of their ladies could drive with us. We had no objections, if he would talk to the men and hasten up the horses. He had been but two days in the country, he said, but he had a book, and he produced Bennett's "Phrase Book" (which we had been studying about six weeks), and began firing phrases at the refractory people. "*Hvor ere hestene? Spaend hestene for!*" ("Where are the horses? Put the horses to!") At last, John and Jane drove up in a gig, and, after a general consultation, horses were brought out, enough for all; as their horse, after a rest, was allowed to go on for the next stage. So we got off, with one of these disobliging men as our driver, and thankful were we, before we reached our journey's end, that we had a *man* of any nation to drive us, and not an English lady, however expert she might have been. For almost immediately after leav-

ing Stalheim, we began to descend a break-neck hill, over a fine road, to be sure, a model of engineering, which descends the mountain in "a series of masterly zigzags," as Murray observes, forming the famous Stalheims Kleft, or pass. From the summit we could look down upon these zigzags, winding like a white ribbon far below us (as many as twelve turns are in sight at once), while at both sides the air was white with the spray of waterfalls. The beauty and the danger, combined, were too much for us; we made the descent on foot, stopping at one turn of the spiral to gaze at the Stalheims Foss, tossing its white mane in the air, and, at the next, at the Sevle Foss, tumbling a thousand feet of sheer descent from the rocks above. We must have gone down over a thousand feet into this grand valley, through which reels and dances the Gudvangen River, as if intoxicated by the foaming spray of the Stalheims Foss, which has leaped from the mountain to join its course. Alongside this rushing river runs a splendid road, and on each side the narrow valley rise mountains, gradually increasing in height as we go on, all the while rapidly descending to the sea. Looking back we see the curves of the mountain pass and the white spray of the cataracts on each side, closing up the valley behind us. Looking forward, we dimly see something majestic, above the nearer summits. As we go on it looms above us grander and grander. By and by we pass beneath its shadows, and look up to the magnificent dome of rock, seamed and scarred, as if rent by earthquakes, softened by no fringe of vegetation, not even a crown of eternal snow upon its brow; but, a monarch in its lonely grandeur, the Jordalsnut rises six thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

This is the Naerodal, running down to the Naero Fjord, one of the arms of the great Sogne Fjord; and we emerge from the valley at the village of Gudvangen, to see another marvel, as we drive up to the station; the Keel Foss, over two thousand feet in height, blown out like a silvery veil, and ending in clouds of spray. This magnificent valley has been full of a sombre grandeur, increased by the twilight which has deepened until, when we reach Gudvangen, at half-past eleven, it is almost dark; as nearly as we ever saw it in Norway. We find the station-house, "Hansen's," full; but sitting on the porch is the gigantic superintendent of police, who tells us he has engaged rooms for us at Schultz's, across the street. We had had fresh horses at Stalheim and a furious driver; so we were in earlier, by half an hour, than our friends, with their tired horse. There were two rooms adjoining, for the four ladies, and a place was found for John in another house, belonging to Herr Schultz.

The steamer was to start at four o'clock next morning. Late as it was, we were too hungry to sleep without supper; and, fearing we should be hurried in the morning, we lay down partially dressed; so our night's rest was as unrefreshing as it was short.

We were waked at 3 A. M., feeling as if we had just gone to sleep; and we had plenty of time to dress, take our coffee and walk down to the water side, where men were busy getting our trille and other vehicles on board a barge, to be towed out to the steamer. We were rowed out in a little boat, passing close to the "Ceres," which had come in since our arrival. The duke's party, expecting to find the yacht in the harbor, had not telegraphed for rooms; and for sev-

eral hours had found no better accommodations than we did at Eide, camping down on the dining-room floor at Hansen's.

The Sogne Fjord is a Briareus among the fjords, having not less than eight good-sized arms, not counting the fingers, or sub-divisions. We steamed down the Naero Fjord, that cloudy Sunday morning, through cliffs rising thousands of feet, sheer precipices, above our heads; past beautiful inlets with green slopes, and rocky islands. It has been compared to the Lake of Uri, a part of Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland; but the fjord is wilder and sterner. It grows wider after joining the Aurlands Fjord, and the two flow on in unison for about as many miles farther as their separate length, before joining the main body of the Sogne Fjord. We go on to the northeast for awhile, then turn to the southwest, striking into the Laerdal Fjord, and, about 11 A. M., reaching Laerdalsoren, our point of departure for the ascent of the Fille Fjeld.

All this time we were passing through the grandest scenery, "unique dans la monde" (as the guides say of La Sainte Chapelle in Paris); we were sitting bolt upright on narrow wooden benches, which ought to have helped us; we were endeavoring to converse with a very genial English gentlemen, and yet we were beset, tormented, beguiled, absolutely overpowered with sleep, to our great shame and loss. We kept rousing ourselves to admiration, then sinking back in weary weakness, with our heads on any friendly shoulder. The little steamer was too crowded to give us room for any but an upright position. Of course it was necessary to catch this steamer; but how much more we should have enjoyed if we could have spent Sunday

at Vossevangen, gone through to Gudvangen on Monday, and taken a boat on Tuesday or Wednesday, when rested from the journey. Rowboats may be engaged, and, with a good wind, sails are spread, and the distance accomplished in about the same time as by steamer, seven hours. Otherwise, it takes ten or twelve hours. But we were hampered with the trille.

We reached Laerdalsoren about 9 A. M. and found rooms, which we had telegraphed for, at Bertelsen's Hotel, commended by Bennett as "excellent; wheat bread and good champagne"; but we found it crowded, and rather dirty. Perhaps they did their best for us; but we three ladies had rooms opening out of the kitchen, with windows into the barnyard. When these were shut, the rooms were hot and stuffy; when open, damp and odorous. They were utterly destitute of furniture, except beds and tables; and constant excursions to the kitchen were necessary to procure washing utensils and chairs, one thing at a time being granted us with apparent reluctance. We got breakfast, excellent salmon steaks and bread and butter; and then made up for lost sleep by retiring to our beds, although obliged to open our parasols, to keep out the sunlight. One of the women, entering abruptly for some purpose, stood open-mouthed in astonishment. "*Er de syg?*" (Are you ill?) "*Nei, ikke syg—sovelig*"; I replied. (No, not ill—sleepy.) And she left us to repose.

At 4 P. M. we had a nice dinner of salmon, stewed chicken and curry, gooseberry jelly and cream, to which, refreshed by sleep and a bath, we were able to do justice, and we began to think better of Bertelsen's. We were not called to dinner, however; the

dining-room was full without us; and it was only by insisting that a table should be spread in the opposite room that we got our share of the good things going. This room was a sort of parlor, out of which opened the bedroom occupied by John and Jane. The English people in the house conducted service here in the morning, which we were invited to join; but we were too sleepy. I suppose we seemed to them heathen, arriving on Sunday morning, and spending the blessed day in sleep. But why do the fjord steamers run on Sundays?

Laerdalsoren is not an attractive place for a long stay. Shut in by high mountains, as it is, one can only make excursions in boats. We had partly promised to wait here, or somewhere on the route, until Will came up with us. But by Monday morning we were ready to go forward, leaving his bag and a letter, and bespeaking a comfortable room for him. Getting advice from an Englishman, who had just crossed the Fille Fjeld, we imparted his opinion, that the route by the Spirillen was "infinitely prettier" than that by the Randsfjord, which we had intended to follow. If we found a pleasant station along the road, we might wait for him to overtake us, perhaps at Tune, which seemed to promise best in Bennett's guide-book.

We regretted afterwards not waiting, for the sake of some of the excursions to be made in the neighborhood, which are not so entirely beyond feminine capacity as we supposed.

At Bertelsen's one can get boats for the water, and saddle horses for the land excursions; the latter as sure-footed as the Swiss mules. Good climbers may ascend Skagstoldtind, 7,877 Norsk feet above the sea;

considered the highest mountain in Norway until somebody discovered that Galdhöpiggen, one of the Jotun mountains, some miles inland to the northwest, was four hundred and twenty-three feet higher, *i. e.*, 8,300. Sneehätten, the highest point in the Dovrefjeld, is 7,300. (A Norsk foot is about half an inch longer than an English foot; so one must add a 24th to these measures to make them accurate, or nearly so.)

Then, about five Norsk miles to the northwest from Laerdalsoren are the Justedal mountains and glaciers, the Nygard and the Lodal, with the great mountain, the Lodalskaabe, 6,798 feet high, commanding a prospect unrivalled for wildness and grandeur.

The next branch of the Sogne Fjord above Laerdal is the Aardal's Fjord, running to the northeast about two Norsk miles. You take a boat to Aardal, where you sleep, and by starting early next morning you can visit the Mörke Fos, and return before night. You pass up a grand defile, until after four hours' walking you reach the farm of Vetti, where you may sleep instead of at Aardal, if you desire to make the journey easier. The last two hours' walking are very trying to the feet, being over large stones through the gorge of Vetti's Gielen, full of magnificent waterfalls, and the ruins of many an avalanche of stones. Sixteen miles above Aardal you reach the Mörke Fos, which plunges a thousand feet into a chasm of vertical sides—a magnificent amphitheatre of black, excavated rock. This is thought to be finer than the Riukan or the Vöring Fos.

The scene of Frithiof's Saga, in the outer Sogne Fjord, may be visited by boat from Laerdalsoren. A row of eight hours brings one to Vangnaes (the "Fram-

naes" of the Saga), the birthplace and residence of Frithiof. Balholm, or Balestrand, is the site of the Temple of Balder, burnt by Frithiof, and not far distant is a sepulchral mound, called the grave of King Beles, the father of the fair Ingeborg.

Near the church of Lekanger, farther up the fjord, is a Bauta stone—a rude, slender obelisk, of a single stone, between twenty and thirty feet high.

The Aurlands Fjord which unites with the Naero Fjord (southwest of Laerdal), divides into two branches, the one to the southeast leading to the valley of Flaam, and its waterfall. Numerous Bauta stones commemorate battles fought here in the days of the old kings. Going farther up through Kaardal to the farm of Kleven, you enter the region of the Sverrestein, through which King Sverre effected his bold retreat towards Hallingdal and Valders. Not far from here must have been the "remarkable piece of antiquity" to which Bishop Pontoppidan alludes: "A way suspended on iron bolts, which King Sverre caused to be fastened into the rocks, in the year 1200, to make a passage for his army."

XVI.

OVER THE FILLE FJELD.

WE got off early on Monday, and followed the valley, along the stream, the Laerdal's Elv. (Such a pretty name for a river, taking us back to the time when every stream had its guardian spirit !) This rises in a lake on the summit of the fjeld, running westward; while another river rising in the same lake, the Beina Elv, runs eastward until it reaches the Christiania Fjord.

The road follows the stream, crossing it frequently on picturesque bridges, made of pine-trees, after the fashion of those in the Romsdal.

The first stage is a mile (Norsk) to Blaaflaten, where we change horses. As we go on, the scenery grows wilder; and we come to a narrow gorge where the road is blasted out of the perpendicular cliffs, and in one place goes through a cleft in the rocks barely wide enough for a carriage to pass. This road is said to occupy the former bed of the torrent, which now roars a hundred feet below, and at one narrow place it is carried across the stream, the views from the bridge, up and down the gorge, being very fine. How did these frolicsome elves carve out for themselves such magnificent pathways to the sea ? or shall we believe the peasants, who say that the giants (Jotuns) forced the rocks apart with their great shoulders ?

This excellent road over the steep hill, Seltenaasen, is another triumph of the engineering skill of Captain Finne, whose "masterly zigzags" we admired at Stalheimskleft. There was formerly a "frightfully hilly" road on the other side of the river, the remains of which may still be seen.

From Blaaflaten to Husum was a nearly double stage, a mile and three-eighths; but there was no stopping place in this wild pass. Slowly we wound up the summit, looking back at the wild scenery; madly we dashed along the curves which led us down into the valley, with little thought of anything but our own safety. The road may be, "perhaps, as good as any in Europe," as says Mr. Bennett; but a substantial parapet would vastly enhance its excellence, in our estimation. It is a mercy these little Norwegian horses are so sure-footed; but they have a dreadful fondness for the outer verge. Oh for a Norsk phrase like the one we used to laugh at in Baedeker, expressed in French, German and Italian: "Do not drive so near that precipice!"

We had commissioned an acquaintance, who passed us in his cariole, to order our dinner at Husum, and Blossom had added "Pancakes!" Perhaps we were served a little sooner in consequence; but alas! the pancakes were tough, being made of rye flour. Mr. R.'s cariole stood in the yard, occupied by a tiny maiden, whom he introduced as his skydspige. It was a joke in this case, for the midget could hardly stand alone; but we afterwards saw little girls of eight or ten years driving home carioles and carts.

Between Husum and Haeg we stopped to visit the curious old church of Borgund, described by nearly

every one who has visited Norway, and perhaps the greatest curiosity in the way of buildings, as it is one of the two oldest in the country.

The other, the church of Hitterdal, in the Telemark, of the same period and style, is larger and of more modern appearance, as plain timbers have replaced the old Runic carving, and the inside has been carefully restored.

We pass into the churchyard through a covered gateway in a high stone wall, evidently built as a protection about the church, which is kept as a curiosity, and opened only for careful inspection. A large edifice, near by, has been built for the use of the congregation, perhaps one thousand in number, who assemble from all this region. Near this building stands the bell-tower, old, but of much more recent date than the old church. This is of the strangest architecture, all gables and pinnacles, the lower finished by crosses, the upper by curious projections like those on a Chinese pagoda. It is covered with pine shingles, rounded and overlapping like the scales of a fish, and these have been protected from the weather by a coating of tar. The lowest roofs project, forming a corridor, about three feet in width, which is railed in and runs entirely round the church. Sheltered by this, the old black carving has been preserved, and some Runic inscriptions are still legible, but their significance hardly rewards the student:

“Thora wrote these Runes at the Olaf’s Mass.”

“The Church of Kirkwold.”

It is a baby-house of a church, the extreme length but fifty-four feet and the width thirty-nine. Its height must be about sixty feet to the point of the central

pinnacle. With round arches and semi-circular apse, the interior seems like a copy in wood of the German-Romanesque churches of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Bennett calls it "Byzantine-Gothic"; but from its quaint exterior one might rather call it Buddhist-Scandinavian. Ferguson speaks of the analogies in Eastern architecture—especially of the mosques in Cashmere and Thibet, made of the Deodar pine wood—to these quaint Norwegian churches; but he arrives only at the vague inference that "men of cognate race, striving to attain a similar object, with similar materials, arrive at similar results." Were the early churches, in any respects, copied from the old heathen temples? Or was the Byzantine style introduced by way of Russia?

Nielsen says the old man who brings the key from the Kirkwold farmhouse will tell "Mährchen" about the church; but we understood too little Norsk to question him or understand him. When was it built, and by whom? Its construction points to the twelfth century, and there seems little probability in the tradition which ascribes it to St. Olaf. He had his hands too full, with wars and rebellions and forcible conversions of his pagan subjects, to find time for such peaceful work as building churches. That was more in the line of Olaf Kyrre, or Kong Sverre. But, once you get a saint in a country, and especially a royal saint, all good things are laid to his charge.

From Husum to Haeg is seven-eighths of a mile, Norsk, but we pay for one and a half miles, since it takes an hour and a half to accomplish the distance. Most of the way is up hill, and the ascent would be tedious if the scenery were not so fine and the air so

exhilarating. Some of the peasants' cottages are picturesque, built of great pine logs, on a stone foundation, well banked with earth, and the roofs, of solid planks overlaid with birch bark, covered with turf and luxuriant vegetation, young birches and alders sometimes growing on them, and goats browsing, as we saw them in the Romsdal.

We still follow the river, which tumbles over the rocks in many beautiful cascades, and while waiting for our supper in Haeg we followed up the stream through a field near the house, where it wound in and out among the rocks in a succession of rapids, ending in a miniature Horseshoe Fall, which we christened Niagara.

We found good quarters, though very plain, at Haeg —little bedrooms with two single beds in each, opening out of the guest-room; and our supper was spread on a long wooden table in one corner, where the bench running round the room furnished seats on two sides. We had seen a similar arrangement in the kitchen at Kongsvold, on the Dovrefjeld; it seems a relic of the old customs. From the evident poverty of the establishment, we were led to use our own tea (the only time we tried it, as it proved no better than the average), not without fear that the pride of our hostess might be wounded; but I dare say English travellers had accustomed her to such proceedings. She gave us very good fried salmon, eggs, and bread and butter, with coffee and milk; and after the tough pancakes at Husum we were very hungry.

The question of waiting here for Will was raised; but we decided that the place was too lonely, and not quite clean enough. We should be wretchedly home-

sick, and must go on to Tune. The horses were ready and we started on, about half-past eight, for Maristuen, one Norsk mile farther.

The road keeps close to the Laerdal's Elv, passing through wilder and more magnificent scenery than before. We are two hundred feet above the river, winding along its precipitous banks, and crossing it on rude bridges; above us rise great masses of rock, threatening to topple down upon our heads; great boulders and smaller fragments of rock are strewn around us; one would think the Jotuns had fought a battle here. The scenery on this route has been compared to the Romsdal, and it is not unlike the wildest parts of that valley, but seems grander to us.

The summit of the Fille Fjeld is nearly one thousand feet higher than the watershed at Lesje, and the summit of the pass near Maristuen is three thousand nine hundred feet above sea level. It is as destitute of vegetation, as bleak and gloomy, as the summit of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, or the Gorner-Grat in Switzerland. The descent of the Romsdal is two thousand and fifty feet in fifty-six miles; that from the Fille Fjeld to the Sogne Fjord three thousand nine hundred in about thirty miles.

I think the wildness and grandeur of this route would be even more impressive if taken in the other direction; beginning with the wilder scenery on the Christiania side and going down into the Laerdal, as one goes down the Romsdal from Lesje. We propose to try it, next time we visit Norway.

Half way between Haeg and Maristuen, at the bridge of Borlaug, the south road to Christiania turns off, following the Hemsedal River from its rise in the

fjeld till it runs into the Kröderen Fjord in the Ring-erget. It passes through the region known as Halingdal, where the scenery is fine, and from Haugsund one may visit Kongsberg and the silver mines, and go into Thelemark.

Bishop Pontoppidan crossed the Fille Fjeld in 1749, on the 28th of May. He left barley growing at Laerdal, and "the heat was so sultry at noon, that I was obliged to shelter myself at Borgen Chapel. But after a few hours progress, I found myself rising, as it were, into the upper regions of the air, towards the pure and subtle ether, and as much in the depth of winter as if it had been New Year's Day; surrounded with snow and ice, which were the more painful to the eyes, as having so lately enjoyed the pleasing verdure of fields and woods. The sun shone out very bright, but though it was within three weeks of midsummer, all the waters, and particularly the fresh-water lake there, called Ut-nen, were frozen. I was very desirous of returning, being diffident of the assurances of my guides that the ice would bear, for, as the snow-water lay upon it, I apprehended it might give way. However, I got over, in my sledge chaise, which, as is here customary, was drawn by peasants, and not by horses." He seems to have had no means of determining altitude, but estimates the height of the Fille Fjeld, from the extended view and difference in the weather, as half a Norsk mile—nearly twenty thousand feet!

We found it very cold at Maristuen; but heavy comforters kept us warm through the night, and we had a fire in the guest-room. We were off next morning by eight o'clock. The road crosses the plateau, keeping near the river; but the former road crossed a mountain,

nearly a thousand feet higher, 4,000 feet above sea level. We pass some rude saeter huts, but do not stop to examine the interiors. Murray says it is necessary to keep up fires at night, and to drive in the cows, horses, and goats, to preserve them from the attacks of marauding wolves.

Not far from Maristuen, we notice the pillar which marks the boundary between the Bergen and Christiania districts.

It is a long stage to Nystuen, and the scenery is inexpressibly wild and dreary, far more so than that on the plateau of the Dovrefjeld, where we found flowers almost up to the highest point. Even when these failed, the mosses colored the rocks, and the white reindeer moss grew over the fjelds. Here we begin to understand Mr. Kirke's description of a Norwegian fjeld, which we had hitherto deemed an exaggeration: "Boulders of rock, tilted up on one side, covering the surface of the ground," though this described better the part of the fjeld more removed from human dwellings where the reindeer wander, cropping the white moss, which is the only vegetation at this height.

Not far from Nystuen we passed the saeter of Kirkestöl, where was formerly a little church, dedicated to St. Thomas, where service was held once a year by the pastor of Vang on the 2d of July. At that time many people assembled from the neighboring valleys, and a sort of fair was held. But these yearly gatherings, at which much "aqua vit" must have been consumed, came to be occasions of quarrels and bloodshed; so that finally, in 1808, they were forbidden, and the church was broken up or removed.

Pontoppidan mentions this “votive church of St. Thomas.”

Maristuen and Nystuen are both fjeld-stue (like Folkstuen and Jerkin on the Dovrefjeld), and were sustained by the Government. The father of the present station-master, Knut Nystuen, who resided here for many years, received from the king a silver medal in recognition of his services in rescuing many lost travellers, who would have perished without his help.

The buildings at the station are clean and comfortable; but the whole region is so dreary that one feels like making the shortest possible stay. Bennett holds out alluring prospects of reindeer venison, and trout weighing two or three pounds caught in the river or the lake (from which the Laerdal's Elv and the Beina Elv take their rise), but we found cold comfort in the way of lunch—nothing but rye bread and butter and milk. While we were eating this, and waiting for horses, a gentleman came in, who had just made the ascent of the neighboring mountain (recommended by Bennett), which commands a view of the Jotun mountains and glaciers. He had had an hour's climb to reach this outlook, and it had taken nearly as long to return; and he was tired, cold, and very much out of humor. Call that a fine view? It was not his idea of a fine view; all barren rocks and ice and snow; nothing more dreary and desolate had he ever seen. We wondered what else he could expect in this region, at an elevation of some 4,000 feet above the sea, and ventured to inquire what was “his idea of a fine view.”

“Well, the scenery in the south of France.” He was from Bordeaux, agent for a wine merchant, and

improving his time in Norway by a little run through the country.

This Frenchman seemed to us almost as funny as the one who entered a complaint, in the daybook at Garlid, of the dust and heat of his journey. If this is the "Sjula Hill" of Bennett's Guide, and the "Stugenös" of Nielsen's, it is nearly 5,000 feet in height and commands one of the widest views in Norway.*

From Nystuen to Skogstad, one mile Norsk, the road continues on the plateau, but gradually descends. We stopped only long enough to change horses, and

* The following graphic sketch of fjeld scenery is by a modern Norwegian writer, Th. Kjerulf:

"When the traveller ascends from the cultivated valleys, he passes, step by step, through a variety of regions. First comes the region of pines, which in these sheltered spots, under the shadow of the overhanging mountains, rise thick and luxuriant, serving as a shield against the wind and sun. Although the paths used by the woodcutters intersect them in every direction, one can seldom see far ahead; the road is easily lost, and it is no easy task to find the bridge, or ford, over the mountain stream, which is often swollen by a hundred tiny tributaries into a rushing, dangerous torrent. Where the fir-trees cease, the silver birches, with their graceful, drooping branches, and pleasant, sighing murmur, take their place. Now the view becomes clearer, and the path easier to follow, and as the birches gradually thin they are interspersed with an occasional pale willow, and many a clump of fjeld flowers cropping up in tufts around. The prospect here is wide and unobstructed, and with loosened rein, and the horse following behind, one wanders at will; for on the mountain-side the way lies as the crow flies, without any of the turns that it takes in the valley below. The summit gained, a vast waste extends as far as the eye can reach, covered with a gray expanse of huge boulders of rock, between which the passage is most laborious,—a continual see-saw up and down, now grazing the shins against a sharp stone, now halting to extricate the horse's feet from some rocky trap, in which the poor beast often leaves its shoes, fixed as in a vice. Over the last slope, and there is the snow-covered home of the reindeer, a boundless plain of stone, with here and there masses of snow, a roaring torrent that has its source at the glacier's foot, and all around a dazzling array of peaks, robed in eternal snow."

went on to the next station, Tune, a mile and a half, over a hilly but picturesque country, the road winding along the face of the mountain, above a lake called the Mjos Vand, or Mjosen in Vang (name of the parish), or Lille Mjosen, the little Mjosen, to distinguish it from the larger Mjosen north of Christiania. This beautiful lake stretches from Skogstad to Tune, and a chain of lakes runs to the south from it, and another to the southeast, which our road follows for several stages. Across these lakes we see high mountains; and beyond them lies another great basin, the Tyen Vand, 3,500 feet above the sea (the Mjos Vand is 1,576), and beyond it rise the peaks of the Jotuns (great Galdhöpiggjen, the tallest giant of all, 8,300 feet), and to the west, the Horungerne, guarding the Sogne Fjord.

A bridle path leads across this wild region to the Aardal Vand (at the head of the fjord), through a valley of wonderful waterfalls, following the stream which connects these two lakes. By starting early from Nystuen this may be traversed in a day.

What a pity we are such feeble folk that all these delightful excursions appeal to us in vain!

Shortly before reaching Tune we passed a hotel on the lake shore, called Odnaes, which is said to furnish "first-rate accommodation at extremely moderate prices." The traveller is warned, however, that the station-master at Tune will not put himself out of the way to procure horses for people who stop at Odnaes, instead of at his house. Such warnings are frequent in Bennett's guide-book; but my brother found that horses could be procured at these hotels, as well as at the regular stations.

The station-house at Tune, which lies about a quarter of a mile off the road, is a comfortable place, "with fourteen good beds and obliging people." Four or five of these beds were in a large room and a smaller one adjacent, to which we were conducted to wait for dinner; and while resting upon them we discussed the question whether to wait here for Will, or go on with John and Jennie who were getting tired of posting, and bent on a return to civilization. If we had read in "Bennett's Guide," of the "excursion to be made from this station to the top of a mountain called Grindefjeld, 3,500 feet high, from which there is a magnificent view; reindeer generally seen on the road —the whole trip requiring about three hours," I think we should have remained; but Murray said nothing about it and there seemed no special inducement. We were sorry later. Dinner was down-stairs in the common room, at a long table with other guests. The station-master's daughter, a pretty girl who spoke a little English, to her father's evident admiration, waited on us; and we had a sweet omelet for dessert, which was something unexpected.

We went on to Oiloe, three-quarters of a mile, over a fine road, round the mountain Qvamskleve, *over* which the road formerly climbed, until this was made, in 1862. It follows the windings of the lake, and is sometimes blasted out of the rocks.

In this region stood the old Church of Vang (in the style of the one at Borgund), which was purchased by the king of Prussia thirty years ago, for eighty specie dollars, and removed to Silesia. He erected a new one in its place, of substantial stone, which will last for many years.

Bishop Pontoppidan considered the road between Skogstad and Vang, along the Little Mjosen Lake, the most dangerous part of the Fille Fjeld. There were passes so narrow that if two horsemen met, one must clamber up among the rocks, and kick his horse over the precipice, to allow the other to go by!

One wonders if such catastrophes ever happened.

Murray tells a wolf story about this region, where wolves are sometimes seen, though said never to be dangerous except in winter, and not then, unless in companies and pressed by hunger. "In the winter of 1846, a peasant, when sledging on one of the lakes, was attacked by a pack of six wolves. Fortunately, he had his axe with him; and his horse fought gallantly with his fore feet, as the wolves sprang at his throat. Between them, three of the wolves were crippled, and while the others were devouring them, the man and his horse reached a place of safety. Immediately blood is drawn from a wolf, his companions fall upon him and devour him."

Mr. Laing, who was in Norway in 1835, says the wolves are not so dangerous as in the south of Europe or Poland, although more numerous. They very rarely attack a man, and are not dreaded even by women and children. It is dangerous to meet a herd on a plain or a frozen lake, especially on moonlight nights; but the animal is so timid, in general, that it is difficult to get within shot of him.

Yet, when least expected, he will dash into the road, and take away your dog, close to the sledge. A merchant of Levanger had one taken from between his legs, in his sledge, and a lad on horseback one from before him on the saddle.

That curious little animal, the lemming rat, is often seen on the Fille Fjeld. Mr. Shepard, who saw some specimens, describes them as "droll little animals, not unlike Guinea pigs in size and shape; their color of a sandy tortoise shell. When they saw us, they scuttled off, and if overtaken, sat up boldly on their haunches, venting their anger and surprise in shrill, pettish barks." Pontoppidan says that in their migrations they carry their young on their backs or in their mouths, and "if they meet the peasants, will stand undaunted, and bark at them like little dogs." On this account, he says, they were sometimes called "Lom hunde." He doubts whether the common belief that they fall from the clouds is correct, unless they are first taken up by fogs, and so carried from one place to another. No one who has chanced to see the ground alive with little toads, after a shower, will wonder much at the popular delusion that such things "rain down."

The lemmings usually live in holes on the high mountains, and are not especially social in their habits; but at intervals of from five to ten years they proceed in vast numbers to the cultivated regions, eating every green thing on their way. They are supposed to migrate from want of food, and the following winters have been noticed to be unusually severe.

They move in a straight line, and if obliged to go round any object, immediately resume their former course. Innumerable enemies follow in their train, such as owls, hawks and weasels; many perish in trying to pass rivers and precipices, and but few survive to return to their native mountains.

An annual holiday was formerly kept in Bergen,

called the Mouse Festival, which originated in a fast formerly established to avert this plague; which, judging from the exorcism used, was supposed to proceed directly from the devil.*

Finding fresh horses at Oiloe we sat in our carriage while they were attached to it, although urged by the pleasant-faced woman in charge to come in for refreshment and even to stay over night. She asked us if we knew Paul du Chaillu. We had not heard his name mentioned since going up the Gudbrandsdal, but here he was held in pleasant remembrance, and she was delighted when John, avoiding useless explanations, replied in the affirmative. A little girl came out to inspect us, and when we asked her name, "Hvad hedder De?" responded "Synnove."

We ought to have gone into the house to see the room adorned with paintings left by Norwegian artists who have been here sketching. Perhaps the landlady was telling us about them, for we could not make out all she said. We should have done wisely, as events proved, to pass the night at Oiloe.

While we were here, our acquaintance, Mr. R., drove up in a cariole with a little skydspige between his

* Captain de Capell Brooke, who visited Norway in 1820, gives this exorcism, both in Latin and English. It applies to various sorts of vermin: "I exorcise you, pestiferous worms, mice, birds, or locusts, or other animals, by God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost X, that you depart immediately from these fields or vineyards or waters, and dwell in them no longer, but go away to those places in which you can harm no person; and on the part of God and the whole heavenly choir; and the Holy Church of God, cursing you whithersoever you shall go, daily wasting away and decreasing, till no remains of you be found in any place. Which may He vouchsafe to do, who shall come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire. Amen."

knees. He had to wait for a horse, but overtook us at the next station.

We had capital horses and good drivers and made the next stage in fine style. These little, dun-colored horses, with light manes and forelock, were like those in the Romsdal, and were the best we had in crossing the Fille Fjeld. We enjoyed the drive through the twilight, up and down numerous hills and along the mountain side, now clothed with forests of birch and pine (we began to see trees near Skogstad, stunted birches and mountain willows), with occasional glimpses of the Beina Elv, and a fine waterfall, just before reaching the station of Stee, one Norsk mile from Oiloe. We had intended passing the night here; but the houses were all full. It was between 10 and 11 P. M. and we were tired and cold; but there was no help for us. The kind women, in the little cabin used as a kitchen, when we complained of being "meget koldt," hastened to kindle a fire in the curious, corner chimney-place, and we warmed ourselves by the cheerful blaze, while the horses were changed.

Mr. Bennett says of this station, "If you wish to push on farther, and you are informed that there are no horses, examine the daybook"; but no effort was made to detain us; in fact, I believe they gave us horses insufficiently rested, in their desire to get rid of us. Two very small boys were sent with us as skyds, perhaps because one was afraid to go alone in the gathering darkness.

From Stee to Reien is a long stage, one and three-quarters miles, over a very hilly road, taking usually nearly two hours. We were longer, because our horses were certainly far from "friske," as the small boys per-

sisted in calling them. They travelled pretty well at first, but before long it was impossible to urge them out of a walk.

When we reached Olken, about half way between the two stations,—a hotel much frequented by summer boarders, where the mountain air is considered beneficial to weak lungs,—we decided to try for beds, and drove a quarter of a mile through the fields to the house. The people were all asleep; but we roused some women in the rear of the house, who told us it was as full as possible, and they could not take us in, nor even give us fresh horses.

There was a church near by, and a large comfortable-looking Prestegaard. Should we rouse up the pastor and crave hospitality? We had not quite the assurance to do it, thinking we were not in an extremity to justify such a proceeding. So we plodded on wearily, a mile or two farther. Suddenly, in ascending a steep hill, our horses began to pull apart from each other, and then one of them tumbled down. We were all out directly, and John managed to get the fallen animal on his feet again, with the help of the little skyds, who still insisted that they were "gode Heste—friske Heste," and, leading and whipping the poor tired creatures, while the skyds pushed behind the trille, he got it at length to the top of the hill. We walked up all the hills after that, and down the steep ones, fearing an accident. John drove our horses, and we took turns with Jane in the gig. It was a strange experience, this night journey; but there was a fascination in the silence of the deep twilight (even now there was no darkness), and anything so eerie and fairylike as the whispering of the night air among the slender birches

I never heard. Were our horses bewitched, and were the spirits of the forest laughing at our discomfiture?*

It was 1 A. M. when we finally reached the station of Reien, and made our way into the courtyard. All were asleep here; but the house-mother was soon roused, and helped to bring in our luggage; while the poor little skyds unharnessed the horses, mounted their backs and started for home, with a little extra drikke penge to comfort them. We were too far gone in weariness to be critical in the matter of beds, although it appeared that these narrow couches must be shared by two, there being but three vacant for five persons.

Next morning we found that the rooms were very bare and not over clean; but we were thankful for a roof to shelter us, and beds of any kind upon which to stretch our weary limbs.

We went on about 9 A. M., after an unsatisfactory breakfast; but one could not expect much in this house. Here, as elsewhere, we noticed that the women did much of the heavy work, while the men stood loafing about, and did nothing but care for the horses and put them into the carriages. Women always came out to take in the luggage, and replaced it in the carriage, unless my brothers, with American chivalry, saved them the trouble. The road from Reien to the next station, Lille Strand, is very hilly, and though but one and one-eighth miles (about eight miles, English), Bennett allows two and one-half hours for the stage.

* Fuller acquaintance with the superstitions of the country would have suggested that our troubles were owing to the *Pyslings*, ghosts of murdered babes, who flit about, wailing, as many years as they should have spent on earth, and haunt belated travellers, dragging on the wheels, so that the strongest horses lose their power.

We had good horses, and enjoyed the scenery. Shortly before reaching the station we passed the hotel of Fagenaes, on the Strande Fjord, one of the chain of lakes that the road follows all the way from Stee to Frydenlund, the next station in advance. In consequence of our meagre breakfast, we lunched on biscuits and milk while waiting for horses, and John and Jennie, liking the looks of the place, concluded to stop for dinner, while we posted on to Frydenlund.

The scenery was very fine. At our left expanded the lake, one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven feet above the sea, lying among hills, which we should call mountains if we had not crossed so many. We overtook an old woman, who had a wooden bowl of wild strawberries, containing a quart or more, which she offered for sale. They were nicely hulled, and we took them with delight, for we had not seen strawberries since leaving Italy, in May. (This was the 28th of July.) Fully satisfying the old woman by the payment of twelve skillings, and making her understand, by pantomime, that the skyd would bring back her wooden bowl, we reserved the strawberries for our dinner.

Arrived at Frydenlund, our first business was to find a dish for our strawberries; our next, to write in the daybook, and order horses; our third, to order dinner. Mr. R. drove up and partook of a hasty lunch, while we waited, and we shared the berries with him. When dinner was announced, we found two French gentlemen at the table, who seemed in uncommon spirits; but nothing that they said explained the cause of their hilarity. It was contagious, however, and we had a jolly time. The dinner deserved good humor,

for more delicious trout than those caught in the Strande Fjord were never tasted, and our strawberries, with the rich cream furnished by the landlady, were of exquisite flavor. The station-master's daughter speaks English, and the people are very kind and attentive.

John and Jane arrived before we finished our dinner, in time to taste the strawberries (which held out like the widow's cruise), and the delicious coffee with which our repast was concluded; and hearing our opinion of the lake trout, they at once decided to spend the night at Frydenlund.

We started at 5 P. M. and made the next stage of one and five-eighths miles in two hours, with good horses and driver, and over a splendid road. We climbed, by a winding path, the mountain which separates the Etnedal from the Baegnadal, descending with frightful rapidity on the opposite side. We tried in vain to make our skyd slacken his speed, and again longed for the phrase, "Do not drive so near that precipice!" as we watched the perilous proximity of our wheels to the outer edge, and almost held our breath in constant dread of a catastrophe. With this exception, the drive was a charming one. The mountain was covered with pines, and the valley of the Etne, into which we descended, was wild and beautiful. Crossing the stream, we went up another hill and followed the ascending road to Gravdalén, on the plateau; changing horses at a station called Sveen. We went on without much delay for an hour and a half longer, making an almost constant descent to Tomlevolden, one and one-eighth miles. The dust was very troublesome, and we were told there had been no rain for a month in this part of

the country. We passed a house far down below us on the hillside, and saw a little maiden holding up a white dish to attract our attention. Stopping the horses, we waited for her to come up, and behold, more strawberries. She was not willing to part with her dish, so we contrived a cornucopia of paper, and carried them carefully to Tomlevolden, for our supper.

The station-house here was a large building, painted white, with a porch in front, and it looked so hospitable that we at once decided to spend the night, if beds could be obtained. A large front chamber was assigned to Blossom and me, and a smaller one to Miss M., but when other guests arrived the landlady came, with many apologies, to beg that she would give up the latter and allow them to put up a third bedstead in our room. We had tea down-stairs, in the pleasant guest-room; quite an English repast, with bacon and eggs, and our strawberries and cream. This house was the largest, and most comfortably furnished, we had seen since leaving Bergen. Our chamber was attractive, with white curtains at the windows and white counterpanes on the beds, and everything was clean.

At breakfast next morning we met two ladies from Christiania, who were spending some weeks here for the sake of the country air. They spoke English and had read Lady Diana Beauclerk's book, "A Summer and Winter in Norway," and were interested in our accounts of the Romsdal and the North, as well as our more recent experiences, having travelled very little in their own country.

We explored the premises thoroughly, during the morning; walking through the field behind the house, to a little hanging grove on the bank of the river,

and attempting an ascent of the hill on the opposite side of the road; from which we were discouraged by the fact that the only route lay through a sort of cattle yard or pasture, full of stones, where pigs were rooting about and cows feeding. We decided that Tomlevolden was pleasanter indoors than out; and as John and Jennie arrived in time for dinner, we ordered horses soon after, and drove to Odnaes that evening, to be ready for taking the boat on the Rands Fjord early next morning.

The landlord at Odnaes apparently never refused a guest. The pige told us the house was full, and full it seemed to be; for the only room assigned the five of us was a sort of parlor, furnished with chairs, tables and an old sofa, very hard and narrow. We had our tea in a little room, close by, which, we were given to understand, would also be reserved for our use; but what we were to sleep on did not appear evident. When we came in about 10 P. M., from a little stroll through the fields to the lake, we found our beds ready. Three were made up on ordinary cots, another looked like an exaggerated kneading trough, and the fifth was the sofa, with chairs set against it to keep the occupant from rolling off. The kneading trough fell to my share; it had two board sides with a canvas bottom, and was laid across chairs or wooden horses. As soon as I lay down, the two boards fitted closely to my sides, and I had the pleasant sensation of occupying my coffin prematurely.

We were allowed to repose on these luxurious couches until 6 A. M., when we had to rise, breakfast, and walk down to the steamer, which left at eight o'clock.

XVII.

THROUGH THE RINGERIGET.

THE Rands Fjord is a pretty lake, about fifty English miles in length, but quite narrow, and shut in by mountains on both sides. The Etna Elv flows into it at the northern extremity and out of it at the southern, and finds its way afterwards through another lake, the Tyri Fjord, into one of the branches of the Christiania Fjord. The Beina, or Baegna, Elv (which we followed down from its source in the gloomy Utza Vand at Nystuen) winds through a chain of lakes as far as Frydenlund, where it is joined by two smaller streams, and flows down another valley to the Spirillen Lake, thence to the same Tyri Fjord, and so to the sea.

I cannot ascertain why one inland lake should be called "Vand" ("water," like the lakes in Westmoreland, Ulles water, Derwent water, etc.,) and another "Fjord," unless the latter was supposed to communicate more directly with the sea. Another name for a large lake is "Indsöe," like the German "See."

The ancient notions of the lakes and rivers were almost as vague as those of the height of mountains. In the map given in Pontoppidan's "Natural History of Norway," I find the Rands Fjord entirely left out, and the Spirillen twice or three times its present size, while

the Fille Fjeld is placed two degrees farther north than its actual position.

The little steamers which run up and down the lake daily are Harald Harfager and Olaf Tryggvesson; one of them leaving Odnaes every morning, and the other connecting with the train from Christiania, at Hadeland's Glasvaerk and Kokkestuen; so humble and serviceable have these old heroes become! You would not think it from their names, but they are extremely small—much smaller than the "Kong Oscar" on the Mjosen Vand, or even than the Hardangeren. It was a question whether there would be room for our trille and gig and the carioles which had to be put on board, and we surveyed with anxiety the operation of hoisting and packing them into the little space forward reserved for their accommodation. We were closely packed, too, on the tiny hurricane deck, with no room to pick and choose places. One must be thankful to get a movable stool, instead of being sandwiched between two Norwegians on a hard bench, with a harder railing cutting one's spine asunder.

The scenery was pretty; beautiful at times. Wooded mountains, fifteen hundred to two thousand feet in height, come close to the shore, on the western side, separating this lake from the Spirillen; but on the eastern lie the fertile fields of Hedalen, and a road runs along the shore, with seven or eight stations, at most of which the steamer touches, or stops for passengers to come off in boats. We should have enjoyed the trip if the little steamer had not been pervaded by a sickening odor of frying fish, which kept us on the verge of illness. Somebody must have been constantly partaking of breakfast, lunch or dinner in the tiny cabin.

No doubt the lake trout were good to eat; but how could anybody eat in such an atmosphere!

The steamer reached Kokkestuen at 2 P. M., after stopping first at Hadeland's Glasvaerk, a large manufactory.

With much backing and filling, Olaf Tryggvesson ran his nose into a narrow slip under a great shed, where tackle was hanging to pull up the trilles and carioles; and we made our way on shore, and up a hill to the station-house, where we ordered dinner.

The train was to leave for Christiania, via Drammen, at three o'clock, and John and Jane had decided to take it, leaving us three spinsters to finish our journey alone.

While waiting for dinner we discovered that two reindeer were kept on exhibition in the stable. It was odd, after going through the reindeer country, at the extreme north, and over the fjelds, without seeing a single specimen, except the stuffed ones in the Bergen museum, to find them within a few hours, by rail, of Christiania. They were unhappy looking creatures, with rough, dark hair (it turns white, and grows thick in the winter), and immense, branching horns, covered with a sort of dark fur like moss; and they seemed so awkward and out of place in the little shed that we pitied them heartily.

Dinner was a disappointment; nothing was eatable but the strawberries, and those were limited in quantity; and we said "Good-by" to our friends, and watched the departing train, with some heart sinkings.

Now were we "Unprotected Females in Norway"; and it remained to be seen whether we should be treated with the kind courtesy which such characters received twenty years ago.

I am obliged to confess that our first experience was not encouraging. Perhaps Kokkestuen is too near civilization, and the building of the railway, while introducing modern convenience and despatch, may have dispelled old-fashioned courtesy and kindness.

The first thing to be done was to find somebody to put the trille in order; the next to have the horses attached to it. John had settled the bill, while attending to the transfer of the gig to the train, and had written the order for horses in the daybook. But as nobody showed any disposition to attend to us, I went down to the shed to which the carriage had been removed from the steamer, and found some men to bring it out and get it ready, while I superintended the packing of the baggage; and finally a man appeared with the horses, and began to attach them to the vehicle. I am sorry to complain of my friends, but I found them sadly lacking in sympathy. Instead of standing by me, like women and sisters, they left me quite alone, staying at the hotel until they saw the horses brought out, and then standing aloof and laughing at my distress. I had hard work to find one man at first, but before he got through, a collection of at least twenty men and boys were watching or assisting his endeavors, and we drove off amid a crowd of curious spectators.

We had a half-grown boy for a driver, stupid and clumsy to the last degree. Almost immediately he turned off the high road into a rough path through the fields, climbing a hill near the station-house. We protested, seeing the good road stretching plainly before us; but he said something about knowing best, and persisted. Perhaps he thought that, as the railroad ran to Hönefos, and we preferred posting, he would

give us something as rural as possible; perhaps he was afraid of the train, or thought his horses would be.

We plodded on, over a rough road, "across lots," hoping for better things, but it grew worse and worse. Up and down hills so steep and stony that we all got out and walked, fearing the trille would be upset or broken to bits, over a sort of corduroy road through swampy places, and over bridges made of rough logs, with no boards laid over them, through pine forests and upland pastures, lay our truly rural path—pretty enough if we had been on horseback, or in carioles belonging to the station; but we had the responsibility of the trille and harness on our minds, and feared both would come to grief. At last, Blossom, running down a steep, sandy slope, fell into her umbrella, and rolled down, all in a heap to the bottom. We hastened to extricate her, thankful to find only the bones of the umbrella broken.

Finally we reached Hönefos, distant by the regular road one and a half miles, Norsk, from Kokkestuen; and as we drove through the village, around a corner, one of our horses turned to the left, the other to the right, to the consternation of our skyd, and our own dismay, for that was the way our horses had acted, that memorable night, on the way to Reien. A man rushed out from a house near by, took them by their heads, and, when he had checked them, began to arrange the harness which the stupid skyd had put on improperly, forgetting to cross the reins. It was a wonder we had not met with some accident on that dangerous piece of road.

(*Mem.*—Ladies travelling alone in Norway should know how to harness horses.)

We reached the station and discharged our stupid sykd, wishing we could relieve our feelings by giving them full expression in Norsk. We tried to complain to the station-master, who knew a little English; and he asked the boy why he had not brought us by the regular road? "The other was shorter." It had taken half as long again; for the horses, and we ourselves, had walked a good part of the way. I thought of entering a complaint in the daybook; but here again our Norsk was deficient; and I contended myself with warning travellers against by-roads to Kokkestuen.

There is a pretty waterfall in Hönefos,—where the Beina (or Baegna) Elv joins the Viols Elv, running from the Rands Fjord,—and other falls not far distant; and the hotels are said to be good. The town has about one thousand inhabitants and is one of the stations on the Drammen Railroad.

We went on with a better driver, along the regular road to Viig (one mile, Norsk), passing the village of Norderhaug, where the heroic Preistinn distinguished herself in 1716, at the time of the Swedish invasion. Two hundred Swedish horsemen were quartered at the prestegaard and houses adjoining. The pastor was ill and helpless, but his wife plied the soldiers with drink while she sent word to the officer in command of a small Norwegian force in the neighborhood, who succeeded in surprising the Swedes and captured or killed nearly all of them.

On this road, called the Stensgade, one passes the ruins of the little church of Sten and a grave mound, said to be that of Halfdan the Black, father of Harald Harfager.

Snorre Sturleson relates the manner of his death:

"Halfdan the Black was driving from a feast in Hadeland, and it so happened that his road lay over the lake called Rönd (the Rands Fjord). It was in spring, and there was a great thaw. They drove across the bight called Rykensvig, where in winter there had been a pond broken in the ice for the cattle to drink at, and where the dung had fallen upon the ice the thaw had eaten it into holes. Now as the king drove over it the ice broke, and King Halfdan and many with him perished. He was then forty years old. He had been one of the most fortunate kings in respect of good seasons. The people thought so much of him that when his death was known, and his body was floated to Ringerige to bury it there, the people of most consequence from Raumarige, Westfold, and Hedemark came to meet it. All desired to take the body with them, to bury it in their own district; and they thought that those who got it would have good crops to expect. At last it was agreed to divide the body into four parts. The head was laid in a mound at Stein, in Ringerige, and each of the others took his part home and buried it in a mound; and they have since been called Halfdan's Mounds."

At Viig we had to wait for horses, and ordered supper; asking for "fisk," as we were so near the Tyri Fjord, and getting it after a while, but nothing but rye bread and tea in addition. This is a poor station, and few people stop here.

Getting our fresh horses, and a small boy as driver, we started in the twilight for Homledal, one and three-eighths Norsk miles distant, where we hoped to sleep. Soon after leaving Viig, we crossed an arm of the lake, over a long bridge, and passed a comfortable-looking

house, very pleasantly situated, called Sundvolden, another summer hotel. We should have taken our horses for this place, from Hönefos, and spent the night; and then early in the morning we could have taken saddle-horses and made the ascent to the "Kongens Udsight" (King's View), said to be the finest in the region. If we had waited for Brother Will, or had had Bennett's guide-book with us, and studied it properly, we could not have failed to do this. In no other way can one get an adequate idea of the beauties of the Ringeriget, as this region is called; the dominion of King Ring, one of the petty sovereigns of the olden time, who traced his descent to Nor, from whom the country is named Nor-way. Nor is supposed to be Noah.

Ring is the king of Frithiof's Saga, and his rige or rike (German Reich, old English rik, which survives in bishopric) was a narrow kingdom, but a fertile and lovely one. Even in the twilight, and seen by glimpses through the pine forests and along the mountain side, the scenery is very fine, as the road winds along the shore of the lakes—the Tyri Fjord and the Holz Fjord—with islands dotting their surface; but we were weary, and a little disheartened, after the fatigues and mishaps and insufficient nourishment of the day. What a pity we had not taken horses for Sundvolden! Another lost opportunity, which follows us with unavailing regret, was the Dronningens Udsight (Queen's View), not far from Kongen's Udsight. These views are compared to the one enjoyed in the descent from the Jura to the Lake of Geneva; though the heights of Gousta Fjeld, seventy miles to the west, cannot vie with Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles in grandeur.

It was late when we reached Homledal, and we found no one up but the house-mother, who received us kindly, called a man to take care of the horses, gave us milk to drink, and bestowed us all three in a little bedroom on the ground floor, the other rooms being occupied.

It shows how fearless we were in Norway—whether with or without reason I am not sure—that we slept soundly in this room, with a door that had no lock (I think our doors never locked at the station-houses), and an open window so near the ground that it could easily have been entered from outside.

We awoke rested next morning, in spite of our hard beds; had the usual breakfast of coffee and eggs, and got off at 9 A. M. We had a little extra trouble in getting ready, having to do the horse-talk as well as the cooking-talk; looking sharply to the harness, and making sure that the reins were crossed, at least, and enjoining the men to “smör hiulene” (grease the wheels), a process which Mr. Bennett had impressed upon us never to neglect.

Then we paid the “Regningen,” shook hands with the landlady, and departed.

From Homledal to Sandviigen it is one and five-eighths miles; hilly, but more down hill than up. Going the other way, you pay for two miles. We crossed a mountain, over one thousand feet high, and from the western side of its summit enjoyed a lovely view of the Tyri Fjord and Holz Fjord. After descending on the eastern side our road lay along the Sandviig's Elv through the lovely Isidal.

We had an ambitious skyd, who whipped his willing steeds unmercifully, in spite of all our remonstrances.

These would have been more effectual if the Norsk word for "whip" had been at our command. But it had stepped out. I cried, "Ikke whip Heste, gode Heste!" amid the laughter of my companions, and he whipped them all the more, till Blossom checked her mirth, pulled the whip away, and shaking her head at him, intimated that she would take care of it herself. In consequence of this injudicious haste, the tired horses walked all the latter half of the journey.

At Sandviig we changed to fresh horses and a more reasonable skyd, and drove the eight miles (English) to Christiania in a moderate but comfortable fashion. The road led us into the one we had traversed when driving out to Oscarshald, and we came into the city not far from the palace. As we approached civilized regions we began to look with critical eyes at each other's dusty and somewhat dilapidated apparel. We had had no thought of "looks" for the last six weeks, even in Throndhjem or Bergen; but Christiania was different. Blossom shut up her broken umbrella, and bravely endured the vertical rays of the sun—for it was nearly 1 P. M. One more amusing experience befell us. We were to meet our friends at the Victoria Hotel, as they preferred to try a change. We doubted the wisdom of it; and rather longed for a sight of Miss Hopkins and the fair-haired porter; but we had acquiesced. Now we did not know the way to the hotel, nor did our skyd, who had little acquaintance with the city. Neither could he drive to Mr. Bennett's house, in the Störe Strand gade. We drove to the market-place, and got directions from a cab-driver, but even then had some difficulty in finding the hotel. (The little map in Bennett's guide-book would have helped us, but that

was in Will's pocket.) Arrived at the hotel, a servant was despatched with the trille and skyd to Mr. Bennett's house, and we were led away to comfortable rooms, where we found rest and refreshment and our waiting friends. A little disposed to crow over us, they were, upon hearing our adventures, and protest that they had seen quite as much, or even more, in their trip by rail; for they had gone to Drammen and come up thence, along the Christiania Fjord. If we had known that the railway passed through so nearly the same scenery as the post-road, I think we should have taken it. Better still would it have been to stop at that quiet, pleasant house of Sundvolden over Sunday.

By stopping at Haugsund, the station above Drammen, with our trille (or without it, if we had been disposed to try carioles or carts), we might have posted to Kongsberg, about two Norsk miles, and visited the famous silver mines, discovered in 1623, and made an excursion to the Larbro Fos, about half an hour's walk down the Lauven Elv, below the town. Then, posting on into the Telemark region, about three Norsk miles, we should come to the curious old church, near Lysthuus, in Hitterdal, like the one at Borgund in some respects, but larger. Five Norsk miles farther bring us into the heart of Telemark, with its quaint costumes and dwellings, described by Bayard Taylor in his "Sketches of Northern Travel." Or, by turning northwards from Lysthuus, we might have visited the wild region of the Gousta Fjeld and the famous Rjukan Fos, by some travellers considered the finest of the great waterfalls of Norway. Most of the path from Dal to the falls (about five English miles) can be accomplished on horseback, with perhaps a mile of climbing on foot;

and the excursion is easier for ladies than that to the Mörke Fos, the Vöring Fos or the Skaeggdal Fos.

The ascent of the Gousta Fjeld is a ten hours' expedition; most of it, I think, on horseback; and the view from the summit, nearly six thousand feet high, is said to be magnificent, including the whole district of the Ringeriget, and seventy miles to the westward, on the route to Bergen. For this excursion, about five days from Kongsberg should be allowed.

I say, "we might have done it," but I am far from advising such an excursion to ladies travelling by themselves, though Madame Pfeiffer accomplished it; for the roads are rough and the stations poor. And, to confess the truth, I think it would have been nearly impossible for us, in our jaded and discouraged condition.

The Victoria Hotel is a large building on the Dronningens gade, with an annex on the Støre Strand gade, two blocks beyond, near the railway station and steamer office. It is much patronized by English travellers; but it is an old house, poorly ventilated; and in many respects we liked it less than the Grand Hotel, the situation of which is far preferable. The pleasantest thing about the Victoria, except when it rained, was the large marquée in the court, in which table d'hôte was served; and the dinners were uniformly good. Breakfast and tea were served in the dining-room, or on the veranda running round the court, or brought to one's own room at an extra charge.

Monday afternoon, quite to our surprise, as we were not looking for him so soon, Will drove in, sunburnt and dusty, and minus umbrella as well as hat. He had broken it, punching a rock with it, he said, and had used a green bough afterwards to shield him from

the sun. Had he had a good time? Oh splendid, except for the last day or two. Why had we advised him to come by the Spirillen? The boats were taken off, and the stations were wretched and the horses miserable. And why had we not waited for him at Tune, or at Frydenlund, or even at Sundvolden? He had come from there that morning, after climbing the mountain to see the King's View. Did we see that? No! Nor the Queen's View? Nor the Princess Sophia's at Homledal? Why, we had seen nothing at all. Probably we had not even walked down the garden at the back of the house, to see the view of the lake!

Certainly we had not; we did not know there was any such view there. He must remember we had not Bennett's guide-book. (Upon consulting the guide-book it appeared that the garden view was to be enjoyed, not at Homledal, but at Naes, a station for steamers on the Tyri Fjord, some three miles on the way to Viig.) But the Princess Sophia's view—"inaugurated," as Murray hath it, in 1860, by the present queen—we should have been glad to visit, if we had known more about it, and supposed we had time to spare. It must be confessed, we were getting rather indifferent to views, and had grown somewhat tired of posting.

We found he had posted through from Sundvolden without stopping for dinner; so we ordered an early supper, in our sitting-room; and, when his hunger was appeased, he related his adventures.

XVIII.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO THE FOLGE FOND.

JULY 23, 1875.

WE turned out about 6.30 A. M., after a fair night's rest, considering the crowded condition of the cabin—berths, sofas and floor being filled with sleepers—and found ourselves near Ulvik, a pretty village on the west arm of the fjord above Eide. The distance by water is about twenty-four English miles; but the land route, though much shorter, is over so rough a road that it requires four hours' travel on foot or horseback.

We steamed thence to Vik, on the Eide Fjord—the place of landing for those who visit the Vöring Fos—and thence to Odde, at the head of the Sor Fjord, the headquarters for tourists visiting the Skjaeggedal Fos, the Buerbrae glacier and the Folge Fond, where we arrived about 1.30 P. M.

The scenery was fine all the way; and as we neared Odde we saw the great snowy mass of the Folge Fond, which we had passed coming up the Hardanger Fjord the day previous. To my mingled astonishment and dismay, I observed that our pilot, when not actually occupied in altering the course of the vessel (although our lives depended on his vigilance, and he still had hold of the wheel), was reading an apparently attrac-

tive little book, from the pages of which he looked up now and then to see if we were in danger of running on a rock, or running down a craft, or if our course needed changing. I hope he always looks up, in season to avoid disaster!

As there are but two small hotels in Odde, and no steamer was to leave for three days, there was a great scramble among the numerous passengers, who intended waiting for the next steamer, to secure rooms. I was among the first off, and bolting up the street, stopped at the first hotel I came to (Prestegaard's), and bespoke a "senge" of the landlady. I had much difficulty in preserving it from the clutches of the passengers who followed me; but they all found accommodations, either in this house or others.

I found this hotel very comfortable, although so small and unpretending. The landlady spoke only Norsk; but there were some jolly Norwegians stopping there, who spoke German and English, and who were very cordial and kind.

After dinner I found a guide (called förer, sounding much like the German *führer*), and went to see the Buerbrae. After walking about a mile, we came to a crystal lake, across which we were rowed, perhaps half a mile, landing at the mouth of a ravine, down which rushed a mountain torrent. We walked up the ravine, about half a Norwegian mile (overtaking a large party from the steamer on the way), through mountains rising high on either side, in all conceivable shapes, and came suddenly upon the beautiful blue glacier. It comes from the top of the mountain range, in several broad streams (which unite before reaching the valley) and thrusts itself forward in the form of a wedge. It

was the first glacier I had seen, and I looked at it with great interest. It has been entirely formed within fifty years, and is advancing rapidly down the valley. In 1870 it advanced ninety yards, and four yards during one week in the summer of 1871. The torrent of the Buer is fed from this glacier, and pours from the wedge in a great stream, perhaps one third the width of the Rhone, as it issues from the fingers of its glove-shaped glacier.*

On returning to Odde I engaged a förer for the Skjaeggedal Fos next day, and arranged to be called early, as the excursion is a long one.

JULY 24.

I was off by 6.30 A. M., beginning the journey in a boat, directly from the hotel, which is situated on the fjord. We rowed for about a Norsk mile, to Tyssedal, where the river Tyssa empties into the fjord. On the way we saw a whale spouting. The Tyssedal is a ravine, similar to the one leading to the Buerbrae, but infinitely wilder and grander; and the path, instead of keeping at the level of the stream, climbs to the left, over the side of the mountain, winding around over rocks, up steep ascents and among great boulders; once upon logs laid side by side, with holes cut in them for steps, and again upon the bare rock, sloping down to the precipice, which makes a sheer descent to the boiling torrent far below.

While resting in one of these wild places I was overtaken by the two American brothers whom we met at Bergen, with their guide, and we joined forces for the

* After seeing many of the glaciers of Switzerland, I still think the Buerbrae the cleanest, bluest, and most transparent of glaciers.

remainder of the excursion. We had passed the worst of the path; the last part of the way was along the torrent, over and among large stones. After about two hours' walking we reached the Skjaeggedal farm, a Norsk mile from Tyssedal, where the valley widens, and changes its direction, as well as its name, turning to the right. The Tyssa takes its rise here in a mountain lake, and begins its wild and short career to the fjord by a plunge over a mass of rocks, forming a fine waterfall, which would be considered worth a visit in any country but Norway; but this was not what we had come to see. After crossing this river, which spreads out into a small lake below the falls, we walked up a hill to the great lake beyond, the Ringedals Vand. The water is so clear that you can see the bottom at a depth of thirty feet.

There were only two boats on this lake, and as there was a large party of English people on the way, we were obliged to wait, in order to share our boat with some of them. It was two hours before they came up; so we gained nothing by our early start. A little planning the day before might have saved this detention, if we had known there were but two boats on the lakes. At last we got off; and, with four rowers to each boat, we made astonishing time. The other boat started first; but we soon overtook it, and had a race, coming off victors, and reaching the falls nearly a mile ahead of them. We made the whole distance, of a Norsk mile, in a little over an hour. The lake is a very beautiful one, resembling the König See, near Berchtesgaden, in the Bavarian Tyrol; although the rocky walls which surround it are more precipitate, and the numerous waterfalls which tumble down

the cliffs are peculiarly characteristic of Norwegian scenery. The finest we passed was the Tyssetraengene, formed of two streams which unite, about half way down the rocky wall, and fall together into the lake. After passing a bend, we had the grand Skjaeggedal Fos in full view, at the head of the lake, distant two or three miles. It falls from a lake on top of the mountains, making a sheer descent of six hundred feet, to an irregular shelf of rock, from which it dashes, whirls and roars in cataracts, some three hundred feet more, to the lake. In appearance it resembles a section of Niagara, say some three hundred feet in width, with of course a great increase in height, but with perhaps a smaller volume of water to the same area. We landed, and went as near the falls as the slippery rocks, the strong current of wind, and the blinding spray would let us, and drank in the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

Reluctantly we turned our faces homeward; and, as we ate our lunch in the boats, we cast many a longing look behind.

We had intended to stop at the Tyssetraengene, on the way back, as the view from the lake gives an inadequate idea of these falls; but we finally decided to be satisfied with this view, and kept on, to save time. We reached Odde by 6.30 P. M. I arranged to visit the Folge Fond next day with my American friends, and having engaged a guide, we prepared for another early start, as the excursion usually requires about twelve hours.

JULY 25.

We started by 6.30 A. M. The two gentlemen and

the guide were armed with alpenstocks; but I had only a long, rough walking-stick, with no iron spike in it. Our route as far as the Buerbrae was the same which I had followed two days before. This is frequently taken en route to or from the Folge Fond. Arrived at the glacier, we began to climb the side of the mountain which hems it in, on the right; and as we mounted higher and higher, our view of the Buerbrae became more and more extensive and beautiful; but it was dreadfully tough work. Many a time this ascent was so steep and slippery that it seemed almost impossible to make any progress, especially when our path was a zigzag across steep inclines of turf. As if to aggravate us, the goats jumped about on the slippery steep, like flies on a window pane, and not only tantalized us by the ease and freedom of their movements, but actually threatened to butt us off our pegs, and set us rolling down the hillside. Several times we were obliged to lie down and rest, and take breath, panting from exhaustion.

It is usual for tourists to make the ascent of the Folge Fond from another side, and come down by this path; but our guide insisted on going up by the steepest way, because he thought it would be dangerous to descend by it, when we were tired; and judging from the difficulty we had in descending by the easiest side, I think he was quite right.

After an hour or so of desperate climbing, we reached the summit of the first pitch and came to a sort of irregular plateau, or vast shallow ravine. At our left lay the glacier, and to the right and in front of us stretched the vast ridge of snow and ice called the Folge Fond, which separated us from Odde. We

had skirted the edge of it and got behind it. Our work was now comparatively easy. Leaving the deep gorge, out of which we had climbed, we struck across the plateau and over a brawling stream, stopping, after a while, for rest and refreshment.

It was then about 10 A. M., and soon after it began to rain, and continued to rain at intervals through the day. All three of us had rubber overcoats, and I wore mine most of the time when it rained; but it was so heavy that its weight obstructed my movements, and it was so hot and uncomfortable that I thought it almost worse than the dampness from which it protected me. After crossing the ravine we worked our way up, over rocks and stone, till we came to two or three long and wide snowbanks, which we ascended with some fatigue, as our feet sank several inches in the snow. Then we came to a smooth, slippery glacier, which we were obliged to cross. It sloped upward, and I had great difficulty in making my way without an alpenstock. At last I was forced to run up its surface, and make use of the momentum I had gained to get over the smooth places, taking advantage of every little inequality in the ice to aid my progress. My companions, who were painfully toiling on, with their alpenstocks, wondered at my apparent waste of energy, and asked how I could do it; but I soon satisfied them that I could do nothing else, if I desired to make any progress.

After crossing the glacier we came to the Folge Fond proper; a rounded, gradually sloping mass of snow, about seven Norsk miles in length, two in breadth and of unknown depth. The summit is between five and six thousand feet from the level of the fjord, and is

shaped like an elephant's back. This was the mass of eternal snow we had seen shining in the sunlight from our steamer on the Hardanger Fjord, and again from the Sör Fjord, and the Ringedals Vand. An extensive and beautiful view of the fjords and islands, fjelds, lakes and glaciers, in all directions, should have rewarded us for our toil; but, alas! a dense fog settled down upon us and prevented our seeing more than a few rods in any direction. We were compelled to guide our course by the compass. The ascent, at first quite steep, became less and less so, until finally we found ourselves walking on a level, and then on a descending slope, by which alone we knew that we had crossed the backbone of the snow-mountain.

We saw numerous tracks in the snow, of birds and beasts, and also saw animals which, through the foggy atmosphere, we took for wolves until one of them spread a pair of wings and soared away. We went around numerous crevasses, and leaped over one of apparently bottomless depth. In descending, on the Odde side, our guide was uncertain of his whereabouts, and tried several places before he found the right one. When we came to smooth slopes we slid down on our feet; and while edging our way along the side of a steep incline, one of the brothers lost his footing and slid down until brought up by a pile of rocks, but luckily he was not injured.

Leaving the snow we found ourselves at the head of a narrow ravine which runs from the Folge Fond directly to the fjord. Down this steep descent we picked our way with care, lest our tired limbs should give way and we roll down, for a mile or more, into the sea. Our guide was a wonderfully muscular fellow,

and seemed absolutely tireless, running down the steep slopes for a considerable distance and then waiting for us to overtake him. A stream tumbles down the ravine, forming many beautiful cascades and waterfalls, and as we got below the level of the fog, we could see the beautiful Sör Fjord far below us. Nevertheless the descent was most wearisome, and seemed well-nigh interminable.

At last we reached the fjord, and found the little son of the guide waiting for us, with a boat, to take us to Odde, about half a mile distant, where we arrived at 3.30 P. M., none the worse for our tramp, and considerably elated at doing in nine hours what the guide-books said would take twelve. Perhaps they allow three hours for resting and enjoying the view from the summit. I took a bath and went to bed for a few hours, merely as a precautionary measure, and got up for supper feeling as well as usual.

I had not then any experience of Alpine climbing, but had felt more fatigued after the ascent of Vesuvius, or even after climbing the mountain at the back of Lugano, beyond Monte Brè. The bracing air of Norway enables one to endure greater exertion without excessive fatigue than is possible in Southern Europe.

The ascent of the Folge Fond has been made by ladies, with the assistance of horses, which can be taken on the Odde side.

The Norwegian ponies are very sure-footed, and it is said they will go wherever a man can; but one feels safer on one's own legs. "The descent by the Buerbrae is not to be advised for ladies," says Bennett. That is putting it very mildly, for it is dangerous for anybody; and the *ascent* here is very difficult; but I suppose the

ladies can come down as they go up—by the longer path. Five ladies made this excursion in 1869, and four in 1873.

There are several fine waterfalls in the vicinity of Odde to which an excursion may be made, partly by cariole, in about eight hours. The Laathe Fos and Skar Fos, on the left from Odde, and the Espeland Fos on the right, are all in sight of one another, about two hours and a half from Odde; and on the way you pass the Hildal Fos, a succession of falls of about a thousand feet. With another day to spare, I might have made this excursion; but the steamer was to leave on the morrow.

The descent from the Folge Fond may be made on the Hardanger side, to Bondhuus, where the Bondhuus glacier has its outlet, about a thousand feet above sea level, and one may visit Rosendal, one of the most beautiful spots in the Hardanger Fjord. A fine valley runs up from the fjord, with a waterfall at the head of it. The baronial mansion of the Rosenkrone family is a small, stone building, erected in 1662. A stone church of early English architecture contains the burial vault of the barons of Rosenkrantz and Rosenkrone; the present owner, though their descendant, bears no title, since all titles were abolished in 1822.

Herr Rosenkrone is said to own the finest private collection of pictures in Norway.

Professor Forbes made the ascent of the Folge Fond after visiting the Bondhuusbrae, going to Ovrehuus, at the head of the Moranger Fjord. He speaks of the Buerbrae as “a small glacier,” which it must have been at that time.

Captain Biddulph, who visited the Folge Fond in

1849, seems also to have made the ascent from this side. "The mountain rises abruptly from the fjord in irregular cliffs and buttresses to the height of 3,500 feet. From the crests of these commences a sweep of snow, which extends in a beautiful curve fourteen miles across, and is scarcely less than forty miles in unbroken length. The effect of such a scene is marvellous. It is more impressive than the terrible ruggedness of the wild peaks of the Horungerne." He estimates the moraine at the foot of the Bondhuusbrae to be 1,000 feet above sea level. The highest point of the snowy mass is given by Professor Forbes at 5,300 feet, and the snow line at 4,120.*

* The Folge Fond is called by Professor Forbes "the most important glacier-bearing fjeid in Norway"; though the glaciers from the Justedal Fjeld are larger than the Buerbrae and the Bondhuusbrae. The Nygaard glacier, with a course of less than four miles, having a breadth of over three thousand feet, and the Lodal glacier five and one-half miles in length, a breadth of 2,500 feet. This is called the largest glacier in Scandinavia. The next in size is the great glacier, between Bejern and Ranen, in the province of Nordland, not far from the Arctic Circle.

From the Justedal's brae or fjeid descend, in all, twenty-four glaciers, most of them into the Sogne Fjord and its branches. This is the greatest mass of perpetual snow, not only in Norway, but in all Europe, with the exception of Iceland. Like the Folge Fond it covers the whole mountain range, sending down its frozen streams into the valley. The greatest height of the snow mass is six thousand five hundred feet.

Out of the nearly six thousand square miles contained in Norway, one hundred and fifty are covered with glaciers. The different words in use describing glaciers have the following significance: Brä or Brae, a mass of perpetual ice. Sne-brä, or Fonn or Fond, any mass of snow, especially eternal snow. Jökul (more in use in Iceland), any glacier in the general meaning of the term. Vor or Jökul-vor, a moraine.

I find nothing on the glaciers of Norway later than Professor Forbes's work, published in 1851; but Nielsen tantalizes one with the mention of an exhaustive work on the Folge Fond, "Von dem Schnebrä Folge Fonn," by Professor S. A. Saxe, published in Christiania in 1864, as "Universitäts Programme," but not to be obtained in book shops.

Bishop Pontoppidan speaks of a parish, "between Quendherret and Hardanger," which was overwhelmed by an avalanche "some time in 1500 or 1600, and never uncovered; but utensils of various kinds were brought to light by a rivulet, which runs under the snow." In another place he says, "Part of the mountain toward Quendherret, being frequented by fowlers and sportsmen, is called "Fugle Fang," i. e., place for bird catching. Peter Undalin says it is prohibited to cross this mountain, except from the Invention of the Cross (May 3) to St. Bartholomew's Day (Aug. 24).

Quindherret, or Kvindhered, on the bishop's old map and Munch's modern one, is not far from Rosen-dal, on the Hardanger Fjord; and there seems no rea-son to question that the Folge Fond is the same snow mountain as the Fugle Fang, the name corrupted, in the lapse of years, after the fashion of old English inns, like the "Bell Savage," and the "Goat and Compasses."*

JULY 26.

I slept late, rising at 9.30, and took the steamer back to Eide, arriving about 5 P. M. I engaged a cart, with a small boy, to take me to Vossevangen, the boy insisting on going through, if he went at all. We made the double stage in a little over two hours, arriving at 7.30; but I had to wait for my supper until ten o'clock, and was nearly famished.

JULY 27.

Started about 9 A. M. in a cart, with a Norwegian from Bergen, a very pleasant and cultivated gentleman. He spoke English tolerably and German fluently, and

* Originally "La Belle Sauvage," and "God encompassteth us."

proved a very agreeable companion. We took our horse only to Tvinde, and were obliged to walk from thence to Vinje, the next station, posting from thence to Stalheim and Gudvangen.

I had a good supper and night's rest at Schultz's Hotel. When Herr Schultz heard my name, he asked if I were related to Mr. T—, who had stopped there Saturday night. "*That* was a gentleman!" and he waxed eloquent in my brother's praise, who had offered to resign his room to a lady! I fear such chivalrous behavior must be of infrequent occurrence in Norsk hotels.

JULY 28.

I took the steamer at 11 A. M., and went down the beautiful Naero Fjord into the Sogne, and thence into the Sognedal Fjord (nearly opposite), landing at Sognedal, at the head of this fjord, with two Dutch gentlemen, whose acquaintance I made on the steamer. They wished to go in the same general direction as myself; so we took a skydsboat across the fjord to a little place called Eide, where we walked about five miles across country to a point on the Sogne Fjord proper, a perfect little bower of bliss, called Amle. Here we stopped for a time at what seemed to be the posting master's house, where boats were to be had. The brothers from Holland decided to spend the night and take the steamer next morning, and I engaged a skydsboat to Laerdalsoren; but it was not ready for several hours. A charming young pige came out to feed her doves and chickens, and it was a pretty sight to see them flying all around her and eating from her hand. The people asked us if we wanted anything to

eat, and one of the Dutchmen, acting as our spokesman, replied, "I am thirstier than I am hungry," and accordingly they brought us some delicious beer. After what seemed an interminable time of waiting, the boat was at last ready, and I set out, with two rowers, for Laerdalsoren. The men made me a couch of hemlock boughs in the boat, and I reclined at my ease, listening to the dipping of the oars and watching the shore, which we hugged, until opposite the bay which leads to Laerdal, when we crossed the fjord and made our way up to the village, which we reached a little after 10 P. M., after three hours' rowing. I went to Bertelsen's Hotel, finding there my bag (which I could quite as well have taken with me, except on the last five-miles' tramp), and a letter from K., telling me to call at Tune, and advising the route by the Spirillen.

JULY 29.

Posted to Skogstad, seven Norsk miles from Laerdalsoren, which I reached about 9.30 P. M., having started at 7.30 A. M. I wanted to go on to Tune, the next station, about two Norsk miles farther, but could get no horse, so I was compelled to pass the night at Skogstad. The house was crowded, and I shared a room with two Germans.

The landlord speaks English quite well, and is a very pleasant man; but I do not think highly of his accommodations.

Tourists more frequently stop over night at Mari-stuen or Nystuen, on the summit of the Fille Fjeld.

JULY 30.

I went on in a cart, with a young Norwegian from

Christiania, a very pleasant fellow who spoke English quite well. We kept together, in a cart or carioles, as far as Frydenlund, where he posted on to catch the morning steamer on the Randsfjord, and I spent the night, as it was quite late, and I was thoroughly tired out. I had gone a little out of my way to the Tune station, on the chance of finding the ladies, but was disappointed. I posted eight Norsk miles this day (over fifty-six English miles), and find carts and carioles decidedly more fatiguing than the trille.

JULY 31.

I turned off the main road to the right, following the Baegna River, through fine scenery, to Nasmoen, at the head of Lake Spirillen—a pretty sheet of water some two and a half Norsk miles in length. I was very sorry to find that the boat had been taken off, for the scenery must be far prettier from the water than from either shore.

The little steamer Baegna usually runs from Sorum, on the river, near the head of the lake, back and forth every day, but had been taken off because the water was so low. There had been no rain in this region for nearly a month. I posted about half-way down the east side of the lake, through pine-woods, to a station where I found very poor accommodations.

AUGUST 1.

I started at 7.30 A. M. and posted about seventeen English miles (a double stage) to the next station, Hallingsby, where I rested several hours, took dinner, and then went on with the same horse to Höne Fos. After waiting nearly an hour, I got a miserable horse

and cariole, and with the greatest difficulty got through to Sundvolden, where I put up for the night. I shall never forget my delicious supper, of beefsteak and beer, after having had nothing fit to eat since my breakfast at Frydenlund, two days before.

All through the Spirillen region nothing but Nors' was spoken; and as I had not Bennett's "Phrase Book" with me, I had to fall back on my knowledge of the language.

AUGUST 2.

After a delightful night's rest, and an early breakfast, I started up the hill, Krog Kleven, to see the famous "Kongens Udsigt" (King's View), said to be the finest in the country, that is, I suppose, in this part of Norway—the Ringeriget. After following the road about a mile, I came to the guide's house, where I was furnished with a huge telescope and a "pige-förer," or maiden guide, a charming young girl, with a step as light as a fawn's and cheeks like roses. She led me close to the summit, where I could see people sitting, enjoying the view, and then returned for another job, after receiving a *mark* of approval for her services. Meanwhile I went forward, and proceeded to drink in the prospect. I seemed to be almost immediately over the plain, which, far and wide, with hill and dale, river and lake, hamlet and village, stretched itself out before me. It was a view of a quiet, peaceful country, not wild and grand like the wide prospects seen in the north and west of Norway, or from the summits of the fjelds. I was reminded, slightly, of the well-known view from Mts. Holyoke and Tom, in the valley of the Connecticut River, near

Northampton, Massachusetts. I am not sure that this is any finer.

Descending rapidly, I took a cariole and posted on, with wretched horses, to Humledal and Sandviken. At the latter station I got a fine spirited horse, and bowled into Christiania in fine style.

The two days intervening before our departure for Stockholm I spent in sleeping, eating, and calling on T. Bennett, or making appointments for future interviews. Fortunately, his "curiosity shop" is not far from the Victoria Hotel. We had difficulty enough in getting his ear, among crowds of customers and consultants, when making our arrangements for posting; but that was as nothing to the trouble involved in settling up. I feared we should be compelled to go off, owing him, in spite of ourselves; but after many vain attempts to secure his attention for five consecutive minutes, I at last succeeded in paying his bill and turned my back on his shop forever.*

* In our final shopping at Christiania, for Norsk books, music and photographs, we happened upon exquisitely prepared groups of natural flowers, with the brilliant coloring of paintings in water colors. The lady who prepares these keeps the process a secret. I believe some specimens of her work were sent to the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia.

XIX.

A GLIMPSE OF SWEDEN.

AFTER weeks of travel in Norway, on steamers or posting, with irregular hours for sleeping and eating, under the stimulus of almost constant daylight, there ensues a reaction, sooner or later, with most people (I do not wish to make an unguarded statement, and there *may* be exceptions), when one becomes indifferent to the claims, not only of museums and picture galleries, but even of the finest scenery and greatest natural curiosities. Our Florence friends had warned us of this, and advised spending a week at some comfortable place, where we need do nothing but rest. They had done this at Throndhjem; but they had been to the North Cape, and turned night into day to a greater extent than we had done.

This was one reason why we neglected the usual route to Stockholm—by which one visits Frederikshald, where Charles XII. met his fate, and then passes, by the Gotha Canal, through Lakes Wenern and Wettern, out into the Baltic, and back into the Mälar Lake, through the most picturesque scenery in Sweden, in the space of three days—for the comparatively uninteresting but far quicker route by rail, via Kongsvinger and Carlstadt. We were very tired of steamers. We had a feeling that nothing in the way of waterfalls and

lake scenery, in Sweden, could equal what we had seen in Norway. Finally, it was probable that we should return, by that route, to Copenhagen; for the journey to Russia, in our state of fatigue and indifference, seemed too great an undertaking to be seriously thought of.

The journey by rail from Christiania to Stockholm requires about seventeen hours, the express train leaving at 6 A. M. We adopted Mr. Bennett's suggestion, to break the journey by spending the night at Kongsvinger, on the border, which we reached by a train leaving at 5 P. M.

The railway follows the river Glommen, as far as Kongsvinger; and the country bears that resemblance to New England which we noticed in going to Eidsvold.

We crossed the river at Fetsund, on a bridge fourteen hundred feet long, near the place where it flows into the Oieren Lake. Farther on, it is joined by our old friend the Laagen, under a new name, the Wormen, which it assumes after passing through the Mjosen Lake. (Norwegian rivers have a way of changing their names, after losing themselves in lakes, as if they had been married.) The Glommen is the largest and longest of the rivers in Norway, between three and four hundred miles in length.

It would be a pretty excursion to follow it up, from Kongsvinger—there are roads on both sides of it—through the pine forests and grand mountain scenery, as far as Röraas, famous for its copper mines, whence there is a good post road into Sweden, and one can follow down the Dal River to the Siljan Lake, in Dalarne, visit Falun, and thence, by rail, go to Gefle, Upsala and Stockholm. I do not know how long this

would have taken us; perhaps a week or more. But it is well to have something left in reserve.*

There was a large building, station-house and hotel combined, in process of erection at Kongsvinger; but we were informed that we should find our rooms in a house about a quarter of a mile distant. A stout *pige* seized our bags and trudged across the fields, and we followed, to learn that we could have beds and nothing more, and for our supper must return to the half-finished station. This must have been the secret source of merriment to our *pige*-porter, who giggled all the way.

We saw nothing of the town, which used to be considered one of the keys of Norway and was occupied by a garrison until 1823.

Not long after leaving Kongsvinger, we passed the boundary between Norway and Sweden. (I do not remember the customs' examination, which is said to take place here; perhaps the luggage of "through passengers" was not disturbed.) In many respects the united nations have less in common than Norway and Denmark, for so many years governed by the same sovereign and speaking the same language. Separated so long "by mutual fear and mountains," as Tacitus puts it; often warring with each other, and, at last unwillingly joined together by the arbitrary fiat of the Russian emperor: (since when, and in what manner had Norway become his property, to be given in exchange for Finland?) the married nations had little prospect

* I must confess that friends who followed exactly this route, twenty years ago, complained of being nearly starved between Röraas and Falun. They were also unfortunate in having rainy weather, and their recollections of the journey are gloomy in the extreme.

of a happy union. In just indignation at being thus disposed of, Norway had declared her independence; and at the national assembly at Eidsvold, on the 11th of April, 1814, had adopted the constitution as it now exists. On the 17th of May, Prince Christian of Denmark, then governor general, was elected king of Norway. But the invading army of the regent, Bernadotte, compelled submission, and the union was consummated. The new constitution was accepted, the first article providing that "Norway shall be a free State, independent, indivisible and inalienable, united to Sweden under the same king."

The death of Charles XIII. left Bernadotte sovereign of both kingdoms; but he was never popular in Norway, where he tried in vain to get a majority in his interest in the Storthing. His son, Oscar I., gave the Norwegians a separate national flag, which had been hitherto denied them, and decreed that in all acts and public documents relating to Norway he should be styled "king of Norway and Sweden," instead of "Sweden and Norway." He also created an order of merit for the Norwegians, that of St. Olaf, in 1847. An act passed by the Storthing in 1822 had abolished all titles of nobility in Norway, to cease with the death of those then bearing them; but no one objects to having the order of St. Olaf conferred upon those deserving it, like Tidemand the artist, and Björnson the popular author.

The two countries have separate tariffs and currencies; but a movement is in progress to bring about a similar currency in Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

We had started about 9 A. M., and rode until nearly 11 P. M., stopping at Carlstadt, on the Wenern Lake,

twenty minutes for dinner. A long table was set, with soup, fish, beef and vegetables, and every one helped himself as he pleased. Stewed prunes and cream were by way of dessert, followed by excellent coffee. For this well-cooked and abundant meal we paid about half a dollar each. The speed was moderate for an "express train," not over twenty-five miles an hour, and I think we stopped at all the stations. Our compartment was provided with beds, or rather chairs capable of extension, which we found very comfortable.

Having decided, upon Murray's recommendation, to patronize the Kung Carl Hotel, we telegraphed from Carlstadt for rooms and supper. We were taken a slight advantage of in consequence (people who regard economy rarely telegraph for rooms, on the continent), and were ushered into a brilliantly-lighted salon, on the first floor, with two luxuriously furnished bedrooms adjoining. This was "three rooms and four beds," to be sure, but inconveniently arranged for the occupancy of a bachelor and three spinsters, to say nothing of the probable price of such a palatial apartment. We remonstrated, but were told they could make no other arrangement for the night; we might have other rooms in the morning. Would they move one of the beds into the salon? Not to be thought of. They consented, however, to carry it to the other bedroom. We had no fault to find with our supper—delicious salmon steaks, lamb chops and green peas, with strawberries and cream.

The "Kung Carl" is the smallest of the three first-class hotels in Stockholm. It is situated on the corner of the Brunkeberg's torg (square), not far from the Cen-

tral Railway terminus. A few steps farther, on the Gustav Adolf's torg, is Hotel Rydberg, which claims the reputation of being "the best-conducted hotel in Scandinavia." It has a hundred and fifty rooms. Still farther on, round the quay, and fronting the royal palace, is the large Grand Hotel, just finished, belonging to the same proprietor as the Rydberg, with four hundred rooms. All these hotels are well kept, and very handsomely furnished. There is an elevator at the Grand, the first ever introduced in Stockholm, and so great was the curiosity it excited, and the crowds of people who wished to try it, that a slight charge had to be made for its use.

We started out, after a late breakfast, to find the banker, get our letters, and supply ourselves with Swedish money. Stockholm's Enskilda Bank was the place designated on our letter of credit, and we drew, in rix-dollars, what seemed an enormous sum for the expenses of less than a week; but it was really only a few pounds each. The rix-dollar is not the specie dollar, but the same as the krona, worth about a shilling and twopence English money, and a little more than the Norsk mark. This coin is divided into one hundred ore, copper coins about the value of an English farthing. You can get, in gold, pieces of ten and twenty kronor (like \$2.50 and \$5 gold pieces); in silver, pieces of four, two and one kronor (like dollars, half dollars and quarters), and fifty, twenty-five and ten ore pieces (about the size of ten, five and three cent pieces); and in copper, five, two and one ore pieces, worth about a cent, half a cent and a quarter of a cent. These last are like the pfennige in Germany, and the centimes of France and Italy. (I do not know what one can pur-

chase for so small a coin; but they are good to give to beggars, who seem glad to get them. *They* do not have to pay "American prices!") Beside this specie currency, bank notes are issued, from one krona to one thousand kronor in value, exchangeable for gold at par. It was a relief to the one who "had the bag" to substitute these for the heavy weight of "smaa penge," indispensable hitherto.

Our first drive in Stockholm was out through the northern suburb, "Norr Malm," to the palace of Ulricsdal. This royal residence belonged to Magnus de la Gardie, but Christina took a fancy to it, and Ebba Brahe wrote her son begging him to resign it to the queen. It was "Jacobsdal" until Prince Ulrik was born here, son of Charles XI., when the name was changed to Ulricsdal. This was the favorite resort of Gustavus III. and his queen, who died here in 1813, having survived her husband twenty-one years. Charles XV. also made this palace his favorite residence. It is a large, rather plain edifice, prettily situated on one of the arms of the lake, and approached through a pine forest; very secluded and almost gloomy in appearance. We got down from our carriage and wandered about the grounds, looking at the pretty chapel and the quaint little cottage, built in fac-simile of the one at Rankhyttan, in Dalarne, where Gustavus Wasa was sheltered from the Danes. When no members of the royal family are here, visitors are allowed to enter the palace.

Passing the royal dairy and the Tivoli gardens, on the shore of Brunsvenken, and crossing a bridge at Alkistan, we reach the "Fiskartorpet," an old wooden hut, built by Charles XI. as a fishing house, where he

used to spend a great deal of time, and cook his fish after he had caught them.

Then we pass the Royal Djurgarden, a large park shut in by high fences, where deer are kept for the royal sport; drive over the parade ground, and cross the Djurgarden Brunn into the "Egentliga Djurgarden," or deer garden proper, on another island. In driving around it we pass the royal cottage of Rosen-dal, built by Charles XV. in 1830, a pretty villa, occu-pied sometimes by the Queen Dowager Josephine, with fine gardens and hot-houses, and the large asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind, called Manilla.

If time allowed, one would like to visit this institution and compare it with those of similar character elsewhere. It has a fine building, beautifully situated, accommodating about a hundred inmates. At first founded by private liberality, it is now sustained by the Government, as are several smaller institutions in the city. Stockholm has many charitable institutions, mission schools, deaconesses, orphan asylums and hospitals, whose past history and present condition it would be pleasing to dwell upon; but we are in the Djurgarden this evening to see how the citizens amuse themselves. To quote Hans Andersen's description, it is "a large piece of ground, made into a garden by our Lord himself." Its natural advantages are great, and Art has worked in harmony with Nature. The park, occupying an entire island of many acres, is laid out in walks and drives of charming wildness and variety. Dear to the people of Stockholm must be the memory of Charles XIV., who made the Djurgarden what it now is.

In the summer evenings it is a place of great resort,

and the cafés and restaurants are filled with people. Open-air concerts are given in a Turkish pavilion in the Hasselbacken gardens; near by is a circus building, (occupied when we saw it by a circus and menagerie troupe, which announced itself as connected with the "Great Barnum's Museum of New York!") a theatre, open nightly during the summer; Tivoli gardens, with cheap amusements for the public; a pretty villa erected by the sculptor, Byström, now used as a museum for his own works and those of other artists, and other attractions.

Under a lofty oak is a bronze statue of the poet Bellman, as he used to sit in this very spot, playing and singing his own compositions, nearly a century ago. In another part of the park, near a café named from the poet "Bellmansro" (Bellman's rest), is a bust on a pedestal, erected on his anniversary, the 26th of July, 1829.

This Swedish improvisatore, so dear to the hearts of his countrymen, whom some admirers style the Pindar, and others, more properly, the Anacreon of Sweden, lived from 1740 to 1795 "a joyous poet's life," free from care and trouble; since Gustavus III., by appointing him secretary of the lottery office, with a salary of \$3,000, for half of which an under secretary managed the business of the office, (were they rix dollars?) left him free to cultivate his rare gifts without distraction. This unique descendant of the skalds, who sung no heroic deeds, but the praises of wine and of love, had a genius less akin to the frozen North than to the sunny South—

"Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row."

The charm of his poems evaporates in translation, nor can it always be discovered by a foreigner in the originals. But the man must have possessed a rare personal fascination, and we must believe that there is something truly national in his spirit, to find such an echo of delight in all Swedish hearts.

Ernst Moritz Arndt who lived long in Sweden, and was a cordial admirer of Bellman, describes his manner of frequenting taverns and restaurants, not for personal dissipation, but to observe others. Taking his place in a corner, with a bottle of wine and a pipe, he watched the crowd and obtained originals for his poems. As he walked with his friends, they would suddenly miss him. If a violin was heard they had only to follow its sound and they would find him at some humble merrymaking, sitting apart from the throng and silently studying the joyously dancing people.

"It was not intoxication," says Lenström, "which he sung as the height of felicity, but something else which developed itself, under the enjoyment of wine, under his eye; the life and rejoicing of the people, Swedish nature and manners." Lenström adds that many of Bellman's finest inspirations "died with the occasion which gave them birth, and the joyous admiration which attended them. The favorite of Nature, of the nation and of the king, he was fully satisfied with the enjoyment of his few desires. Moderate in all, except in enthusiasm, he went singing on his way towards his early death, not disturbed by any straining after an unapproachable goal, and happy in not having outlived the noon of life and genius."

A short time before his death he greeted his as-

sembled friends with a farewell improvisation, in order once more "to let them hear Bellman. He sung the whole night through, under the influence of an unbroken theme of inspiration—the joyous course of his existence, the praise of the good king, and gratitude to Providence which had cast his lot amid a noble people, and in the beautiful Northern land; and finally he took an eternal farewell of every one of the assembled company, in a different air and metre, expressing the individuality of the person addressed, and the relation of the poet to him. As the day broke, his friends, drowned in tears, implored him to cease, and to spare his health, already so severely affected, but he replied, Let us die as we have lived—in music! drank off, for the last time, the fragrant, ethereal draught, and sang out the conclusion of his swan song. From that hour, he never sang again."

When we drive to the "Mosebacke" (Moose-hill-lock), in the southern suburb of Stockholm, for the fine view of the city from the garden terraces, we must pass through the Bellman's gatan, and see the house where the poet was born, on the 4th of February, 1740.

Not far from this place is the residence of a very different person, of far wider renown, the philosopher and seer—Emmanuel Swedenborg. Still standing in the garden is the little summer-house which was his favorite place of study.

In this neighborhood is to be seen, on the "Capellans backen," the most ancient historical monument in Stockholm—a crumbling marble slab incased in iron, upon which is faintly visible a cross, and a Latin inscription, which tells us that the slab is one of three erected by King Albrecht, in 1389, "as an atonement

for the cruel murder of sixty innocently imprisoned Swedish burghers," by their German enemies, the Hanseatic merchants.

Looking down from the Mosebacke, we can see how Stockholm is built on islands, at the point where opposite promontories shut off the Mälar Lake from the fjords, running up from the Baltic. The city proper—on a small island, connected by bridges with the northern and southern suburbs, the latter also an island—is flanked by larger islands: the Kungsholm on the left and the Djurgarden on the right. Smaller islands between the Djurgarden and the city—the Skeppsholm and the Castelholm—are fortified and used as naval stations; and the Beckholm, still farther to the right, has a shipyard.

But the small island to the left of the city, separated from it only by a canal—the Riddarholm—is the place of greatest interest to the antiquary; for here are the remains of the round tower, built by Birger Jarl in the thirteenth century, when he fortified the island, and drove piles into the river, to prevent the ships of the vikings from entering the lake and ravaging the towns and villages on its shores. The former capital, Sigtuna, founded two thousand years ago by Odin himself, and possessing over ten thousand inhabitants, had been destroyed in 1188 by these East Baltic vikings, and its spoils carried off to Russia. From its ruins came the first settlers to the new city; and from the towns on the lake—whose ships were shut in by the obstructions which shut the vikings out—trade was transferred to *Stockholm*, the city of the pile islands. Many Germans settled here, and it soon became the most important trading-place on

the Baltic. Under Gustavus Wasa the city was improved and more strongly fortified. His castle stood on ground covered by the present palace; and near by is the oldest church in Stockholm—the Nicolai or Stor-kyrkan, built by Birger Jarl in 1264. I should rather say, *was* the oldest church; for its exterior has been entirely remodelled, in modern Italian style, though the interior is in old Gothic. The coronation of Swedish sovereigns, which used to take place at Upsala, has lately been celebrated in this church.

Next to the Storkyrkan, in antiquity and interest, comes the Riddarholms Church, on the island of that name. It was built by Magnus, son of Birger Jarl; but fires and restorations, and the building of sepulchral chapels around it, have altered the original plan, and left little of the old church. It is the Westminster Abbey of Stockholm, containing the dust of kings and heroes. The entire pavement is composed of grave-stones, mostly those of knights, of the different Swedish orders.

To the right of the altar, in the Gustavian choir, built in 1633, is a sarcophagus of green marble, to which the remains of Gustavus Adolphus were removed, in 1832, by Charles XIV. On a marble slab in the choir is this inscription—

“In angustiis intravit,
Pietatem amavit,
Hostes prostravit,
Regnum dilatavit,
Suecos exaltavit,
Oppressos liberavit,
Moriens triumphavit.”

The sepulchral chapel of the present royal family,

built in 1850, contains a sarcophagus of Swedish porphyry, in which repose the remains of Charles XIV. (died in 1844), and in the vault below are those of his queen, Desideria (once sought in marriage, as *Desirée* Clary, by Napoleon Bonaparte, whose brother Joseph married her sister); his son and successor, Oscar I. (died in 1859), with *his* sons, Gustavus and Augustus, his eldest son, Charles XV., and the queen and infant sons of the latter. The present king, Oscar II., is the brother of the late king, and grandson of Bernadotte.

Nearest to the altar, on the left, is the Carolin Chapel, built in 1686, by Tessin (the architect of the palace), and containing the remains of Charles X. and his descendants, with their queens and families. The white marble sarcophagus of Charles XII. rests upon a green pedestal, and is covered with a lion's skin, in brass, surmounted by crown, sceptre, and sword. The blood-stained clothing in which he was killed at Fredrikshald, formerly kept here, under glass, is now on exhibition at the museum.

In the square, near the church, is a fine bronze statue of Birger Jarl, erected in 1854, after a model by Fogelberg. Clad in chain armor, and draped in classic tunic and mantle, the hero stands, leaning on the hilt of his mighty sword. I do not know if the face has any historical authority as a likeness, but "*Se non e vero, e ben trovato.*" It well represents the sturdy warrior, who was "strong and very courageous," and could "govern with steadfast hand"; but no vestige of tenderness is visible in these bronze features. This was the leader sent by King Erik to convert a tribe of Finns much given to idolatry, and abominably barbarous in their treatment of Christian inhabitants of Fin-

land. He returned in triumph, having put to death all who would not embrace Christianity. Stern, and at times unscrupulous, not only in his treatment of heathen, but of Christian subjects, Birger was yet a good ruler, possessing, like St. Olaf of Norway, real nobility of character under a somewhat brutal exterior. He was the last of the giants. Till the Wasas came into power, there was not his peer in Sweden. He had married the sister of Erik III., and upon the king's death, without issue, expected to be elected sovereign by the assembly. He returned from an expedition in Finland, to find his eldest son, Waldemar, elected, but he was appointed regent during his son's minority.

He governed for sixteen years with energy and wisdom, revised the laws, repelled invasions and converted the heathen, and died on Oct. 21, 1266. However he had been blamed during his life, he was lamented after his death. "Old and young mourned for him," says the chronicler, "and the women of Sweden, whose right and peace he had taken under his guard, prayed for his soul."

Waldemar, known as "The Beautiful," proved a weak prince, and, after ten years of trouble, he abdicated in favor of his brother Magnus, a wise and impartial ruler, whose reign was short (he died in 1290), and whose sons were quarrelsome and cruel, and involved the nation in war.

From this period until the accession of Gustavus Wasa, the history of Sweden is one of strife between brothers, or fathers and sons; of brutal murder and revenge, of tyranny and usurpation, relieved by a few intervals when the Government fell into the hands of wise and moderate rulers, acting as regents or pro-

tectors. Torkel Knutson was one of these, during the minority of Magnus's son Birger. One of his laws, afterwards known as King Birger's law, prohibited the selling of slaves, on the ground that it was unjust for Christians to sell each other. To him Sweden was indebted for the thorough conquest of Finland, which remained a Swedish province until it was surrendered to Russia in 1809.

Birger married a Danish princess, and his brother Erik married Ingeborg, daughter of Hakon V. of Norway. A third brother, Waldemar, conspired with Erik against King Birger, and took him captive. He was delivered by his brother-in-law, Erik of Denmark, and agreed to divide the kingdom with his brothers. During this fraternal quarrel the kingdom was ravaged with fire and sword, and the aged regent, Knutson, falsely accused, was beheaded as a traitor at Stockholm.

A few years later King Birger treacherously seized and murdered his brothers, leaving them to perish of starvation in prison. He fled to Denmark to escape the vengeance of his people, who revolted against him, and appointed a protector, Matthew Kettlemunson. His son was taken prisoner and put to death, and a national assembly at Upsala assigned the crown to Magnus, son of Erik and Ingeborg, then a child of three years. Grief for the death of his son brought Birger to his grave.

A popular ballad of the time ascribes the starvation of the brothers to the treachery of the steward of the castle of Nykoping, John Brunke, who expiated his crime on the sand hill at Stockholm, being broken on the wheel and beheaded; and the place is called to this day Brunkeberg. (Our hotel, "Kung Carl," here

in the Norrmalm, is on the corner of Brunkeberg's Torg.)

The best thing we know of Magnus is a law passed during his reign (in 1335) abolishing slavery. Probably that was due to the influence of Kettlemunson; as King Birger's law had been the work of Torkel Knutson. During his regency Sweden enjoyed a breathing spell of nearly thirty years.

In 1319 Magnus succeeded his grandfather, Hakon V., as king of Norway. He had a grand opportunity to unite the two countries peaceably under one sceptre; but when he lost his friend and adviser, Kettlemunson, he showed himself weak, treacherous and cruel. First, he attempted the conquest of Denmark, and obtained from the king the cession of several provinces. Not satisfied with this, he made an unprovoked attack upon Russia, but was signally defeated. To raise his armies he had taxed the people, mortgaged part of the Crown lands, and used the revenues of the Church. He was finally compelled by the people to resign the crown of Norway to his son Hakon, and that of Sweden to Erik; but he continued to carry on a civil war with the latter, until his death left Magnus in sole possession of Sweden.

He had pledged himself to reform; but so far from seeking the interest of his country, he allowed King Waldemar of Denmark to ravage the islands of Gothland and Oland without resistance; and the distressed Swedes finally applied to Hakon of Norway to save them from destruction. He came to their assistance, and Magnus was arrested, and confined to the castle of Calmar. The crown was offered to Albert of Mecklenburg, who reigned until his armies were defeated by

Margaret, Hakon's widow; and by the treaty of Calmar she became sovereign of the three kingdoms.

Margaret was followed by Erik of Pomerania, a capricious and unwise ruler. He made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, sailing from Venice in the disguise of a servant to a merchant bound to Syria; but he was taken captive by the Turks, and a heavy ransom demanded for his release. During his absence, his queen Philippa, daughter of Henry IV. of England, governed with mildness and wisdom.

It would have been better for his wife and for his realm had Erik never returned, for he came back to such abuse of Philippa that she fled to a cloister and died; and to such oppression of his subjects that they revolted against him, led by the brave Engelbrecht.

This Dalecarlian peasant, who had acquired wealth in the copper mines, and knowledge by travel and observation, was an uncommon character for the time and the country; for the common people, while their sovereigns were occupied with brutal quarrels and bloody wars, were in a state of dense ignorance and great oppression. Heavily taxed in men and money to furnish the sinews of war, little could be done by them to develop agriculture or commerce. The mines furnished a source of wealth; but the ore was conveyed to Prussian ports to be forged into bars, for the Swedes were too ignorant to work it.

The clergy were rather warriors than priests, keeping troops in their castles and leading them in battle. Many of them were illiterate men of scandalous lives.*

* Some of the clergy of West-Gothland were subjected to fines, for their disgraceful ignorance. One of these when asked, "Quid est Evangelium?" replied, "Est Baptismus," and another declared we had nothing to do with the Old Testament, because it was lost in Noah's flood.

After twice visiting Copenhagen to obtain redress from King Erik, Engelbrecht raised an army; the strongholds of Sweden were taken by the insurgents, and finally the burghers of Stockholm opened their gates to the troops, and he laid siege to the citadel, occupied by a Danish garrison. He had been appointed general-in-chief and regent by the people; but the nobles elected another leader, Charles Knutson, one of their own order, and it was arranged that he should conduct the siege in Stockholm, while Engelbrecht marched to reduce other fortresses, which still held out for the king. He did this successfully, but perished by assassination while returning to Stockholm.

Knutson protected the assassin from popular vengeance, and became himself distrusted; at length it was agreed to submit the difficult question of the succession to a number of deputies from the Hanse republics, who were met at Calmar by others from the three kingdoms. Erik appeared and solemnly promised to govern the Swedes according to law, and they accepted him again as their sovereign. Would this have happened if Engelbrecht had not died, or was he fortunate in escaping by death such bitter humiliation?

There is little in Stockholm which recalls these old days except the ruins of Birger Jarl's tower, and the foundations of the churches we have seen; nothing but the crumbling monument on the Capellan's backan takes us beyond the times of the Wasas; and there are few remains of the city of Gustavus. Only the two bronze lions which guard the entrance to the palace as they guarded the old fortress of the "Tre Kronor," so often besieged and defended and so seldom taken,

frown upon us as they frowned at him three hundred years ago. "Wars, conflagrations and civilization have entirely remodelled the city," to quote a phrase from our little illustrated guide; curiously suggestive of some allegorical painting which should represent civilization following in the wake of her stern collaborators. How often she must wait till their work is done before she can enter in and remodel! Nearly all the great cities of the Old World have undergone this experience, and the wooden-built cities of the North retain little of antiquity.

From the Norrmalm, where our hotel is situated, we pass to the city, over the Norrbro, a fine bridge of granite, which crosses a small island, the Helgeandholm. On one side is a row of shops; on the other, below the granite railing, is the Stromparterren, a pretty garden and restaurant, something like the Bruhl Terrasse in Dresden. As we cross the bridge the imposing structure of the Royal Palace rises before us.

This was commenced in 1698 by Charles XII. from designs by the French architect, Nicodemus Tessin (who also built the Norr bro, and the Carolin chapel in Riddarholm's Church), but it was not sufficiently finished to be habitable before 1753. It is a square block, enclosing a courtyard. The central block, three stories in height, crowned by a massive cornice, rises ninety-five feet, from the platform to the top of the balustrade; the façade is extended by wings one story in height to the length of seven hundred feet. The approach is by an inclined plane in two directions, called the Lejon Backen (Hill of Lions), from the two large bronze lions which guard the entrance,

and which were removed from the old castle of Gustavus Wasa.

The northeastern façade, fronting the water, is less imposing; but the wings enclose a garden, upon which the royal apartments look out; and the entrance, by a double granite staircase, is reserved exclusively for royal use. Although so plain, the palace is pleasing and impressive from the simplicity and grandeur of the design. It is pronounced by Ferguson "a marvellous instance of architectural purity and good taste."

Ascending the zigzag incline, and passing through the vaulted entrance to the courtyard, we are conducted first to the other side, where, on the east, a marble staircase leads us to the lofty throne room, adorned with colossal statues of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XIV., by Byström, and allegorical figures by other artists, and where upon festive occasions the silver throne of Queen Christina is displayed. Returning to the portico, we ascend a similar staircase on the west side, to the royal chapel, with a painted ceiling and altar-piece by Swedish artists.

In the western portico we find the staircase leading to the royal apartments. These are richly and tastefully furnished, the Victoria hall containing many costly objects, presents from other sovereigns; two large tables of Roman mosaic representing scenes and buildings in Rome, presented by Nicholas of Russia to Charles XIV.; the largest mirror in Sweden, a wedding present from Napoleon III. to Charles XV.; an antique Moorish clock, with movable figures, and most interesting of all, three beautiful cabinets which belonged to Marie Antoinette. Returning to the entrance, we find on the opposite side of the vestibule the

chapter rooms of the different Swedish royal orders. The hall of the Wasa Order is decorated in green and gold, that of the Order of the North Star in red and black, the hall of the Order of the Sword in blue and gold, and of the Order of Seraphim in white and gold.

Ascending to another story by the grand staircase, we notice on the wall medallion portraits of the ancient kings, among whom we find Birger Jarl, who was the founder of the old castle or fortress of the "Ker-nel," or "Three Crowns," afterwards enlarged by the Stures and Wasas, and upon the foundations of which a part of this palace is built. On this floor are the state apartments, most sumptuously furnished and hung with Gobelin tapestry of great value. Time would fail me to describe these saloons. The concert room, the audience room, the grand gallery, the Red Saloon, with tapestry representing Don Quixote's adventures; the Green Saloon, with painted ceiling representing the four winds and the four elements, and the White Saloon, or great ball-room—all in gold and white, and lighted with large crystal chandeliers and candelabra.

Through smaller rooms and the Blue and Red cabinets, with portraits of the Wasas, we enter the bedroom of Charles XIV., which is preserved exactly in the condition in which it was when he breathed his last, on the 8th of March, 1844. The clock on the mantelpiece was stopped at the moment of his death.

On the bed lies an old blue overcoat which he wore during the campaigns of 1813-14, and which for thirty years afterward was his constant companion as a coverlet. The walls are hung with family portraits and sketches of the battles in which he took part, as Mar-

shal Bernadotte. The writing table and other tables are covered with books, maps, papers, and trinkets of various kinds; and a collection of walking sticks is interesting to all who have a propensity to accumulate similar objects. The royal guest rooms, on the same floor, are hung with fine tapestry and paintings.

We return to the courtyard and ascend the grand staircase on the other side, to visit the queen's apartments, which are charmingly fitted up, hung with fine paintings—two original Raphaels among them—and ornamented with delightful bric-à-brac of every description. The Porcelain Cabinet contains a set of porcelain furniture, bought by Gustavus III. in Dresden.

We were much interested in the portraits and mementos of the Bonaparte family, and especially of the Empress Josephine, in the rooms of the Queen Dowager Josephine, widow of Oscar I. and mother of the late Charles XV. and the reigning king, Oscar II. She was daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, duke of Leuchtenberg, grand-daughter of Josephine, and cousin to Louis Napoleon. From the walls of her apartment Napoleon III. and his lovely empress smile upon all beholders, as they smiled in Paris before the battle of Metz and the destruction of the Tuileries. We look at these portraits with Dr. E.'s story of the flight of the empress, told us on the deck of the Lofoten, fresh in mind, and remark that while the Napoleons are de-throned, descendants of Josephine are still reigning.

The royal library, containing over one hundred thousand volumes and ten thousand manuscripts, occupied the entire northeastern wing of the palace; but as the books were being packed for removal to the new library building, in the Humlegarden, visitors

were not admitted. Among the curious manuscripts is the famous Codex Aureus, written in Gothic characters of gold, upon a groundwork of white and lilac parchment, considerably over a thousand years old. A Saxon inscription records that it belonged to the monks of Canterbury; but it is supposed to be of Italian origin, and carried off by vikings from Milan, as annotations dated Milan, A. D. 840, speak of it as ancient even then. How it found its way to Madrid, where it was bought by an agent of Charles XI. (sent on a voyage of discovery after vestiges of the ancient Goths in Africa), and by him presented to the royal library in Stockholm, I cannot ascertain. Another codex, copied on the skins of three hundred asses, was carried off by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War, from a Benedictine convent in Prague. The monks had worked on it from the ninth to the thirteenth century.

A Latin Bible, printed in Leyden in 1521, has numerous comments in the writing of Martin Luther. The oldest printed book in the library is a copy of "Cicero de Officiis," printed from movable types by Faust and Schoeffer, in 1461.

An excursion to the Drottningholm Palace, thirty-five minutes by steamer across the lake, or an hour's drive through a pine forest, would be worth while if the royal family were not in residence. Among other interesting collections, the picture gallery contains portraits of all the sovereigns of Europe contemporary with Oscar I. Still more interesting is the old castle of Gripsholm (a three hours' excursion by steamer), founded by Bo Jonsson Grip in 1316 upon the site of a much older edifice; rebuilt in 1537 by Gustavus

Wasa, and again altered and enlarged by Gustavus III. in the last century. In the gallery of portraits, eighteen hundred in number, are represented all the Wasa sovereigns and their relations; among them are portraits of Gustavus Wasa and Erik XIV., painted by the unfortunate Erik, who was imprisoned in the oldest tower of the castle. The insane monarch spent three years in this prison, one of seven in which his nine years of confinement were passed, until his death by poison at Orebyhus.

Traces of his footsteps are pointed out on the brick floor of his cell. He had talent for music as well as painting, excelling both as a performer and composer. He translated into Swedish the Latin History of Joannes Magnus, wrote a treatise on the art of war, and composed two penitential psalms, which may be read in the Swedish Psalter.

Clearly unfit to govern as he was, slaughtering his best friends and involving the nation in cruel wars, Sweden owed kinder treatment to the son of Gustavus Wasa than such prisons as his brother gave him—where he suffered from “hunger, cold, stench and darkness,” wanting the common necessaries of life, and often cruelly beaten and insulted by his keepers—and the cup of poison at the end. This was the Prince Erik who sent ambassadors to negotiate a marriage with Queen Elizabeth, then fell in love with Mary Queen of Scots, and sent fresh ambassadors, but transferred his affections to the princess of Lorraine, daughter of Christian II., and finally married a Finnish maiden, Karin Mansdotter, who was faithful to him through all his misfortunes. One of his poems is a tribute to her worth.

XX.

UPSALA, AND THE MUSEUM.

WE spent Monday in an excursion to Upsala, going by boat and returning by train.

Our way led through the Malar Lake, which stretches up into the country, seeming more like a fjord than a lake, with its inlets and islands; but the shores were flat, and the scenery tame, compared with the grand fjords of Norway.

Going northward, through a narrow branch of the lake, we come, about midway in our journey, to Sigtuna, the former capital of Sweden. Sigge Fridulfson, the historic Odin, was its founder, and built a temple here; but the capital was removed to Upsala by his descendants, long before Birger Jarl founded Stockholm. Sigtuna is now a little village, of five hundred inhabitants, and interesting only for its ruined churches and convents.

Soon after, we see rising, in stately grandeur, the "four square walls and four square towers" of Sko Kloster. Upon nearer view, the towers prove to be octagonal, and their domelike caps are finished with pepper pots—a style of architecture we find frequent occasion to deplore. In its present form the castle was built by Count Gustaf Wrangel in the seventeenth

century, and came by marriage into the possession of the Brahe family; but in the middle ages a large monastery stood here, and from the earliest records the place is mentioned as a fortified castle, the residence of the pagan kings. The monastery was founded by St. Bridget's father, "Birger Pehrson, lagman in Upland, a pious man and godly," in the latter part of the thirteenth century; but two hundred years later it suffered greatly by fire, and instead of rebuilding it, King John Wasa took away stone to build his castle in Stockholm.

Sko Kloster is brimful of antiquities and curiosities; a portrait gallery second only to that of Gripsholm, kings and queens, Wasas, Brahes, Wrangels and others; antique furniture, tapestry, armor and weapons, and a valuable library, with rare manuscripts. Heart-rending, to leave such treasures unvisited!

But we were bound for Upsala, and had little time enough, as the voyage had taken longer than we reckoned. Soon we entered the Fyris River, scarcely wider than a canal, and went under bridges, and through narrow places hardly broad enough for our boat to pass; the waves, raised by our motion, washing away the reeds and tall grasses on the low banks. The boat was very small—smaller than the little Norway steamers—and very crowded, the seats very hard, and the sun very hot; and the seven hours of our voyage seemed long ones. They said we were slower than usual, because the river was so low.

We could have made the journey in two hours by train; and we regretted the loss of time when we found that the university library, which we particularly wished to see, was open only in the morning. We could see

the cathedral; but by this time (4 P. M.) we were in a famishing condition, and our first business was to find a hotel and get something to eat. We were directed to the Stadshotellet, a curious old building, with an archway extending through and rooms opening on each side; and our hunger appeased, we started for the cathedral, under the guidance of a small boy with a perfect extinguisher of a hat. He found the sexton, who unlocked the door and escorted us over the venerable pile. It is almost as old as the Throndhjem Cathedral, but less picturesque; presenting a mixture of styles, which gives an unpleasant impression. The side view is simple, old Gothic, but the western entrance is defaced by two square towers with cornices and turrets capped with little domes, like the Sko pepper pots, rising above them. These take the place of the three towers with spires four hundred feet high, which were destroyed by lightning in 1702. A large platform in front, ascended by a flight of steps, gives a worthy approach, and the cathedral occupies a fine position. It is said to occupy the site of a heathen temple, but the hill on which it stands has been, these many years, "Mons Domini."

When was it built and by whom? In 1287, Sept. 8, the contract for the building of Upsala Domkyrka was signed by Estien de Bonneuil, architect of Notre Dame de Paris, who came to Sweden with ten master builders and ten apprentices skilled in stone cutting. The plan is similar to that of Notre Dame and the dimensions are nearly the same. The exterior is, of course, far less elaborate, but the plan may not have been carried out. This cathedral was two hundred years in building, begun during the reign of good King Mag-

nus Ladulas,* carried on with more or less difficulty through the stormy times which followed, and finished in 1435, the year when Engelbrecht revolted against the tyrant, Erik of Pomerania, and roused the Dalecarlians to dethrone him.

The interior is simple and impressive. Behind the altar, in the Lady Chapel, is the tomb of Gustavus Wasa, where the effigy of the monarch reposes between those of his first and second wives—Catherine and Margaret—and four obelisks guard the corners of their marble couch. Irreverent suggestions of four-post bedsteads are unavoidable. The third wife, Queen Catharine Stenbock, sleeps in the same vault. On the walls of the chapel are frescoes painted by Sandberg, a Swedish artist, representing events in the life of Gustavus. Here he is, before the town council, in Lübeck, requesting aid against the Danes. Again, in disguise as a peasant, and also addressing the peasants at Dalarne. The battle between the Dalecarlians and the

* Magnus *Ladulas* (barn-locker), so called from the justice of his laws, and their strict administration—"An honorable title," says Olaf Peterson, "for there be found not many in the world who can be styled barn-lock; barn-breaker has ever been more common"—was surpassed by no Swedish king in bounty to the Church, whence he is sometimes called the Holy King Magnus. He founded five monasteries, and had vowed a crusade to the Holy Land, which he did not live to accomplish. He had prepared himself a tomb in the Franciscan monastery at Stockholm; but his dying wish that "his memory might not die away with the sounds of the bells over his grave" is fulfilled to-day, rather from his virtues as "barn-locker," than from his devotion to holy Church. He alone, of Birger Jarl's sons and descendants, was worthy of his father.

The first royal burial which took place in Upsala Cathedral is said to have been that of the eldest son of Magnus; a boy of fifteen, in 1279 (in the church which preceded this cathedral, if the dates are right, that church having been possibly built by Birger Jarl in 1260, but probably of earlier date). Was the thought of the cathedral the result of this young lad's death?

Danes follows; then the triumphal entry of Gustavus into Stockholm; the presentation of the first Swedish translation of the Bible to Gustavus and his address from the throne to his last parliament.

Beneath this painting, in golden letters on a blue ground, are the words of the aged king, when he felt the approach of death, and thus bade farewell to his people:

"If I have done any good, give God the honor; what I have failed in, from human weakness and error, overlook and forgive it for Christ's sake. Many have called me a hard king; yet a time will come when Sweden's children would gladly pluck me out of the earth if they could."

To the left of the Gustavian chapel is the one occupied by the monuments of the Brahe family; next, that of the Sture family; the large chapel beyond contains a fine statue in armor of King John, son of Gustavus Wasa, and one of his queen, Katerina Jagellonica; on the opposite side of the choir are the family chapels of the Oxenstjernas and other noble families. A row of sepulchral chapels occupies each side of the nave. Here, in the chapel of the Baner family, we saw the monument to Carolus Linnæus, the celebrated botanist: a mural tablet of porphyry, with a bronze medallion portrait by the sculptor Sergel.

Under the altar, in a shrine of silver, repose the bones of Saint Erik, the patron saint of Sweden, slain in battle at Upsala, in 1161.

Standing in front of the pulpit, and looking up, you see in the arched roof a hand with two outstretched fingers (the traditional mode of blessing); in this place many kings have been crowned.

The sexton took us into the treasury, and showed us the sacramental vessels, of gold and silver, and a crown and sceptre, belonging to one of the old kings, found in his coffin. Thence up a flight of stairs he led us to a little room, where were stored in cupboards a quantity of curious old vestments, in some of which he arrayed himself, parading in the robes and mitre of an archbishop, to the great edification of certain small children who had followed in our train. We saw the hair shirt of St. Bridget, and her velvet girdle and purse, embroidered with pearls; and here were relics, not only of saints, but of a martyr: the blood-stained garments of Niels Sture, who was murdered by the insane king, Erik XIV., in the old castle of Upsala.

This castle, built by Gustavus Wasa in 1548, but destroyed by fire in 1702, retains little of its former splendor. It is now the residence of the governor of Upsala. It is finely situated, with the buildings of the university, on a hill overlooking the town. The university, founded in 1477 by the Regent Sten Sture, had, a hundred years ago, over two thousand students; in 1800, only five hundred; but now about twelve hundred. There are sixty professors, in all departments of learning, and many distinguished men have filled the chairs. The most prominent building is the library, the "Carolina Rediviva," containing two hundred thousand volumes and seven thousand manuscripts. Among the latter is the famous Codex Argenteus—the translation of the Gospels into the Gothic language by Bishop Ulphilas, more than fourteen hundred years old, which fills one hundred and eighty-eight folios, and is executed in silver letters upon red parchment; most curious and costly of codices, a thing to visit

Sweden for; but, O cruel fate! the library is open only in the morning. (We should have spent the night in Upsala, but our passage was engaged for St. Petersburg on the steamer leaving at midnight of Tuesday, and we had still the museum in Stockholm to visit.)

The Codex Argenteus was not "found" in so discreditable a manner as the manuscripts from Prague in the Royal Library. It belonged originally to an abbey in Westphalia; though how it came there no one knows. Thence it went to Cologne, and afterwards to Prague, where it was taken by Koningsmark, in the capture of the city. It went with Vossius to Amsterdam; and upon his death, in 1669, it was purchased by the Swedish chancellor, De la Gardie, who presented it to the University of Upsala. This copy was probably made by Ostro-Gothic scribes, in Italy, about the end of the fifth century, and is the oldest monument of the Teutonic language, which was first committed to writing by Bishop Ulphilas.

The professors in the university hold their positions for life; even the king cannot remove them. There is great difficulty in getting rid of an incompetent or unsuitable person, if, by chance or favoritism, such a one should be appointed. Only by being tried and convicted upon some criminal charge can one be deprived of his professorship. Living here all their lives among their books, with no interest in politics, unable even to vote for any candidate outside the university, they must contract curious habits, and become quite fossilized. The most singular instance of this was the old theological professor, Odmann, who, having been compelled to keep his bed by a fever, found himself so comfortable that he could not be persuaded to get up

again. The students came to him with their essays, and, as he had a horror of taking cold, the manuscripts were warmed at the fire before he read them. The windows of his room were never opened; and here, in the impure air, he lay reading and writing, his only companion a deaf and dumb daughter, until he was seventy. His only illness during the whole period was caused by a chill taken in a singular manner. A Dalecarlian peasant one winter's day entered the house by mistake, his skin cloak covered with snow and his beard full of ice, and not understanding the old man's horrified shouting, came quite close to his bed. The old professor's portrait was painted, lying in bed, in his shirt; and Hans Andersen, who tells the story, saw it in the Assembly Rooms, formerly the orange garden of Linnæus. Near by, in his old botanical garden, stands the house of Linnæus—a simple wooden building. We passed it in driving out to Old Upsala, but had not time to enter. In the new Botanical Gardens, back of the castle, is a statue of Linnæus, by Byström, the sculptor. He stands under a little temple, holding a book in one hand and in the other a specimen of his favorite flower—the *Linnæa borealis*. Both this monument and the tablet in the cathedral were erected from the offerings of friends and disciples, King Gustavus III. adding his contribution to the fund.

An object of interest near Upsala is the "Mora Steen," or stone on the moor, about seven English miles from the town. A building erected by Gustavus III. preserves these relics of remote antiquity. In 1782 Mr. Coxe found ten stones remaining, the largest only six spans long; but the ancient inscriptions were scarcely to be deciphered. Olaus Magnus describes the mon-

ument as consisting of one huge round stone surrounded by twelve smaller ones, elevated a little from the ground. The national Thing was held here, and the sovereign elected was mounted upon the central stone, to receive the acclamations of the people. Was it a place for heathen sacrifices, older than any temple? Something like Stonehenge, perhaps,—if any one knows what that was made for. Or was it prepared merely for the council chamber of Odin and his twelve godards,—the big stone in the middle and the twelve smaller ones round it?

(I consider this a brilliant suggestion; and so far as I am aware, it is entirely original.)

Saxo says, "In old times when a king was chosen he stood or sat upon a heavy stone, a sign and surety that his intentions were firm and enduring." Is the "Stone of Sccone" a remnant of Norsk usages in Scotland?

Olaus Magnus and his brother Joannes were both bishops of Upsala. According to their history of the Gothic and Swedish kings (published in Rome in 1554), Japhet himself settled in the north, within a hundred years after the flood, and the early kings of Sweden were descended from his son Magog.

Sigge built Sigtuna, Ubbo Upsala, not long after the confusion of tongues at Babel. A king Erik was contemporary with the great-grandfather of Abraham!

Olaus Rudbeck, professor of divinity at Upsala, about 1675, followed suit to the bishops, and in his curious work, the "*Atlantica*" (so called because he identified Sweden with the Atlantis of Plato), he claims that the Swedish nation was planted by a colony under Askenaz, grandson of Japhet.

But these traditions are rivalled by the belief of the peasants to this very day. Mr. Marryat saw an old church in Falsterbo, partly imbedded in sand; "built," said the woman who brought the keys, "before the world was drowned; and here Noah and his family returned thanks after the deluge, and baptized Skeff the Englishman, a fourth son, born in the ark."

Saxo Grammaticus, in his "History of Denmark," fixes the origin of the Danish monarchy about B. C. 1000, in an illustrious warrior called Dan. Later historians place this Dan A. D. 250.

Torfæus (Thermod Torfeson), born in Iceland in 1636, and died about 1715, was employed by Frederick III. and Christian V. to translate the old sagas, and from these sources he compiled his works on the Danish kings, the Orcades, Greenland and Norway. He proved that no reliance could be placed upon the legends followed by his predecessors, and that only the latter part of Saxo's work is worthy of credit.

Professor Geijer of Upsala, in his "Chronicles of Sweden," regards all dynasties previous to Odin as fabulous—a simple cutting of this Gordian knot which is convenient if not scientific. He places the migration of Odin in the last century B. C. and contends that the fact of its having been unknown to the Romans is not sufficient to disprove its credibility.

While we entertain these reminiscences, we pursue the road to Gamle Upsala, which crosses the fields for two miles, in close proximity to the railway. Here are three large burial mounds, rising sixty feet or more from the level plain; they are called the graves of Thor, Odin and Freia. From the top of these mounds hundreds of smaller ones can be seen; this was a great

cemetery, surrounding the ancient temple. For the little low church, built of granite blocks, is said to be older than the period of Christianity in the North, and to have been part of a heathen temple; perhaps the one described by Olaus Magnus, which "was built so magnificently that there was nothing to be seen on the walls, roof or pillars, but shined with gold, also the whole upper part was made of glittering gold. Hence it was that the temple, situate on a large plain, by the admirable lustre of it begat in those that came near to it a venerable fire of religion. There grew before the doors of it a huge tree, of an unknown kind, that spread with large boughs, and was green both summer and winter."

Large trees still shade the ancient church, which in the evening twilight had a sort of sacred gloom. It was consecrated in 1026 by King Olaf, the Swede; but plundered and burned sixty years later, when only the stone walls were left standing. King Sverker restored it, about 1139, and dedicated it to St. Laurence.

It is thought that many of these mounds are of natural formation, though the larger ones may have been increased by art. All the same, most of them may have been used as burial mounds.

The largest mound was opened about thirty years ago; and for a time its interior was visited by tourists. Hans Andersen describes such a visit, in his "Pictures of Travel in Sweden." In 1874 this mound was again cut through for the benefit of the Ethnographical Society, then assembled at Upsala. Fragments of a skeleton and some little ornaments were found, which, with similar objects previously discovered here, may be seen in the museum at Stockholm. Snorre, in

the "Ynglinga Saga," tells us that this temple was built by Freyr, the son of Odin, who removed the capital from his father's city, Sigtuna, making Upsala his chief seat, and "gave it all his taxes, his land and goods. Then began the Upsala domains, which have remained ever since." These were certain estates for the support of the sovereign, and of the temple and rites of worship, which remained with the Crown after the introduction of Christianity.

Over all Sweden the people had "paid Odin a scatt, or tax, so much on each head; but he had to defend the country from disturbance, and pay the expense of the sacrifice feasts."

Among the mythical kings, between Freyr and the Danish accession, after the exile of Olaf Tretelia, whose reigns cover a period of seven hundred years, the most striking are Dag the Wise, who understood the language of birds, and had "a sparrow which flew to different countries, and told him much news," and the horrible "Aun hinn Gamle," ("the old one,") who prolonged his hideous life by the sacrifice of one son after another, at periods of varying length, until only the youngest of ten remained, and the people rose in protest, declaring that they must have one heir to the throne. So "the old one" himself had to succumb at last. Is this legend a slander on the old king, whose life seemed unnaturally prolonged, while one after another of his strong young sons perished, until the superstitious people believed the horrible story of their sacrifice to the gods?

Upsala has been a battle-field time and again. St. Erik was slain here, resisting a rebellion of his subjects, in 1161. An earlier Erik, father of Olaf Skot-

konung, was really a martyr to his Christian zeal, for he perished in a popular tumult occasioned by his destruction of a heathen temple with its idols and images. During the reign of this king or his predecessor, Erik Segersäll (the victorious), appears the first Icelandic skald mentioned in the annals of Sweden—Thorvald Hjalteson. “After the king’s victory at Fyrisvall over Styrbjorn, he ascended the hill of Upsala [this great mound] and demanded if there were no one present who could sing the victory for a reward from his own hand. Thorvald, though he never achieved such a thing before or after, did it so successfully that the king presented him with a gold ring.”

A man of one song, this Thorvald, like Sordello! Did he sit down, contented with his laurels, I wonder, or was he always tormented with the feeling that more was expected of him? Most of the old skalds had a gift of song, wonderfully fluent, irrepressible, so to speak. But they were less cordially entertained at the Swedish court than in Norway and Denmark. The last one we hear of in Sweden is Sturle Thordson, Snorre’s nephew, who wrote the “Knytlinga Saga” or chronicle of the Danish kings.

Perhaps it is because they had no skalds to write their sagas, but the Swedish kings seem to us far less interesting than the Norsk or Danish. There are no such picturesque figures as the Haralds and Olafs, or even the Sigurds and Hakons of a later period. Olaf Skotkonung (lap king, or tax king, either or both, *vide* Geijer), contemporary of St. Olaf, was a mean fellow in comparison. Baptized by Sigfrid, the English apostle, he has the credit of introducing Christianity into Sweden; but it prevailed only in the southern part,

although he built this little church in Gamle Upsala. He had joined Knut in his first expedition to England, in which St. Olaf also took part.

Later they are enemies, Norsk Olaf winning back Jemteland and other border provinces, and driving the Swedes out of Norway.* He sends envoys to solicit peace, and ask the eldest daughter of Swedish Olaf in marriage. The envoys seek the aid of Ragwald, earl of the West Goths; for it is well known that "Olaf the lap king would never hear Olaf the Norseman spoken of." Ragwald leads them to his foster father, Thorgny, the wisest man in Sweden, "an old man, whose like for tallness they had never seen, with beard lying on his knees," as he sits on the high seat in the great hall. He goes with them to the great folk-mote at Upsala. Snorre Sturleson gives us the scene: Olaf sitting on one side, with his court around him; Ragwald and Thorgny over against him with their men-at-arms and followers; the common people about; "some on the barrows," [these mounds all around us, or was it near the Mora stone?] "to see and hear how all befell." Olaf's own affairs are first discussed; then one of the Norwegian envoys begins his business, but is quenched in a summary manner by King Olaf, who "sprang from

* Perhaps their enmity dated from one of St. Olaf's forays, in his viking days, described by Snorre Sturleson. "He went up to Sigtun, and Swedish Olaf laid chains across the Stokkesund (channel between the Malar Lake and the sea), so Olaf could not get out again; for there was a castle west of the sound, and men-at-arms lay on the south. Olaf dug a canal across the flat land Agrafet, out to sea, and heavy rain fell, and the water from the lake rushed into it, and Olaf had all sail hoisted on his ships, and a strong breeze blew astern, and they steered with their oars (for the rudders were unslipped), and the ships came in a rush over all the shallows, and got into the sea without any damages."

his seat in wrath and broke off the speech." Ragwald attempts to speak; but meets with no better treatment. "Thereupon was deep silence for a time. At last Thorgny rose, and with him rose all the peasants, and there was a great din of arms and tumult in the crowd." Audience is granted and the old man speaks. He goes back to the experience of his grandsire, who was near King Erik Edmundson; of his father, the friend of King Björn; to his own, with King Erik the Victorious—brave men all, and wise rulers, but never so haughty as this King Olaf, "who will let none speak with him, and will hear naught but what is pleasing to himself." He lets his proper lands slip from him, and yet will rule over Norway, a thing that no Swedish king before him has coveted, "for which many must live in unpeace. Wherefore we peasants will that thou, King Olaf, shouldest make up thy quarrel with Norway's king, and give him thy daughter Ingegerda in marriage. If thou wilt win back those lands in the East, which belonged to thy kinsmen and parents, we will attend thee thither; but if thou heed not our words, we will set upon and slay thee, and will not suffer lawlessness and trouble at thy hands."

A great clashing of arms arose again, and Olaf rose up and granted their prayer. But he hated St. Olaf worse than ever, as was natural, and broke his promise, giving Ingegerda to Yaroslaf of Russia instead; and the people would have risen against him had not his daughter, Astrida, married St. Olaf in spite of her father.

We drove back to Upsala in time for the train to Stockholm, where we arrived about 11 P. M., again in a famishing condition and ready for the hot supper

which awaited us, and the delicious strawberries and cream—pure, unsweetened, frozen cream—which is one of the specialties here.

The traveller whose time is not so limited as ours may do better than to make an excursion to Upsala, by taking it on the way to Gefle and Falun, or Sala and Falun, as either route passes through an attractive region. By the former, one can visit the iron mines of Dannemora and the iron and steel works at Asterby, and the falls of the Dal Elf at Elfkarleby; by the latter, the silver mines at Sala, which have been worked for five hundred years. Falun is interesting for the copper mines—the richest in Sweden—which have been worked for two thousand years, according to antiquarians, thought to have been discovered by the Finns (the old historians, Olaus Magnus and the rest, will have it that King Ubbo sent copper to Solomon for the vessels of the temple, and received gold in return for the temple of Upsala); and also for its historical associations with the patriot Engelbrecht, who lived at the foot of the “Koppar berget.” Read Hans Andersen’s chapter on the lake of Siljan, for the old memories that cluster around this region, the haunts of Gustavus Wasa, when he wandered like an outlaw through the forest, seeking shelter in a peasant’s hut like King Alfred, or in the branches of a tree like King Charles. Go to Dalecarlia, if you can, and see the gathering of the peasants at Leksand, on Midsummer Eve, as they come in boat-loads over the lake, in their bright costumes.

Perhaps the farmer’s wife will take you into the cloth-room, where the family wardrobe is stored. Sometimes this is an isolated wooden house, built

upon high poles or piles of stone, to keep out ants and other animals. Here you will see an incredible number of garments—women's skirts, aprons and bodices, men's coats, vests and breeches, linen garments, stockings, and shoes “so clumsy, ingenious and hump-backed, that it seemed a real invention to make such a pair.”

“The prayer-books are placed in a row on the flower-painted shelf; the wall itself, if you can see it for clothes, is also painted. There, for instance, you will see the prophet Elias hovering, in his fiery chariot, drawn by sun-horses, which in the painting very much resemble hogs; also Jacob in his wrestle with the angel. The angel is clad in dress coat, leather breeches and cavalry boots. On the windows are painted scriptural sentences and names; tulips and roses are blooming here which you have never seen in nature.”

There was a wedding one evening while Andersen was in Falun, and a throng outside waiting for a view of the bride and bridegroom, who were called out for inspection. “Peasant girls with candles in their hands stood on each side; it was a perfect tableau; the bride with downcast eyes, the bridegroom smiling, and the young bridemaids each with a laughing face. And the people shouted, ‘Now turn yourselves a little! now the back! now the face! the bridegroom quite round, the bride a little nearer!’ And the bridal pair turned and turned—nor was criticism wanting. In this instance it was to their praise and honor; but that is not always the case.”

Even in Stockholm this custom was observed among the lower classes until a few years ago.

Very quaint is the description of a peasant's wedding at Arsta, in the life of Miss Bremer, by her sister. The brides came to the manor-house to be dressed, and their hair was put in long plaits and curl-papers over night—the back hair in eighteen plaits, the front cut short and curled—so that on the morrow it stood out straight all round the head, and the back hair was a waving mass of ringlets. Not much sleep could the poor bride enjoy that night, but "*il faut souffrir pour être belle!*" This mass of hair was adorned with tinsel flowers and jewellery and the high silver-gilt bridal crown. On one side stood up three long ostrich feathers, red, white and blue. The bridal robe was of black silk, trimmed round the bottom with a broad gilt band; the sleeves and neck trimmed with black lace, a large bouquet of natural flowers in front, gold chains around the neck, and a broad gilt band around the waist. To this girdle were attached the bridegroom's presents—silk and cotton kerchiefs, gloves, etc., so that the body looked like an itinerant clothes shop, while the head looked as if it belonged to a queen of the middle ages. In her left hand the bride held a psalm book and a great white handkerchief, like a towel. The bridesmaids were dressed in white muslin, with bouquets of artificial flowers and tinsel; the bridegroom and his men were also adorned with artificial flowers.

Nearly all the brides in the village came to the great house to be thus adorned for their husbands, and the weddings took place in the large hall, to the great edification of the little Bremers. One bride had a remarkably sunburnt complexion. "I don't know what can be the reason I am so red in the face. Sure am I that I have done everything to get white. Every

time I was washing linen at home I scrubbed myself with soap lye, and then laid myself down beside the linen on the bleaching-ground in the sunshine; and I have done it many times besides, but it has been of no use."

At Falun occurred the touching incident, related in a German ballad by Trinius, and illustrated by Ehrhardt, in our favorite "*Balladen-Buch*." At the bottom of an old shaft, re-opened in 1719, was found the body of a young miner, so fresh and unchanged that he might have fallen that very day. No one knew him, until an old, old woman came forward and threw herself on the ground beside him. It was her bridegroom, who had disappeared fifty years before.

In another mine, in 1635, was found a corpse, perfectly fresh, and with the appearance of one asleep; but his dress, and some ancient copper coins found on his person, proved that he perished two hundred years before.

Could similar occurrences, in earlier ages, have given rise to the legends of people who were carried off by the dwarfs or the fairies?

We were a little comforted for not going to Dalecarlia by seeing something of Dalecarlia in Stockholm. A sort of Swedish Mme. Tussaud's, under the imposing title of the "*Scandinavian Ethnographic Museum*," was advertised in our guide-book as comprising "a manifold gathering of various objects from the different territories of Sweden, very artistically arranged in groups and classes, so that the visitor, at a glance, can perceive the home life of the peasantry, their costumes and manners, their dwellings, provocation of employment, household utensils, fur-

niture, apparel, outfit, etc., mostly from the last century, but also from the commencement of the present. Of the different cabinets we will mention—

“No. 1. An interior from Ingelstad (Skane) represents a wedding scene, ‘the groom fetching his bride for to tie the nuptial knot’ at the parish church.

“No. 2. An interior from Halland, ‘the old folks, reposing after their meal on Saturday afternoon, reading a just-received letter from their absent son.’

“No. 3. An interior from Vingaker (Sudermania), ‘the suitor bringing presents to his betrothed.’

“Nos. 4 and 5. ‘Indoors and Outdoors,’ from Delsbo (Northern Sweden).

“No. 6. Sceneries from Lapland.

“Neat Dalecarlian peasant girls, in their picturesque costumes, are in attendance.”

Allured by this attractive programme, we visited No. 71, Drottninggatan, paid our entrance fees of fifty öre each (about fifteen cents), and prepared to be deluded, as we had been at Mme. Tussaud’s. The quaint furniture and costumes were charming; but the stiff figures of wood or wax were not especially lifelike. The “Lapland sceneries” were better. One group represented not only the tent, with the women cooking, and the baby in the curious, hanging cradle, shaped like a shoe, but a Lapp on snowshoes, and another in his sledge, drawn by a reindeer. A great black dog was lying in the middle of the group, asleep on the snow; of course stuffed, we supposed; but when Will whistled, he opened his eyes, got up and shook himself, and we almost expected to see the reindeer start off, and to hear the baby cry.

We had been surprised at finding in Stockholm so

beautiful a palace, with such sumptuous appointments and interesting works of art; we were yet more surprised and pleased upon visiting the museum.

This fine edifice—begun in 1849 and completed in 1863, at an expense of over half a million of dollars—fronts on the quay, opposite the palace. It is in the Venetian Renaissance style, with a portico of arches, adorned with statues and medallions of Swedish artists and men of science—Ehrenstrahl, Fogelberg, Sergel, Linnæus, Tegner, Berzelius and others. On entering the vestibule the eye is attracted by three gigantic statues in marble, the work of the sculptor Fogelberg; Odin and Thor guard each side of the grand stairway, and Freia smiles from the landing.

On the ground floor are collections of implements in stone, bronze and iron, representing the different periods; and one of mediæval objects, mostly from churches and cloisters; embroidered robes and altar cloths, censers, monstrances and other religious vessels in copper, iron, silver and gold, relics of the Catholic Church in Sweden. The large central hall is filled with statues and sculptured altars from old churches, baptismal fonts, and old gravestones, some with Runic inscriptions. A huge carving in wood of “St. George and the Dragon,” brought here from the Stor Kyrkan, was executed by order of Sten Sture the elder in 1489. In an adjoining room are some historical relics, including the cradle of Charles XII., his baby chair, his grandmother’s easy chair, and the wooden bench upon which he slept, the last night of his life. Here are complete sets of all the royal orders, and articles of jewellery worn by kings and regents, the mandolin of the poet Bellman, and chemical utensils used by Berzelius.

The antique coins found in tumuli are so numerous as to be fairly innumerable, measured by the bushel; every finder in Sweden being obliged to hand over his treasure trove to the guardians of the museum, by whom he is paid an equivalent in cash. A collection of medallions in gold, silver and bronze, from 1500 to 1875, is contained in glass cases, but there is not room to exhibit the coins. Professors who keep the run of them are in attendance upon Tuesdays and Fridays, and will show any coins inquired for. A set of coppers is spread out on a table, the largest of which weighs forty-two pounds, *avoirdupois*, dated 1644. Nice little small change to carry about in one's pocket! But when Charles IX. sent his ambassador to Holstein to court the Duchess Christina (mother of Gustavus Adolphus), he was out of silver money and fitted him out for the journey with such copper "klippingar" as these.

Ascending the stairway, we find in the rooms to the left a fine collection of engravings and drawings by famous masters, like the coins, too numerous for exhibition (seventy thousand in all), but kept in portfolios, and readily shown to visitors upon special days. The gallery of sculpture, in six rooms, contains statuary, in bronzes and marble, of all ages and various nations; the most valuable and beautiful being the "Endymion," discovered in 1783, at Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli, and purchased by Gustavus III. Here are the masterpieces of Swedish sculptors: Sergel's "Faun" and "Cupid and Psyche," Fogelberg's "Apollo," Byström's "Juno with the Infant Hercules," "A Neapolitan Fisher Boy," by Quarnstrom, and a "Bacchante," by Molin.

The ethnographical collection is interesting, con-

taining old armor and weapons, war-standards, drums and ammunition, and figures arrayed in the suits of armor worn by Gustavus Wasa, Gustavus Adolphus, the Charleses, and other sovereigns and generals. One room contains foreign weapons and war costumes, mostly Asiatic.

The Majolica Room—so named from the famous set of Majolica porcelain, decorated with copies from Raphael,—contains also a valuable antique enamelled set presented by Charles XV., and specimens of pottery of different nations, Moorish, Egyptian and North American.

The next floor is occupied by the gallery of paintings, with the exception of one room, called the Regalia Room, in which is kept the coronation robes of the Swedish kings, since Gustavus Wasa. This is the cloth-room of the Dalecarlian farmer on a royal scale. The walls are hung with costly rugs, and in cases hang the splendid coronation robes, heavy with gold and silver embroidery, pearls and jewels; and other more familiar garments, with historical associations. Here are the blood-stained coats and shirts and the top-boots worn by Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lutzen, and Charles XII. at Friedrichshald, and the suit worn by Gustavus III. when he was shot at the masquerade, in the Royal Opera House in 1792. Here is the horse ridden by Gustavus Adolphus on the field of Lutzen; not his own, which had been shot under him early in the fight, but a common cavalry horse belonging to a wounded dragoon, which, after the king's death, cantered off and entered his line in his regiment, giving fatal intelligence to the Swedes of their leader's fall.

We turn to more pleasing objects, and admire the beautiful coronation robe of the present Queen Sophia, glittering with golden crowns, and her wedding dress of satin, embroidered with silver, gorgeous to behold.

In the picture gallery we find a few paintings by Italian, Spanish and early German masters, quite a large collection by Flemish and Dutch masters, a few of the French school, and a large and interesting collection by modern Swedish artists, increased within a few years by the private collection of the late King Charles XV., bequeathed to the museum by the royal artist. One of his paintings, a portrait of his father, King Oscar I., appears in this collection. It comprises landscapes in Italy, Switzerland and the Tyrol; representations of Swedish and Norwegian scenery and peasant life; historical and classical subjects, and scenes from Scandinavian mythology. We particularly enjoyed a picture by Wertmuller of Queen Marie Antoinette and her children, in the park at Trianon, which was presented to Gustavus III. by the queen herself, and declared by Mme. Campan, in her memoirs, to be "the best portrait ever taken." There were some pretty *genre* pictures by lady artists—Agnes Börjeson and Amalia Lindegren—and lovely woodland scenery by Holm and others.

On the north side of the building, in the central hall surrounding the grand staircase, stands a group in bronze, by Molin, said to be the finest piece of statuary in Sweden. It represents the old custom of the "beltespraetting" or girdle-duel, which prevailed until the middle of the seventeenth century, and later still, in savage parts of the country. The combatants drove their knives into a thick plank, and

bound the handle and all of the blade remaining out with leather thongs. Then they were fastened together by their belts and with these knives fought it out until one or both were mortally wounded. So prevalent was this savage custom, that when families were invited to weddings the wife would take along her husband's shroud, knowing that battles were sure to occur, and rarely without a fatal result.

Around the pedestal of the group are bass-reliefs giving the story of the quarrel, a not unusual story the world over. Two men are drinking at a table, a fair maiden filling their antique drinking horns. In the next panel, ominously surrounded by twining serpents, one of the men embraces the reluctant maiden, while the other starts up angrily, drawing his knife. In the third scene they are threatening each other, while she clings to the most furious and vainly tries to disarm him. In the last scene she kneels weeping before a rude monument, on which is a representation of the battle.

Between the panels are Runic inscriptions; extracts perhaps, from the Gunlauga Saga, which this work of art illustrates.*

Speaking of Runic inscriptions, there is an unusually good collection, not only of stones, but also of sticks and staves, in this museum. They have nothing to say to us, who know not their language; perhaps they would not tell us very much of importance, if we understood it. Most of these stones contain bur-

* This Saga relates the story of a duel fought in Iceland, between Rafn the Skald, and "Gunnlang with the serpent's tongue" for the hand of the fair-haired Helga. Both were slain, and their death (1013), caused the abolition of duels in Iceland.

ial inscriptions—"Fastrid raised stones in memory of Gardar and Gutrigur, her sons, of whom the latter died in Greece." Thurva mourns her man, "Halftan of the great shield," who perished in distant seas, with all his ships. "Fulco and Asgamma raised these stones to themselves, while both were yet alive." Not an uncommon thing, to provide one's own tombstone, in those days. And in a tasteful "Ormsling" of twining serpents, "Igeruna, daughter of Hardi, had these letters sculptured to herself, when about to travel to the far East, and gain Jorsala."

The antiquity of Runic inscriptions can seldom be accurately determined. Sometimes they are of pagan origin, as one in the island of Funen, where the words, "May Thor bless these Runes," are added; and, on another side of the stone the malediction, "Accursed be he who moves this stone, or takes it to another place"; a superstition not infrequently met with in the North, as well as at Stratford-on-Avon.

The Runic alphabet, of sixteen characters, has a look of similarity to the Gothic, the Anglo-Saxon, and even the old Greek and Etruscan. (I wonder if anybody has remarked its likeness to the characters on the Moabite stone!) It is of the angular form natural to inscriptions on stone or wood, its most frequent use. Some antiquaries have suggested that the earliest books known in Scandinavia were written in this alphabet, upon tablets of beech-wood ("buchstav," whence our "book," and "stave," in its poetical sense; as well as the German "buch-stabe"); but I doubt if anything has been discovered to establish this theory. The oldest parchment in Runic characters is a Scanian code of the fourteenth century, in

the royal library. All the ancient sagas and chronicles have been handed down in the Roman alphabet; either transcribed from earlier manuscripts, or recorded from verbal traditions.

Runic letters are found on some of the most ancient stone weapons, and on the golden horns and ornaments discovered in Danish tumuli. After the introduction of Christianity, when the priests encouraged the peasants to build roads and bridges, as works of merit, such inscriptions as these were recorded: "Hurfast made this road and built this bridge, in memory of his father, Gama, that God may have mercy on his soul." "Jarla-banke raised these stones to his own memory, when still alive, and built this bridge to save his soul."

They were long used by the peasants, in calendars, and still survive in the Bo-Marken in use on the island of Gotland, to identify boats, fishing-nets, farming implements and all sorts of furniture.

With these glimpses of the earlier days we say good-by to Scandinavia, the land of our ancestors. For these Northmen were our ancestors, as well as the Angles and the Saxons; and not their laws and customs only, but their strength of muscle and of will, their intrepid courage and obstinate love of freedom, have had their share in moulding England's Hearts of Oak and America's dauntless pioneers. Let us drink "Skaal to the Northland," as we sail away from its shores, to finish our summer in Russia.

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